The Oath of a FREE-MAN.

YOU shall sweare that you shall be a good and true liege-man unto our Soveraigne Lord the King, his Heires and Successors: Faithfull and true you shall be unto this Corporation, and obedience from time to time shall you yéld to the Governors and Government thereof; All good and lawfull Ordinance, Lawes and Constitu-

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[illegible] Tradesmen, and [illegible] good government of this Corporation and the members thereof) you shall observe and kéepe; And in all other things you shall behave your selfe as a dutifull member of this Corporation. So helpe you God.

God save the KING.

Mich. Mr. 18

WITT'S RECREATIONS refined & Augmented, with Ingenious CONCEITES for the wittie, And Merrie Medicines for the Melancholie.

See the next Page.

Printed by M.S. for I. Hancock in Popes-head Alley 1690

RECREATION
FOR
Ingenious Head-peeces.
OR,
A Pleasant Grove for their Wits to walke in,

Of { *Epigrams*, 700.
Epitaphs, 200.
Fancies, a number.
Fantasticks, abundance.

With their Addition, Multiplication, and Division.

Mart. *Non cuique datur habere nasum.*

LONDON,
Printed by *M. Simmons*, and are to be sold by *John Hancock* in *Popes-head* Alley.
1650.

Ad Lectorem.

THIS little Book is like a furnish't feast;
And hath a dish, I hope, to please each guest;
Here thou may'st finde some good and solid fare;
If thou lov'st pleasant junkets, here they are;
Perhaps sharp sawces take thee most; if so,
I have cook't for thee some sharp sawces too;
But if thy squeamish stomack can like none,
No body hinders thee; thou may'st be gone.

The Stationer to the Reader.

IF new, or old wit, please the Reader best,
I've hope, each man of wit, will be our guest;
The new, was fram'd to humour some mens taste;
Which if they like not, they may carve the last:
Each dish hath sawce belongs to't; and you will
By your dislike, censure the Authors skill;
Yet if you cannot speake well of it, spare
To utter your dislike, that the like snare
May entrap others; so the Book may be
Sold, though not lik'd, by a neate fallacie:
That's all I aske, yet 'twill your goodnesse raise,
If as I gaine your coyn, he may your praise.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS.

1. *To the Reader.*

EXcuſe mee Reader, though I now and then,
In ſome light lines, doe ſhew my ſelfe a man;
Nor be ſo ſowre, ſome wanton words to blame,
They are the language of an Epigramme.

2. *On Battus.*

Battus doth brag hee hath a world of Books,
His Studies maw holds more then well it may,
But ſeld' or never, hee upon them looks,
And yet he looks upon them every day.
Hee looks upon their outſide, but within
Hee never looks, nor never will begin.

3. *On Prue.*

Prues nose hangs down so low, one would suppose
When e're she gapes, that *Prue* would eat her nose.

4. *To Gripe.*

Gripe keeps his coyn well, and his heaps are great,
For which he seems wise in his own conceit;
Be not deceiv'd *Gripe*, for ought I can see,
Thy bags in this sense are as wise as thee.

5. *On Man and Woman.*

When Man and Woman dies, as Poets sung,
His heart's the last that stirs; of hers the tongue.

6. *On Womans will.*

How dearly doth the honest husband buy
His wives defect of Will when she doth dy?
Better in death by Will to let her give,
Then let her have her will while she doth live.

7. *Spangle the spruce Gal:*

Spruce spangle's like to a Cinamon Tree;
His out-side is of much more worth then hee.

8. *To Cherilus.*

Eat Toste and Oyle, eat supple herbs and loose,
For thou look'st wondrous costive *Cherilus*.

9. *In Paulum.*

By lawfull mart, and by unlawfull stealth,
Paulus from th'Ocean hath deriv'd much wealth;
But on the Land, a little gulfe there is
Wherein hee drowneth all the wealth of his.

10. *Vestitus peritus.*

Clitus goes oft time clad in Suits of Scarlet,
That else no colour had to play the Varlet.

11. *Of Poetus.*

Poetus with fine Sonnets painted forth
This and that foul Ladies beauties worth:
Hee shews small wit therein, and for his pains,
By my consent he never shall reap gains;
Why, what needs Poets paint them? O sweet Elves!
When Ladies paint their beauties best themselves.

12. *Of Shift the Sharker.*

Shift swears he keeps none but good company,
For, though th'are such as he did never see,
Worse then himselfe he's sure they cannot be.

13. *On*

13. *On an upstart.*

Pray wrong not (*late copi'd*) give the man his (right,
He's made a Gentleman although no Knight,
For now 'tis cloaths the Gentleman doth make,
Men from gay cloaths their pedegrees doe take;
But wot you what's the arms to such mens house?
Why this—hands chancing of a Rampant Louse.

14. *Volens Nolens.*

Will with proviso wils you testifie,
Has made his Will, but hath no will to die.

15. *Ad Clodium.*

Wit, once thou saidst was worth thy weight in (gold,
Though now't bee common for a trifle sold;
It dearer seems to thee that getst not any,
(When thou shouldst use it) for thy love or mony.

16. *In Getam.*

Geta from woolll and weaving first began,
Swelling and swelling to a Gentleman;
When hee was Gentleman and bravely dight,
He left not swelling till he was a Knight:

At

At last (forgetting what hee was at first)
He swell'd to be a Lord, and then he burst.

17. *To Emson.*

Emson thou once in Dutch would'st court a wench,
But to thy cost she answered thee in French.

18. *In Finum.*

Finus is coach'd, and for his farther grace
Doth ask his friends how he becomes the place;
Troth I should tel him, the poor coach hath wrong
And that a cart would serve to carry Dung.

19. *In Flaccum.*

The false knave *Flaccus* once a bribe I gave;
The more fool I, to bribe so false a knave:
But he gave back my bribe; the more fool hee,
That for my folly did not couzen mee.

20. *Of Womens naked Breasts.*

In open shops flyes often blow that flesh,
Which in close safes might be kept longer fresh.
They but invite flesh-flyes, whose full spread paps
Like road wayes lie between their lips and laps.

21. *On*

21. *On Morcho.*

Morcho for haſte was married in the night,
What needed day? his fair young wife is light.

22. *On a Bragadocio.*

Don *Lollius* brags, he comes from Noble blood,
Drawn down from *Brutus* line; 'tis very good;
If this praiſe-worthy be, each Flea may then,
Boaſt of his blood more then ſome Gentlemen.

23. *Edens vomens.*

Cacus that ſups ſo duly at the Roſe,
Caſts up the reckoning truly e're he goes.

24. *On a Pumpe ſtopt with ſtones.*

M. I'le cut it down, I ſwear by this ſame hand,
If 'twill not run, it ſhall no longer ſtand.
R. Pray Sir be patient, let your Pump alone,
How can it water make when't hath the ſtone?
Yet did he wiſely when he did it fell,
For in ſo doing hee did make it well.

25. *Of Prittle-Prattle.*

Though th'danger be not great, of all tame cattle,
Yet the moſt troubleſome is Prittle-Prattle.

26. *In Aulum.*

Thou ſtill art mutt'ring *Aulus* in mine eare,
Love me and love my Dog: I will it ſweare;
Thou ask'ſt but right; and *Aulus*, truth to tell,
I think thy Dog deſerves my love as well.

27. *Ad Tilenum.*

Tilenus 'cauſe th'art old, fly not the field,
Where youthfull *Cupid* doth his banner wield;
For why? this god, old men his Souldiers ſtil'd;
None loves but he who hath been twice a childe.

28. *To Vellius.*

Thou ſwear'ſt I bowl as well as moſt men doe,
The moſt are bunglers, therein thou ſay'ſt true.

29. *Three Genders.*

A wife although moſt wiſe and chaſt,
is of the *doubtfull* gender;
A Queen oth' *Common*; Feminines,
are Women ſmall and tender.

30. *Of Brawle.*

Brawle loveth brabling, as he loves his life,
Leave him for dead, when he leaves ſtirring ſtrife.

31. *In Paulum.*

Paul, what my cloak doth hide thou fain would'st know,
Wer't to be seene I would not cover't so.

32. *Of sleepe and death.*

That death is but a sleep I not deny,
Yet when I next would sleep, I would not die.

33. *Upon Methusus.*

Methusus ask'd me why I call'd him sot;
I answer made, because he lov'd the pot,
For while *Methusus* busie is with it,
The fool I'm sure's as busie with his wit.

34. *On Thraso.*

Thraso goes lame with blows hee did receive
In a late duell, if you'l him believe.

35. *Newes.*

When News doth come, If any would discusse
The Letters of the word, resolve it thus:
News is convey'd by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes to us from *North*, *East*, *West*, and *South*.

36. *Of*

36. *Of Rufus.*

Rufus had rob'd his Hoſt, and being put to it,
Said, I am an arrant rogue if I did doe it.

37. *Of Marcus.*

When *Marcus* fail'd, a borrowed ſum to pay,
Unto his friend at the appointed day;
Twere ſuperſtition for a man, he ſayes,
To be a ſtrict obſerver of ſet dayes.

38. *Of a Thiefe.*

A thiefe arreſted, and in cuſtody
Under ſtrong guards of armed company,
Askt why they held him ſo; Sir, quoth the chief,
Wee hold you for none other then a thief.

39. *Of Motion.*

Motion brings heat, and thus wee ſee it prov'd,
Moſt men are hot and angry when they'r mov'd.

40. *Formall the Faſhioniſt.*

Formall all forme and faſhion is, for matter,
Who ſays he ſees it in him, doth but flatter;
Open and ſearch him, you ſhall quickly finde
With what courſe Canvas his ſoft ſilks are lin'd.

41. *Ad*

41. *Ad Scriptorem quend.*

Halfe of your book is to an Index growne,
You give your book *contents*, your Reader none.

42. *Riches.*

Gold's th'onely God, Rich men bear rule,
Money makes Majesty:
Rich *Pluto*, not plain *Plato* now,
Speaks with applause most high.

43. *On Sextus.*

Sextus doth wish his wife in Heaven were,
Where can she have more happinesse then there?

44. *Secreta Nobis.*

Tassus from Temple-stairs by water goes,
To *Westminster*, and back to Temple rowes:
Belike he loves not trot too much the street,
Or surbait on the stones his tender feet:
Tut! come, there's something in't must not be known:
But Sir believ't, *The debt is not his own.*

45. *Of Text-corruptors.*

Bad commentators spoyle the best of books,
So God gives meate, (they say) the Dev'l sends cooks.

46. *On*

46. *On a Drawer drunk.*

Drawer with thee now even is thy Wine,
For thou haſt pierc'd his hogs-head, and he thine

47. *Upon the weights of a Clock.*

I wonder time's ſo ſwift, when as I ſee,
Upon her heels, ſuch lumps of lead to bee.

48. *On Cynna.*

Becauſe I am not of a Gyants ſtature,
Deſpiſe mee not, nor praiſe thy liberall nature,
For thy huge limbs; that you are great, 'tis true,
And that I'm little in reſpect of you:
The reaſon of our growths is eas'ly had,
You, many had perchance; I but one Dad.

49. *On Alaſtrus.*

Alaſtrus hath nor coyn, nor ſpirit, nor wit,
I think hee's onely then for Bedlam fit.

50. *Of Mendacio.*

Mendacio pretends to tell men Newes:
And that it may be ſuch, himſelfe doth uſe
To make it: but that will no longer need,
Let him tell truth, it will be Newes indeed.

51. *On Landanno.*

Landanno in his gallant bravery,
Ruffled his Silks, lookt big, and thruſt me by:
And ſtill as often as hee meets mee ſo,
My home-ſpun cloth muſt to the channell go.
Adviſe thee well *Landanno*, children note,
And fools admire thee for thy velvet coat:
I keep (*Landanno*) in repute with ſuch,
As think they cannot ſcorn poore thee too much.
But thou canſt ſquire fine Madams, thou canſt vail
Thy cap and feather, cringe, and wag thy tail
Moſt decently: Now by you ſtars that ſhine,
So thou tranſcend'ſt me: Take the wall, 'tis thine.

52. *On Shanks.*

Shanks ſwears he faſts; and alwayes cryes for beef:
O how he faſts! that's, how faſt eats the theef!

53. *Cito bene.*

Sir *John* at *Mattins* prays hee might diſpatch,
Who by true promiſe is to bowl a match.

54. *Of pertinax.*

It will, it muſt, it ſhall be ſo,
Saith *Pertinax*; but whats the reaſon trow?
Nay, that I cannot tell, nor doth he know.

55. *To valiant Dammee.*

Dammee thy brain is valiant, 'tis confeſt;
Thou more, that with it every day dar'ſt jeſt
Thy ſelfe into freſh braules; but call'd upon,
With ſwearing *Dammee*, anſwereſt every one.
Keep thy ſelfe there, and think thy valour right,
Hee that dares *Damne* himſelfe, dares more then
(fight.

56. *On Cornuto.*

Cornuto is not jealous of his wife,
Nor e're miſtruſts her too laſcious life,
Ask him the reaſon why hee doth forbeare,
Hee'l anſwer ſtraight, it commeth with a feare.

57. *On a Shrew.*

A froward ſhrew being blam'd becauſe ſhe ſhow'd
Not ſo much reverence as by right ſhee ow'd
Unto her husband, ſhe reply'd he might
Forbear complaint of mee, I do him right;
His will is mine, hee would bear rule, and I
Deſire the like, onely in ſympathy.

58. *Of lawleſſe.*

Lawleſſe the worſt times liketh beſt, why iſt?
Becauſe then lawleſſe may doe what he liſt.

59. *A rich Curre.*

Dru dares good men deprave becauſe hee's rich,
Whether more fool or knave, I know not which.

60. *On a youth married to an Old Woman.*

A ſmooth-fac'd youth, what wedded to an old
Decrepit Shrew! (ſuch is the power of Gold)
Thy fortune I dare tell; perchance thou'lt have
At Supper dainties, but in bed a grave.

61. *On a Fly in a glaſſe.*

A Fly out of his glaſſe a gueſt did take,
E're with the liquor he his thirſt would ſlake;
When he had drunk his fill, again the Fly
Into the glaſſe he put, and ſaid, though I
Love not Flyes in my drink, yet others may,
Whoſe humour I nor like, nor will gain-ſay.

62. *On Collimus.*

If that *Collimus* any thing doe lend,
Or Dog, or Horſe, or Hawk unto his friend,
He to endeare the borrowers love the more,
Saith he ne'r lent it any one before,
Nor would to any but to him: His wife
Having obſerv'd theſe ſpeeches all her life,
Behinde him forks her fingers, and doth cry,
To none but you, I'de do this courteſie.

63. *To Loquax.*

Loquax, to hold thy tongue would do thee wrong,
For thou wouldſt be no man but for thy tongue.

64. *Good wits jump.*

Againſt a poſt a ſcholler chanc'd to ſtrike
At unawares his head; like will to like:
Good wits will jump (quoth he:) if that be true,
The title of a block-head is his due.

65. *On Womens Masks.*

It ſeems that Masks doe women much diſgrace,
Sith when they wear them they do hide their face.

66. *Of Sawcy the Intruder.*

Sawcy, though uninvited, is ſo rude,
As into every comp'ny to intrude;
But he's no fit companion for any,
Who all wayes makes the number one too many.

67. *Upon a pair of Tongs.*

The burnt childe dreads the fire; if this be true,
Who firſt invented Tongs its fury knew.

68. *Lawyers and Souldiers.*

If Lawyers had for *Tearm*, a tearm of warre,
Souldiers would be as rich as Lawyers are;

But here's the difference between Guns & Gowns,
These take good Angels, th'other take crack't
(crowns.

69. *On Momus.*

Momus can call another fool, but he
Can never make his brain and wit agree.

70. *Woman.*

A *woman* is a book, and often found
To prove farre better in the Sheets then bound:
No Marvail then, why men take such delight
Above all things to *study in the night.*

71. *Clytus cunning.*

Clytus the Barber doth Occasion fly,
Because 'tis bald, and he gains nought thereby.

72. *Rich promises.*

Lords promise soon, but to perform are long,
Then would their purse strings were ty'd to their
(tongue.

73. *On Comptulus.*

I wonder'd *Comptulus*, how thy long hair,
In comely curles could flow so debonair,
And every hair in order be, when as
Thou could'st not trim it by a looking glasse,
Nor

Nor any Barber did thy treſſes pleat;
'Tis ſtrange; but *Monſieur* I conceive the feat
When you your hair doe kemb, you off it take,
And order't as you pleaſe for faſhion ſake.

74. *On Gellius.*

In building of his houſe, *Gellius* hath ſpent
All his revenues and his ancient rent,
Aske not a reaſon, why *Gellius* is poor,
His greater houſe hath turn'd him out of door.

75. *To Ponticus.*

At Supper time will *Pontus* viſit me,
I'd rather have his room then company;
But if him, from me I can no wayes fright,
I'd have him viſit me each faſting night.

76. *Balbus.*

Balbus a verſe on *Venus* boy doth ſcan,
But ere 'twas finiſh'd *Cupid's* grown a man.

77. *On a Pot-Poet.*

What lofty verſes *Cælus* writes? it is
But when his head with wine oppreſſed is:
So when great drops of rain fall from the skyes
In ſtanding pools, huge bubbles will ariſe.

78. *On Onellus.*

Thou never ſupp'ſt abroad, *Onellus*, true;
For at my home I'm ſure to meet with yo

79. *Of Professed Atheists.*

If even Devills themselves beleive and tremble,
Atheists protest methinkes should but dissemble.

80. *To Termagant.*

My *Termagant*, as I have ought to save,
I neither call'd thee fool, nor knave:
That which I call'd thee is a thing well known,
A trifle not worth thinking on:
What I suppose thy selfe wilt easily grant,
I call'd thee Cuckold, *Termagant*.

81. *On a Vertuous Talker.*

If vertue's alwayes in thy mouth, how can
It ere have time to reach thy heart, fond man?

82. *To Severus.*

Beleeve *Severus*, that in these my Rimes
I tax no person but the common crimes.

83. *Upon Pigs devouring a bed of Penny-royall, commonly called Organs.*

A good wife once a bed of Organs set,
The pigs came in and eat up every whit,
The good man said, wife you your Garden may
Hogs Norton call, here Pigs on Organs play.

84. *On Gubbs.*

Gubbs calls his children Kitlins: and wo'd bound
(Some ſay) for joy, to ſee thoſe Kitlings dround.

85. *On a Fortune-teller.*

The influence of the ſtars are known to thee,
By whom thou canſt each future fortune ſee:
Yet ſith thy wife doth thee a Cuckold make,
'Tis ſtrange they doe not that to thee partake.

86. *To ſweet ſir Outſide.*

Th'expence in Odours, is a fooliſh ſin,
Except thou couldſt ſweeten thy corps within.

87. *On a Gallant.*

A glittering gallant, from a prancing Steed,
Alighting downe deur'd a boy with ſpeed
To hold his horſe a while, he made reply,
Can one man hold him faſt? 'twas anſwered, I:
If then one man can hold him Sir, you may
Doe it your ſelfe, quoth he, and ſlunk away.

88. *To Eras-mus.*

That thou 'rt a Man each of thy learn'd works
But yet thy name tels us *thou waſt a Mouſe.* (ſhows,

89. *On Bunce.*

Money thou ow'ſt me; Prethee fix a day
For payment promis'd, though thou never pay:

Let

Let it be Doomes-day; nay, take longer ſcope;
Pay when th'art honeſt; let me have ſome hope.

90. *On an empty Houſe.*

Lollus by night awak'd heard Theeves about
His houſe, and ſearching narrowly throughout
To finde ſome pillage there hee ſaid, you may
By night, but I can finde nought here by day.

91. *A trim Barber.*

Neat Barber trim, I muſt commend thy care,
Which doſt all things exactly to a haire.

92. *On a bragging Coward.*

Corſus in camp, when as his Mates betooke
Themſelves to dine, encourag'd them and ſpoke,
Have a good ſtomach Lads, this night we ſhall
In heaven at Supper keep a feſtivall.
But battail joyn'd hee fled away in haſt,
And ſaid, I had forgot, this night I faſt.

93. *On a great Noſe.*

Thy Noſe no man can wipe, *Proclus*, unleſs
He have a hand as big as *Hercules*:
When thou doſt ſneeze the ſound thou doſt not hear,
Thy Noſe is ſo far diſtant from thine ear.

94. *On an unequall pair.*

Fair *Phillis* is to churliſh *Priſcus* wed,
As ſtronger wine with waters mingled;

Priſcus

Priſcus his love to *Phillis* more doth glow
With fervency then fire; hers cold as ſnow:
Tis well, for if their flames alike did burn,
One houſe would be too hot to ſerve their turn.

95. *In Quintum.*

Quintus is burnt, and may thereof be glad,
For being poor he hath a good pretence
At every Church to crave benevolence,
For one that had by fire loſt all hee had.

96. *On a changeable Rayment.*

Know you why *Lollus* changeth every day,
His Perriwig, his face, and his array?
'Tis not becauſe his commings in are much,
Or 'cauſe hee'l ſwill it with the roaring Dutch;
But 'cauſe the Sergeants (who a Writ have had
Long ſince againſt him) ſhould not know the lad.

97. *On Gueſſe.*

Gueſſe cutts his ſhooes, and limping goes about
To have men think he's troubled with the Gout.
But 'tis no Gout (beleive it) hut hard Beere,
Whoſe acrimonious humour bites him here.

98. *On Stale-Batch.*

For all night-ſins with other wives unknown
Batch now doth daily penance in his own.

99. *To*

99. *To ſir Guilty.*

Guilty, be wiſe; and though thou knowſt the crimes
Be thine I tax; yet doe not own my rimes:
'Twere madneſſe in thee to betray thy fame,
And perſon to the world, ere I thy name.

100. *Veritas ſubverta.*

Luke that a man on horſe back met but late,
Would ſimply ſeem thus to equivocate,
And ſtrong maintain 'gainſt them, contend who dare,
'Twas meerly but a Taylor and a Mare.

101. *On Hugh.*

Hugh ſhould have gone to *Oxford* th'other day,
But turn'd at Tiburn, and ſo loſt his way.

102. *On a Painted Madam.*

Men ſay y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true;
But (Hark!) we praiſe the Painter now, not you.

103. *On Baroſſa.*

Baroſſa boaſts his pedigree, although
He knows no letter of the Chriſt-Croſſe row,
His houſe is ancient, and his gentry great,
For what more ancient e're was heard of yet
Then is the family of fools? how than
Dare you not call *Baroſſa* Gentleman?

104. *Experto credendum.*

How durſt *Capritius* call his wedlock whore,
But that he ſpeaks it *pluſquam per narrationem.*

Nam

Nam ipſe teſte : what require you more,
Unleſſe you'ld have it *magis approbatum* ?

105. *On Jack Cut-purſe.*

Jack Cut-purſe is, and hath been patient long,
For hee's content to pocket up much wrong.

106. *On Afer.*

Afer hath ſold his land and bought a horſe,
Whereon he pranceth to the royall Burſe,
To be on horſe back hee delights; wilt know?
Cauſe then his company he'd higher ſhow:
But happy chance tall *Afer* in his pride,
Mounts a Gunnelly and on foot doth ride.

107. *On Chariſmus.*

Thou haſt compos'd a Book, which neither age,
Nor future time ſhall hurt through all their rage:
For how can future times or age invade
That work which periſhed as ſoon as made?

108. *Facilis deſcenſus averni.*

The way to hell is eaſie, th'other day,
A blind man thither quickly found the way.

109. *Age and Youth.*

Admire not youth, deſpiſe not age, although
Some yong are grave, moſt old men childrē grow.

110. *On*

110. *On Orus.*

Orus ſold wine, and then tobacco, now
He aqua-vitæ doth his friends allow,
What e're he had was ſold to ſave his life,
And now turn'd Pander, he doth ſell his wife.

111. *On ſneape.*

Sneape has a face ſo brittle, that it breaks
Forth into bluſhes, whenſoere he ſpeakes.

112. *On Acerra.*

Tobacco hurts the brain Phyſitians ſay,
Doth dull the wit, and memory decay,
Yet feare not thou *Acerra*, for 'twill ne're
Hurt thee ſo much by uſe, as by thy feare.

113. *Empta noſtra.*

Madam *La Foy* wears not thoſe locks for nought,
Ask at the Shop elſe, where the ſame ſhe bought.

114. *On Briſo.*

Who private lives, lives well, no wonder then,
You doe abſent you from the ſight of men,
For out of doors you ne'r by day appear,
What, is a Sergeant ſuch a huge Bug-bear?

115. *A Fooliſh Querie.*

How rich a man is, all deſire to know;
But none inquires if good he be or no.

116. *On*

116. *On the King of Swedens Picture.*

Who but the halfe of this neat Picture drew,
That it could ne're be fully done, well knew.

117. *B. I. answer to a Thiefe bidding him ſtand.*

Fly villain hence, or by thy coat of ſteel,
Ile make thy heart, my brazen bullet feel,
And ſend that thrice as theeviſh ſoule of thine,
To hell, to wear the Devils Valentine.

118. *Thief's reply.*

Art thou great *Ben?* or the revived ghoſt
Of famous *Shakeſpeare?* or ſome drunken hoſt?
Who being tipſie with thy muddy beer, (fear?
Doſt think thy rimes ſhall daunt my ſoule with
Nay know baſe Slave, that I am one of thoſe,
Can take a purſe as well in verſe as proſe;
And when th'art dead write this upon thy herſe,
Here lyes a Poet that was rob'd in verſe.

119. *Nothing New.*

Nothing is new: we walk where others went;
Ther's no vice now but has his preſident.

120. *On Cupid.*

Cupid hath by his ſly and ſubtill Art,
A certain Arrow ſhot, and pierc'd my heart;

What

What ſhall I doe to be reveng'd on love?
There is but one way, and that one I'le prove;
I'le ſteale his Arrows, and will head them new
With womens hearts, and then they'l ne'r fly true.

121. *A Tobacconiſt.*

All dainty meats I doe deſie,
Which feed men fat as ſwine,
Hee is a frugall man indeed,
That on a leafe can dine:
Hee needs no Napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
That keeps his Kitchin in a Box,
And roaſt-meat in a Pipe.

122. *Feeble ſtanding.*

Mat being drunken, much his anger wreaks
On's wife; but ſtands to nothing that he ſpeaks.

123. *Long and Lazie.*

That was the Proverb. Let my Miſtreſs be
Lazie to others; but belong to me.

124. *On the Tobacconiſt.*

If mans fleſh be like ſwines, as it is ſaid,
The Metamorphoſis is ſooner made:
Then full fac'd *Gnatho* no Tobacco take
Smoaking your corps, leſt Bacon you do make.

125. *Another.*

125. *Another.*

Tom I commend thee above all I know,
That ſold'ſt thy cuſhion for a pipe of To——
For now 'tis like if e're thou ſtudy more,
Thou'lt ſit to't harder then thou didſt before.

126. *On Button the grave-maker.*

Ye powers above and heavenly poles,
Are graves become but *Button*-holes?

127. *On long hair.*

Lucas long hair down to his ſhoulders wears,
And why? he dares not cut it for his ears.

128. *To a ſtale Lady.*

Thy wrinkles are no more, nor leſs,
Then beautie turn'd to ſowerneſs.

129. *A Crab is reſtorative.*

The Crab of the wood
Is ſawce very good,
For the Crab of the foaming Sea;
But the wood of a Crab
Is ſawce for a drab
That will not her husband obey.

130. *Alius altior.*

Would you with *Cajus* offer now confer
In ſuch familiar ſort as heretofore?

And

And not obſerve he's grown an Officer,
That looks for adoration ten times more?
Tut! what of pedegree, or *turpe domo*,
Tis not ſo now ye ſee, *nam ecce homo*.

131. *Sorte tua contentus.*

If adverſe fortune bring to paſſe,
And will that thou an aſſe muſt bee;
Then be an aſſe, and live an aſſe,
For out of queſtion wiſe is hee
That undergoes with humble mind,
The ſtate that chance hath him aſſign'd.

132. *On a pretender to Prophecy.*

Ninety two years the world as yet ſhall ſtand,
If it doe ſtand or fall at your command;
But ſay, why plac'd you not the worlds end nyer
Leſt ere you dy'd you might be prov'd a lyer?

133. *Mart. lib. 8. Epigr. 69.*

Old Poets onely thou doſt praiſe,
And none but dead ones magnifie;
Pardon *Vocerta*, thee to pleaſe,
I am not yet in minde to die.

134. *On a Gameſter.*

For hundred-thouſands *Matho* playes;
Olus what's that to thee?

Not

Not thou by means thereof, I trow,
But *Matho* poor ſhall be.

135. *Parcus profuſus.*

Old doting *Claudus* that rich miſer known,
Made drunk one night, and jumping but with
Was forc't not onely to diſcharge the ſhot, (*Joan*
But keep the baſtard which the gull ne'r got.

136. *On Fr. Drake.*

Sir *Drake*, whom well the worlds end knew,
Which thou didſt compaſſe round,
And whom both Poles of Heaven once ſaw,
Which North and South do bound,
The Stars above would make thee known,
If men here ſilent were;
The Sun himſelfe cannot forget,
his fellow Traveller.

137. *B. I. approbation of a copy of verſes.*

One of the witty ſort of Gentlemen,
That held ſociety with learned *Ben*——
Shew'd him ſome verſes of a tragick ſenſe;
Which did his ear much curious violence;
But after *Ben* had been a kinde partaker
Of the ſad lines, he needs muſt know the maker;
What unjuſt man he was, that ſpent his time,
And baniſh'd reaſon to advance his rime:

Nay gentle *Ben*, replyes the Gentleman,
I ſee I muſt ſupport the Poet than;
Although thoſe humble ſtrains are not ſo fit
For to pleaſe you, hee's held a pretty wit;
Is he held ſo? (ſayes *Ben*) ſo may a Gooſ,
Had I the holding, I would let him looſ.

138. *Ut pluma perſona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* ſuch a lofty feather?
Becauſe he's proud and fooliſh both together.

139. *Gaine and Gettings.*

When other gaine much by the preſent caſt,
The Coblers getting time, is at the Laſt.

140. *Domina prædominans.*

Ill may *Radulphus* boaſt of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

141. *On Doll.*

Doll ſhe ſo ſoone began the wanton trade;
She ne'r remembers that ſhe was a mayde.

142. *To a Noſe and Teeth very long.*

Gape 'gainſt the Sun, and by thy Teeth and Noſe
'Tis eaſie to perceive how the day goes.

143. *On a Welſhman and an Engliſhman.*

There was a time a difference began,
Between a Welſhman and an Engliſhman,

And

And thus it was; the Engliſhman would ſtand
Againſt all Argument, that this our land
Was freeſt of her fruits: there is a place,
Quoth he, whoſe ground ſo fruitfull is of graſſe,
But throw a ſtaffe in't but this night, you ſhall
Not ſee't the morrow, 'twould be cover'd all.
The Welſhman cry'd, 'tis true it might lye under
The o'r-grown graſſe, wch is with us no wonder:
For turn your horſe into our fruitfull ground,
And before morning come, he ſhan't be found.

144. *On Pride.*

Why Pride to others doth her ſelfe prefer,
The reaſon's clear, ſhe's heir to *Lucifer.*

145. *On Skrew.*

Skrew lives by ſhifts; yet ſwears by no ſmall oaths;
For all his ſhifts, he cannot ſhift his cloathes.

146. *O Mores.*

Now *vertu's* hid with *follies* jugling miſt,
And hee's no man that is no humoriſt.

147. *To Telltale.*

Thy glowing ears, to hot contention bent,
Are not unlike red Herrings broyl'd in lent.

148. *Sperando pariens.*

Hodg hir'd him ſuch a houſe, at ſuch a rent,
As might 'gainſt mariage, much his ſtate augment;
But lingring fates did ſo his hopes prevent,
As *Hodg* perforce muſt fly, for all was ſpent.

149. *On a Souldier.*

The Souldier fights well, and with good regard,
But when he's lame, he lies at an ill ward.

150. *Vivens mortuis.*

What makes young *Brutus* beare ſo high his head,
And on the ſudden gallant it ſo brave?
Pray underſtand Sir; 's Father's newly dead,
Who hath ſo long been wiſh'd for laid in's grave.

151. *A ſecret neceſſity.*

What makes *F. G.* wear ſtill one pair of hoſe?
Ask *Banks* the Broker; he the buſineſſe knows.

152. *On Garret and Chambers.*

Garret and his friend *Chambers* having done
Their City buſineſſe, walkt to *Paddington*,
And coming neer the fatall place, where men,
I mean offenders, ne'r return agen,
Looking on Tyburn in a merriment:

Sayes

Sayes *Chambers*, here's a pretty Tenement
Had it a Garret : *Garret* hearing that,
Replyes, friend *Chambers* I doe wonder at
Your ſimple cenſure, and could mock you for it,
There muſt be Chambers, e'r there be a Garret.

153. *Dubium indubitatum.*

Say *Parnels* children prove not one like th'other;
The beſt is yet, ſhe's ſure th'ad both one Mother.

154. *On Linnit.*

Linnit plays rarely on the Iute, we know;
And ſweetly ſings, but yet his breath ſayes no.

155. *On Vſuring Gripe.*

Gripe feels no lameneſs of his knotty gout,
His moneys travell for him in and out.
And though the ſoundeſt legs goe every day,
He toyls to be at hell as ſoon as they.

156. *A phraſe in Poetry.*

Fairer then that word faire, why ſo ſhe muſt,
Or be as black as *Timothies* toaſted cruſt.

157. *A Witt-all.*

Jeppa thy wit will ne'r endure a touch,
Thou knowſt ſo little, and doſt ſpeak ſo much.

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Thou knowſt ſo little, and doſt ſpeak ſo much.

158. *Ad Lectorem.*

Is't poſſible that thou my book haſt bought,
That ſaid'ſt 'twas nothing worth? why was it
Read it agen, perchance thy wit was dull, (nought
Thou may'ſt finde ſomething at the ſecond pull:
Indeed at firſt thou nought didſt underſtand;
For ſhame get ſomething at the ſecond hand.

159. *On Skinns.*

Skinns he din'd well to day; how doe you think?
His nayles they were his meat, his reume the drink.

160. *Suum cuique pulchrum.*

Poſthumus not the laſt of many more,
Asks why I write in ſuch an idle vain,
Seeing there are of Epigrams ſuch ſtore;
O give me leave to tell thee once again,
That Epigrams are fitted to the ſeaſon,
Of ſuch as beſt know how to make rime reaſon.

161. *Certa diſſimulans.*

Monſieur Piero's wife trades all in French,
And coyly ſimpring cryes, *Pardona moy:*
As who ſhould think, ſhe's ſure no common wench
But a moſt true diſſembler, *par ma foy.*

162.

162. *In magnis voluiſſe ſat eſt.*

In matters great to will it doth ſuffice:
I bluſh to heare how loud this Proverb lyes,
For they that ow great ſums by bond or bill,
Can never cancell them with meer good will.

163. *As proud as witleſſe Dracus.*

Dracus his head is highly by him born,
And ſo by ſtraws are empty heads of corn.

164. *Saltem videretur.*

A Welſhman and an Engliſhman diſputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greateſt ſtate;
The Engliſhman the Welſhman quite confuted,
Yet would the Welſhman nought his brags abate,
Ten cooks, quoth he, in *Wales* one wedding ſees,
Truth, quoth the other, each man toſts his cheeſe.

165. *Knowing and not knowing.*

Coſmus by cuſtome taunts each man,
And yet can nought of reaſon ſcan,
How can that bee, when who knows leaſt
Knows he ſhould wiſe be, that would jeſt:
Then thus no further I allow,
That *Coſmus* knows, but knows not how.

166.

166. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes faſt away, his ſafeſt flight,
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

167. *Poſtrema peſſima.*

Cacus in's cunning ne'r ſo prov'd o'r-reacht
As now at laſt, who muſt be halter-ſtretcht.

168. *On his Miſtris.*

My love and I for kiſſes play'd,
She would keep ſtakes, I was content,
And when I won ſhe would be paid;
This made me ask her what ſhe meant,
Saith ſhe, ſince you are in this wrangling vain,
Take you your kiſſes, and give me mine again.

169. *On a proud Maid.*

She that will eat her breakfaſt in her bed,
And ſpend the morn in dreſſing of her head,
And ſit at dinner like a Maiden-bride,
And talk of nothing all day but of pride;
God in mercy may doe much to ſave her,
But what a caſe is he in that ſhall have her?

170. *Tempus edax rerum.*

Time eateth all things, could the Poets ſay,
The times are chang'd, our times drink all away.

171. *Facies ignota.*

Why ſhould not *Rubin* rich apparell wear,
That's left more money then an Aſſe can bear?
Can any gueſſe him by his outward guiſe,
But that he may be generous and wiſe?

172. *On a coy Woman.*

She ſeems not won, yet won ſhe is at length;
In loves war, women uſe but halfe their ſtrength.

173. *On bed keeping.*

Bradus the Smith hath often ſworn and ſed,
That no diſeaſe ſhould make him keep his bed;
His reaſon was, I oft have heard him tell it,
He wanted money, therefore he would ſell it.

174. *On a man ſtealing a Candle from a Lanthorn.*

One walking in the ſtreet a winter night,
Climb'd to a lanthorn, thought t'have ſtole the light,
But taken in the manner and deſcri'd
By one o'th' ſervants, who look'd & cry'd, (handle?
Whoſe there: what d'you? who doth our lanthorn
Nothing, ſaid he, but onely ſnuffe the Candle.

175. *On Fraternus.*

Fraternus 'opinions ſhow his reaſon weak,
He held the noſe was made for man to ſpeak.

176. *Little and Loud.*

Little you are ; for Womens ſake be proud ;
For my ſake next, (though little) be not loud.

177. *On a French Fencer, that challenged Church an Engliſh Fencer.*

The fencing Gaules in pride and gallant vaunt,
Challeng'd the Engliſh at the Fencing skill,
The Fencer *Church*, or the *Church* Militant,
His errors ſtill reprov'd and knock'd him ſtill ;
But ſith our *Church* him diſciplin'd ſo ſore,
He (rank Recuſant) comes to Church no more.

178. *On Gella.*

Gella is light, and like a Candle waſteth,
Even to the ſnuffe, that ſtinketh more it laſteth.

179. *On* I. Lipſius *who bequeathed his Gown to the* V. Mary.

A dying Latiniſt of great renown,
Unto the Virgin *Mary* gave his Gown ;
And was not this falſe Latine ſo to joyn
With female gender, the caſe maſculine ?

180. *On two ſtriving together.*

Two falling out, into a ditch they fell,
Their falling out, was ill ; but in, was well.

181.

181. *A Lawyers Will.*

A Lawyer being ſick and extreame ill,
Was moved by his friends to make his Will,
Which ſoon he did, gave all the wealth he had
To frantick perſons, lunatick, and mad;
And to his friends this reaſon did reveale;
(That they might ſee, with equity hee'd deal)
From mad mens hands I did my wealth receive,
Therefore that wealth to mad mens hands I leave.

182. *Youth and age.*

Age is deformed, Youth unkinde,
We ſcorn their bodies, they our minde.

183. *Somnus decipiens.*

Dod ſweetly dreamt this other night had found
In gold and ſilver ne'r an hundred pound,
But waking felt he was with Fleas ſore bitten,
And further ſmelt he had his ſhirt be——

184. *To a Shoomaker.*

What boots it thee, to follow ſuch a trade,
That's alwayes under foot and underlaid?

185. *Death.*

The lives of men ſeem in two ſeas to ſwim,
Death comes to young folks, and old go to him.

186.

186. *Quos ego? &c.*

Rufus in rage the Pots flings down the ſtairs,
And threats to pull the Drawer by the ears,
For giving ſuch attendance: Slave (ſayes he)
Where's thine obſervance? Ha! muſt ſuch as we
Be no more waited on? Goe; bring to pay,
And keep my Rapier till I come this way.

187. *A diſparity.*

Children fondly blab truth,
and fools their brothers;
Women have learn'd more wiſdome
of their mothers.

188. *To Maledict.*

Thou ſpeakeſt ill, not to give men their dues,
But ſpeakeſt ill, becauſe thou canſt not chuſe.

189. *On Newter Ned.*

Newter convict of publick wrongs to men,
Takes private beatings, and begins agen;
Two kinds of valour he doth ſhew at once,
Active in's brains, and paſſive in his bones.

190. *Interpone tuis, &c.*

Not mirth, nor care alone, but inter-wreath'd;
Cares gets mirths ſtomach, mirth makes care long
(breath'd.

191.

191. *Ignotus sibi.*

Fastidius finds it *Nimis ultra posse*,
How to distinguish of *Teipsum nosce*:
I doe not marvell much it should be so,
For why the Coxcomb, will himselfe not know.

192. *On Craw.*

Craw cracks in Sirrop; and do's stinking say,
Who can hold that (my friends) that will away.

193. *Pot Poet.*

Poet and pot differ but in a letter,
Which makes the Poet love the pot the better.

194. *Content.*

Content is all we aim at with our store;
If that be had with little, what needs more?

195. *Fast and loose.*

Paphus was marry'd all in hast,
And now to rack doth run;
So knitting of himselfe too fast,
He hath himselfe undone.

196. *Tortus.*

Tortus accus'd to lye, to fawn, to flatter;
Said he but set a good face on the matter;

Then

Then ſure he borrow'd it, for 'tis well known,
Tortus ne're wore a good face of his own.

197. *On Raſpe.*

Raſpe plays at Nine holes; and 'tis known he gets
Many a Teaſter by his game, and bets;
But of his gettings there's but little ſigne;
When one hole waſts more then he gets by nine.

198. *Impar impares odit.*

Sotus hates wiſe men, for himſelfe is none,
And fools he hates, becauſe himſelfe is one.

199. *Similis doctrina libello.*

Cræſus of all things loveth not to buy
So many books of ſuch diverſity:
Your Almanack (ſays he) yeeld's all the ſence
Of time's paſt, profit, and experience.

200. *On Tullus.*

Tullus who was a Taylor by profeſſion,
Is late turn'd Lawyer, and of large poſſeſſion.
So who before did cut but countrey freeze,
Now cuts the countrey in exceſſive fees.

201. *Ut parta perdita.*

Marcellus proves a man of double means,
Firſt rais'd by drunkards, then undone by queans.

202. *On*

202. *On Jack and Jill.*

Since *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be;
It ſeemes a wonder unto mee,
That they no better doe agree.

203. *On Women.*

Woman's the centre, and the lines be men,
The circles, love; how doe they differ then?
Circles draw many lines into the center,
But love gives leave to onely one to enter.

204. *On Womans love.*

A womans love is like a Syrian flow'r,
That buds, and ſpreads, and withers in an hour.

205. *On Cooke a cuckold.*

A young Cook marry'd upon Sunday laſt,
And he grew old e'r tueſday night was paſt.

206. *Nomine, non re.*

Grace I confeſſe it, hath a comely face,
Good hand and foot as anſwerable to it:
But what's all this except ſhe had more grace?
Oh you will ſay, 'tis want that makes her do it.
True, want of Grace indeed, the more her ſhame:
Graceleſſe by Nature, onely *Grace* by Name.

207. *A Mouſieur Naſo, vero le.*

Naſo let none drink in his glaſs but hee,
Think you 'tis pride? 'tis courteſie.

208. *A Butcher marrying a Tanners daughter.*

A fitter match then this could not have bin,
For now the fleſh is married to the skin.

209. *A Widow.*

Hee which for's wife a widow doth obtain,
Doth like to thoſe that buy clothes in Long-lane,
One Coat's not fit, anothers too too old,
Their faults I know not, but th'are manifold.

210. *On a Farmer knighted.*

In my conceit Sir *John*, you were to blame,
To make a quiet goodwife, a mad-dame.

211. *On Pallas and Bacchus birth.*

Pallas the off-ſpring of *Jove's* brain,
Bacchus out of his thigh was ta'en:
He breaks his brain that learning wins,
When he that's drunk breaks but his ſhins.

212. *On an old Man doting upon a young Wench.*

A rich old man loving a fair young Laſs,
Out of his breeches his ſpectacles drew,

Where-

Wherewith he writ a note how rich he was;
All which (quoth he) ſweet heart I'l give to you.
Excuſe me Sir (quoth ſhe) for all your riches,
I'l marry none that wears his eyes in's breeches.

213. *On a Welſhman.*

The way to make a Welſhman think on bliſs,
And daily ſay his prayers on his knees,
Is to perſwade him, that moſt certain 'tis,
The Moon is made of nothing but green Cheeſe;
Then he'l deſire of *Jove* no greater boon,
Then to be plac'd in Heaven to eat the Moon.

214. *On Lungs.*

Lungs (as ſome ſay) ne'r ſets him downe to eate,
But that his breath doth fly-blow all his meate.

215. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawfull wife, fair *Lelia* needs muſt bee,
For ſhe was forc'd by law to marry thee.

216. *As many dayes in the yeare, ſo many Veins in Man.*

That every thing we doe, might vain appear,
Wee have a vein for each day in the year.

217. *To a friend, on the loſſe of his Miſtris.*

If thou the beſt of women didſt forgo,
Weigh if thou found'ſt her, or didſt make her ſo:

If ſhe was found, know there is more then one;
If made, the workman lives though ſhe be gone.

218. *On a whore.*

Roſa is faire, but not a proper woman;
Can any woman proper be that's common?

219. *Æqualis conſenſus.*

Cæcus and's choice, for change no time defers,
Both ſeparate, yet conſenting each together,
He maids for his turn takes, ſhe men for hers,
And ſo they jump, though ſeldome joyn together.

220. *On a Welſhman.*

A Welſhman late comming into an Inne,
Asked the Maid what meat there was within;
Cow heels ſhe anſwér'd, and a breſt of Mutton;
But quoth the Welſhman, ſince I am no glutton;
Either of both ſhall ſerve; to night the breſt,
The heels i'th morning, then light meat is beſt;
At night he took the breſt, and did not pay,
I'th morning took his heels, and run away.

221. *On Men and Women.*

Ill thrives that hapleſs family that ſhows
A cock that's ſilent, and a hen that crows:
I know not which lives more unnaturall lives,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding Wives.

222. *On*

222. *On Linus.*

Linus told me of Verſes that he made,
Riding to *London* on a trotting Jade;
I ſhould have known, had he conceal'd the caſe,
Even by his Verſes of his Horſes pace.

223. *Sauce for ſorrowes.*

Although our ſufferings meet with no reliefe,
An equall minde is the beſt ſauce for griefe.

224. *On a little diminutive band.*

What is the reaſon of God-dam-me's band,
Inch-deep, and that his faſhion doth not alter?
God-dam-me ſaves a labour, underſtand,
In pulling't off when he puts on the halter.

225. *On fine apparell.*

Some that their wives may neat and cleanly go,
Doe all their ſubſtance upon them beſtow:
But who a Gold-finch, fain would make his wife,
Makes her perhaps a Wag-tail all her life.

226. *Upon Conſcience.*

Many men this preſent age diſpraiſe,
And think men have ſmall conſcience now adays;
But ſure, I'l lay no ſuch fault to their charge,
I rather think their conſcience is too large.

227. *Dicta prædicta.*

Batus breaks jests on any thing that's spoken,
Provided alwayes they before are broken.

228. *On Umber.*

Umber was painting of a Lyon fierce,
And working it, by chance from *Umbers* Erse
Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the fart,
(As *Umber* sweares) did make his Lyon start.

229. *In Cornutum.*

Cornutus call'd his wife both whore and slut,
Quoth she, you'l never leave your brawling but--
But what quoth he? quoth she, the post or door,
For you have horns to but, if I'm a whore.

230. *A witty passage.*

An old man sitting at a Christmasse feast,
By eating Brawn occasioned a jest;
For whilest his tongue and gums chased about,
For want of pales the chaled bore broke out;
And light perchance upon a handsome lasse,
That neer him at the Table placed was;
Which when she spy'd, she pluck'd out of her sleeve
A pin, and did it to the old man give; (slip,
Saying, sith your brawn, out of your mouth doth
Sir take this pin, and therewith close your lip;

And

And burſting into laughter, ſtrain'd ſo much,
As with that ſtrain her back-part ſpak low-dutch:
Which th'old man hearing, did the pin reſtore;
And bad her therewith cloſe her poſtern dore.

231. *On Cob.*

Cob clouts his ſhooes, and as the ſtory tells,
His thumb-nayles par'd afford him ſparables.

232. *Omnia pariter.*

Ralph reads a line or two, and then cryes mew;
Deeming all elſe according to thoſe few; (Lad,
Thou might'ſt have thought and prov'd a wiſer
(As *Joan* her fooding bought) ſom good ſom bad.

233. *A new maried Bride.*

The firſt of all our ſex came from the ſide of Man,
I thither am return'd from whence I came.

234. *On a Pudding.*

The end of all, and in the end,
the praiſe of all depends.
A Pudding merits double praiſe,
becauſe it hath two ends.

235. *Anſwer.*

A pudding hath two ends; you lye my brother,
For it begins at one, and ends at th'other.

236. *Si nihil attuleris, ibis, &c.*

Planus, an honeſt ſwaine, but monyleſſe,
Beſought a Lawyer to be good unto him,
Who either (*gratis*) muſt his cauſe redreſſe,
Or promiſe what he never meant to doe him.
Being asked why he careleſſe lingred it?
Made this reply; *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

237. *On Maids.*

Moſt maids reſemble *Eve* now in their lives,
Who are no ſooner women, then th'are wives;
As *Eve* knew no man, e'r fruit wrought her wo;
So theſe have fruit oft e'r their husbands know.

238. *Ut cecidit ſurgit.*

Now *Martha* maried is, ſhee'l brave it out,
Though ne'r ſo needy known to all about;
And reaſon good, ſhee riſe once in her life,
That fell ſo oft before ſhee was a wife.

239. *On a Man whoſe choice was to be hang'd or maried.*

M. Lo here's the Bride, and there's the Tree,
Take which of theſe beſt liketh thee.
R. The choice is bad on either part,
The woman's worſe, drive on the cart.

240.

240. *Women.*

Were women as little, as they are good;
A Peſcod would make them a gown and a hood.

241. *On a Louſe.*

A Louſe no reaſon hath to deal ſo ill,
With them of whom ſhe hath ſo much her will;
She hath no tongue to ſpeak ought in their praiſe,
But to backbite them, finds a tongue alwayes.

242. *A Courtier and a Scholler meeting.*

A Courtier proud walking along the ſtreet,
Hap'ned by chance a Scholler for to meet;
The Courtier ſaid, (minding nought more then
Unto the Scholler (meeting face to face,) (place,
To take the wall, baſe men, I'l not permit;
The Scholler ſaid; I will; and gave him it.

243. *Cede majoribus.*

I took the wall, one rudely thruſt me by,
And told me the high way did open ly,
I thank'd him that he would me ſo much grace,
To take the worſe and leave the better place;
For if by owners we eſteem of things,
The wall's the ſubjects, but the way the Kings.

244. *On Betty.*

Sound Teeth has *Betty*, pure as pearle and ſmall,
With mellow lips, and luſcious therewithall.

245. *A*

245. *A rule for Courtiers.*

He that will thrive in Court, muſt oft become,
Againſt his will, both blind, and deaf, and dumbe.

246. *Why women wear a fall.*

A queſtion 'tis, why women wear a fall;
The truth it is, to pride they're given all,
And pride, the proverb ſays, will have a fall.

247. *Foras expertus.*

Priſcus hath been a traveller, for why?
He will ſo ſtrangely ſwagger, ſwear and ly.

248. *To a painted Whore.*

Whoſoever ſaith thou ſelleſt all, doth jeſt,
Thou buy'ſt thy beauty, that ſells all the reſt.

249. *Detur quod meritum.*

A Courtier kinde in ſpeech, curſt in condition,
Finding his faults could be no longer hidden,
Came to his friend to clear his bad ſuſpition,
And fearing leaſt he ſhould be more then chidden,
Fell to flatt'ring and moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
Vowing to kiſſe his foot if he were bidden.
My foot ſaid he? nay that were too ſubmiſſe;
You three foot higher, well deſerve to kiſſe.

250. *Non*

250. *Non lubens loquitur.*

Gluto, at meals is never heard to talk,
For which the more his chaps and chin do walk,
When every one that ſits about the bord,
Makes ſport to ask, what *Gluto*, ne'r a word?
He forc'd to anſwer being very loath
Is almoſt choak'd, ſpeaking and eating both.

251. *On Philos.*

If *Philos*, none but thoſe are dead, doe praiſe,
I would I might diſpleaſe him all his dayes.

252. *The promiſe-breaker.*

Ventus doth promiſe much, but ſtill doth break,
So all his promiſes are great and weak:
Like bubbles in the water (round and light)
Swelling ſo great, that they are broke out-right.

253. *Change.*

What now we like, anone we diſapprove;
The new ſucceſſor drives away old love.

254. *On a paſſing Bell.*

This dolefull muſick of impartiall death,
Who danceth after, danceth out of breath.

255. *Nummos & dæmona jungit.*

Bat bids you ſwell with envy till you burſt,
So he be rich, and may his coffers fill,

Bringing

Bringing th'example of the Fox that's curſt, (kill
And threatning folks who have leaſt power to
For why 'tis known, his trade can never fall,
That hath already got the Devill and all.

256. *Nil gratum ratione carens.*

Paulus a Pamphlet doth in proſe preſent
Unto his Lord; (the fruits of idle time)
Who far more careleſſe, then therewith content,
Wiſheth it were converted into rime:
Which done, and brought him at another ſeaſon,
Said: now 'tis rime, before nor rime nor reaſon.

257. *Non ceſſat perdere luſor.*

Ask *Ficus* how his luck at dicing goes:
Like to the tide (quoth he) it ebbes and flows,
Then I ſuppoſe his chance cannot be good,
For all men know 'tis longer ebbe than flood.

258. *Womens policy.*

To weep oft, ſtill to flatter, ſometime ſpin,
Are properties, women excell men in.

259. *Volucrem ſic decipit auceps.*

Hidrus the Horſe-courſer (that cunning mate)
Doth with the buyers thus equivocate;
Claps on his hand, and prays he may not thrive,
If that his gelding be not under five.

260. *Per-*

260. *Perdat qui caveat emptor.*

Nor leſſe meant *Promus* when that vow hee made
Then to give o'r his couſening Tapſters trade,
Who check'd for ſhort and frothy meaſure, ſwore
He never would from henceforth fill pot more.

261. *On Death.*

How baſe hath ſin made man, to feare a thing
Which men call *Mors?* wch yet hath loſt all ſting,
And is but a privation as we know,
Nay is no word if we exempt the O:
Then let good men the feare of it defie,
All is but O; when they ſhall come to die.

262. *To Mr. Ben. Johnſon, demanding the reaſon, why hee call'd his playes works.*

Pray tell me *Ben.* where doth the myſtery lurk,
What others call a play, you call a work.

263. *Thus anſwer'd by a friend in B. Johnſons defence.*

The authors friend thus for the author ſays,
Bens plays are works, when others works are playes

264. *On Crambo a lowſie ſhifter.*

By want of ſhift, ſince lice at firſt are bred,
And after by the ſame increaſt and fed;
Crambo I muſe how you have lice ſo many,
Since all men know, you ſhift as much as any.

265. *Ad*

265. *Ad Ariſtarchum.*

Be not agriev'd, my humorous lines afford
Of looſer language here and there a word:
Who undertakes to ſweep a common ſinke,
I cannot blame him, though his broom do ſtink.

266. *In Aulum.*

Aulus gives naught, men ſay, though much hee crave,
Yet I can tell to whom the pox he gave.

267. *On covetous perſons.*

Patrons are latrons, then by this
Th'are worſt of greedy people,
Whoſe cognizance a Wolfs head is,
And in his mouth a ſteeple.

268. *On a Dyer.*

Who hath time hath life, that he denies,
This man hath both, yet ſtill he dies.

269. *Non verbera, ſed verba.*

Two Schollers late appointed for the field;
Muſt, which was weakeſt to the other yeeld;
The quarrell firſt began about a word,
Which now ſhould be decided by the ſword:
But e'r they drew, there fell that alteration,
As they grew friends againe by diſputation.

270. *Love*

270. *Love and Libertie.*

Love he that will; it beſt likes mee
To have my neck from loves yoke free.

271. *To a neat Reader.*

Thou ſay'ſt my verſes are rude, ragged, ruffe,
Not like ſome others rimes, ſmooth dainty ſtuffe;
Epigrams are like Satyrs, rough without,
Like Cheſnuts ſweet, take thou the kernell out.

272. *Of letting.*

In bed a young man with his old wife lay,
O wife, quoth he, I've let a thing to day,
By which I fear, I am a loſer much:
His wife replyes, youths bargains ſtill are ſuch;
So turning from him angry at her heart,
She unawares let out a thundring ——
O wife, quoth hee, no loſer am I now,
A marv'lous ſaver I am made by you;
Young men that old wives have may never ſell;
Becauſe old wives, quoth he, let things ſo well.

273. *Sublata cauſa, &c.*

Why ſtudies *Sylveſter* no more the lawes,
'Tis thought *Duck-lane* has tane away the cauſe.

274. *Sapiat*

274. *Sapiat qui dives, oportet.*

'Tis knowne how well I live, ſayes *Romeo*,
And whom I liſt, Ile love, or will deſpiſe:
Indeed its reaſon good it ſhould be ſo:
For they that wealthy are, muſt needs be wiſe:
But this were ill, if ſo it compaſſe,
That for your wealth you muſt be begd an aſs

275. *In Doſſum.*

Doſſe riding forth, the wind was very big,
And ſtrained court'ſie with his perriwig,
Leaving his ſconce behind ſo voyd of haire,
As *Eſops* crow might break her oyſter there;
Fool he to think his hair could tarry faſt,
When *Boreas* tears forreſts with a blaſt.

276. *Poſt dulcia, finis amarus.*

Jenkin a Welſhman that had ſuits in Law,
Journying to *London*, chanc'd to ſteal a cow;
For which (pox on her luck as ne'r mon ſaw)
Was burnt within the fiſt and know not how:
Being ask'd if well the Lawes with him did ſtand,
Hur have hur now (quoth *Jenkin*) in hur hand.

277. *Feminæ ludificantur viros.*

Kind *Katharine* to her husband kiſt theſe words,
Mine own ſweet *Will*, how dearly doe I love thee:

If true (quoth *Will*) the world no ſuch affords.
And that it's true, I durſt his warrant bee ;
For ne'r heard I of woman good or ill,
But alwayes loved beſt, her own ſweet will.

278. *Ad Tuſſerum.*

Tuſſer, They tell me when thou wert alive,
Thou teaching thrift, thy ſelf couldſt never thrive;
So like the whetſtone many men are wont
To ſharpen others when themſelves are blunt.

279. *Præſtat videri quam eſſe.*

Clitus with clients is well cuſtomed,
That hath the Laws but little ſtudied ;
No matter *Clitus* ſo they bring their fees,
How ill the caſe and thy advice agrees.

280. *Tunc tua res agitur.*

A jealous Merchant that a Saylor met,
Ask'd him the reaſon why he meant to marry,
Knowing what ill their abſence might beget,
That ſtill at Sea, conſtrained are to tarry ?
Sir (quoth the ſaylor) think you that ſo ſtrange?
'Tis done the time whiles you but walke th'ex-
(change.

281. *On Skoles.*

Skoles ſtinks ſo deadly, that his breeches loath
His dampiſh buttocks furthermore to cloath:
Cloyd they are up with Arſe; but hope, and blaſt
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at laſt.

282. *A Conference.*

A Dane, a Spaniard, a Polonian,
My ſelfe a Swiſſe, with an Hungarian,
At ſupper met, diſcourſed each with other,
Drank, laught, yet none that underſtood another.

283. *In Marcum.*

Marcus is not an hypocrite, and why?
He flyes all good, to fly hypocriſy.

284. *Quid non verba ſuadeant?*

Sextus half ſav'd his credit with a jeſt,
That at a reckoning this deviſe had got,
When he ſhould come to draw amongſt the reſt,
And ſaw each man had coyn, himſelf had not;
His empty pocket feels, and 'gins to ſay,
In ſadneſſe ſits, here's not a croſſe to pay.

285. *Stupid Binus.*

Sith time flyes faſt away, his faſteſt flight
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

286. *In divites.*

Rich men their wealth as children rattles keep,
When play'd a while with't then they fall asleep.

287. *In Fannium.*

What fury's this? his foe whilſt *Fannius* flyes,
He kils himſelfe, for feare of death he dyes.

288. *On a vaunting Poetaſter.*

Cecilius boaſts his Verſes worthy bee
To be ingraven on a Cypreſſe tree;
A Cypreſſe wreath befits them well, 'tis true;
For they are neare their death and crave but due.

289. *In divites iracundos.*

Rich friends 'gainſt poor to anger ſtill are prone:
It is not well but profitably done.

290. *Durum telum neceſſitas.*

Coquus with hunger pennileſſe conſtrain'd
To call for meat and wine three ſhillings coſt,
Had ſuddainly this project entertain'd,
In ſtead of what's to pay, to call mine hoſt;
Who being come entreateth him diſcuſſe,
What price the law allots for ſhedding blood:
Whereto mine hoſt directly anſwers thus;
'Twas alwayes forty pence he underſtood:

So then, quoth *Coquus*, to requite your paines,
Pray break my head, and give me what remaines.

291. *To an upſtart.*

Thine old friends thou forgotſt having got wealth:
No marvaile, for thou haſt forgot thy ſelfe.

292. *Ambition.*

In wayes to greatneſſe, think on this,
That ſlippery all Ambition is.

293. *Suum cuique.*

A ſtrange contention being lately had,
Which kinde of muſick was the ſweet'ſt and beſt,
Some praiſe the ſprightly ſound, & ſome the ſad,
Some lik't the Viols; and among the reſt
Some in the bag-pipes commendation ſpoke,
Quoth one ſtood by, give me a pipe of ſmoke.

294. *In Prodigum.*

Each age of men new faſhions doth invent;
Things which are old, young men do not eſteem;
What pleas'd our fathers, doth not us content:
What flouriſh'd then, wee out of faſhion deem:
And that's the cauſe as I doe underſtand,
Why *Prodigus* did ſell his fathers Land.

295. *In Medicum.*

When *Mingo* cryes, how do you ſir? 'tis thought
He Patients wanteth, and his practice's naught:
Wherefore of late, now every one he meeteth,
With [I am glad to ſee you well] he greeteth:
But who'll beleeve him now, when all can tell,
The world goes ill with him, when all are well?

296. *On Zelot.*

Is *Zelot* pure? he is: yee ſee he weares
The ſigne of *Circumciſion* in his eares.

297. *Criſpati crines plumæ dant calcar amori.*

Why is young *Annas* thus with feathers dight?
And on his ſhoulder wears a dangling lock?
The one foretels hee'll ſooner fly then fight,
The other ſhows hee's wrapt in's mothers ſmock.
But wherefore wears hee ſuch a jingling ſpur?
O know, he deals with jades that will not ſtir.

298. *On Bowng-Bob.*

Bob, thou, nor ſouldier, theef, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy weapon liv'ſt; th'haſt one good part.

299. *On Glaucus.*

Glaucus a man, a womans hair doth wear,
But yet he wears the ſame comb'd out behind:

So men the wallet of their faults doe bear,
For if before him, he that fault ſhould find:
I think foul ſhame would his faire face invade,
To ſee a man ſo like a woman made.

300. *On Crab.*

Crab faces gowns with ſundry Furres; 'tis known,
Hee keeps the Fox-furre for to face his own.

301. *Dolo intimus.*

Not hauk, nor hound, nor horſe, thoſe letters hhh,
But ach it ſelfe, 'tis *Brutus* bones attaches.

302. *Of Batardus.*

Batardus needs would know his Horoſcope,
To ſee if he were born to ſcape the rope:
The *Magus* ſaid, ere thou mine anſwer have,
I muſt the name of both thy parents crave:
That ſaid; *Batardus* could not ſpeak but ſpit;
For on his fathers name he could not hit:
And out of doors at laſt he ſtept with ſhame,
To ask his mother for his fathers name.

303. *Conſuetudo lex.*

Two wooers for a wench were each at ſtrife,
Which ſhould enjoy her to his wedded wife,
Quoth th'one, ſhe's mine, becauſe I firſt her ſaw;
She's mine, quoth th'other, by Pye-corner law:

Where

Where ſticking once a prick on what you buy,
It's then your own, which no man muſt deny.

304. *On Womens Deniall.*

Women, although they ne're ſo goodly make it,
Their faſhion is but to ſay no, and take it.

305. *In Battum.*

Battus affirm'd no Poet ever writ,
Before that love inſpir'd his dull-head wit:
And that himſelfe in love, had wit no more,
Then one ſtark mad, though ſomwhat wiſe before.

306. *On marriage.*

Wedding and hanging the Deſtinies diſpatch,
But hanging ſeems to ſome the better match.

307. *Vidua aurata.*

Gallus hath got a widow wondrous old,
The reaſon is he woo'd her for her gold:
Knowing her maides are yong and ſerve for hire,
Which is as much as *Gallus* doth deſire.

308. *In Dol prægnantem.*

Dol learning *Propria quæ maribus* without book,
Like *Nomen creſcentis genitivo* doth look.

309. *Timidos fortuna repellit.*

When *Miles* the ſervingman my Lady kiſt,
She knew him not (though ſcarcely could reſiſt)

For this (quoth he) my Maſter bad me ſay:——
How's that (quoth ſhe?) & frowning flings away:
Vext to the heart, ſhe took her mark amiſs,
And that ſhe ſhould a ſerving creature kiſſe.
Why thus it is when fooles muſt make it knowne,
They come on others buſineſſe, not their owne.

310. *Againſt a certain*——

For mad-men Bedlam, Bridewell for a knave,
Chooſe whether of thoſe two th'adſt rather have.

311. *Loves progreſſe.*

Loves firſt approach, delights ſweet ſong doth ſing:
But in departure, ſhe woes ſting doth bring.

312. *On old Scylla.*

Scylla is toothleſſe, yet, when ſhe was young,
She had both teeth enough, and too much tongue:
What ſhall I then of toothleſſe *Scylla* ſay,
But that her tongue hath worn her teeth away?

313. *On Gallants cloaks.*

Without, plain cloaks; within, pluſh't: but I doubt
The wearer's worſt within; and beſt without.

314. *On Banks the Uſurer.*

Banks feels no lameneſſe on his knotty gout,
His money travels for him in and out:

And

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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His money travels for him in and out:

And

And though the ſoundeſt legs goe every day,
He toils to be at hell as ſoon as they.

315. *Pecunia prævalens.*

Tell *Tom* of *Plato's* worth or *Ariſtotles*; (tles.
Hang't, give him wealth enough; let wit ſtop bot-

316. *On the ſame.*

Tom vow'd to beat his boy againſt the wall,
And as he ſtruck he forthwith caught a fall:
The boy deriding, ſaid, I doe aver,
Y'have done a thing, you cannot ſtand to fir.

317. *On debt.*

To be indebted 's a ſhame men ſay,
Then 'tis confeſſing of a ſhame to pay.

318. *A forſworn maid.*

Roſa being falſe and perjur'd, once a friend
Bid me contented be, and mark her end:
But yet I care not, let my friend goe fiddle;
Let him mark her end, I'l mark her middle.

319. *Adverſitie.*

Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is ſpent,
Adverſitie then breeds the diſcontent.

320. *On Soranzo.*

Soranzo's broad-brim hat I oft compare
To the vaſt compaſſe of the heavenly ſpheare:

His

His head, the Earth's globe, fixed under it;
Whose center is, his wondrous little wit.

321. *To a great gueſt.*

With other friends I bid you to my feaſt,
Though coming late, yet are you not the leaſt.

322. *In Cottam.*

Cotta when he hath din'd ſaith, God be prais'd,
Yet never praiſeth God for meat or drink:
Sith *Cotta* ſpeaketh, and not practiſeth,
He ſpeaketh ſurely what he doth not think.

323 *De Corde & Lingua.*

The tongue was once a ſervant to the heart,
And what it gave ſhe freely did impart:
But now hypocriſie is grown ſo ſtrong,
She makes the heart a ſervant to the tongue.

324. *On Rumpe.*

Rump is a Turne-ſpit, yet he ſeldome can
Steale a ſwolne ſop out of the dripping pan.

325. *On Poverty.*

If thou be poore, thou ſhalt be ever ſo,
None now doe wealth, but on the rich beſtow.

326. *In Ebrioſum.*

Fie man (ſaith ſhe) but I tell miſtris *Anne*,
Her drunken husband is no drunken man.

For

or thoſe wits which are overcome with drink,
re voyd of reaſon, and are beaſts I think.

327. *Wils error.*

Will ſays his wife's ſo fat, ſhe ſcarce can goe,
ut ſhe as nimbly anſwers, Faith Sir no:
las good *Will*, thou art miſtaken quite,
or all men know, that ſhe is wondrous light.

328. *On Rome.*

ate and debate, *Rome* through the world hath ſpread,
et *Roma*, *amor* is, if backward read:
hen is't not ſtrange *Rome* hate ſhould foſter? no,
or out of backward love all hate doth grow.

329. *On Tuck.*

t Poſt and Paire, or Slam, *Tom Tuck* would play
his Chriſtmas, but his want wherewith, ſays nay.

330. *Some thing, no Savour.*

All things have ſavour, though ſome but ſmall;
Nay, a box on th'eare, hath no ſmell at all.

331. *Art, Fortune, and Ignorance.*

When fortune fell aſleep, and hate did blind her,
Art, Fortune loſt; and Ignorance did finde her:
Sith when, dull Ignorance with Fortunes ſtore,
Hath been inrich'd, and Art hath ſtill been poore.

332. *On*

His head, the Earth's globe, fixed under it;
Whose center is, his wondrous little wit.

321. *To a great guest.*

With other friends I bid you to my feast,
Though coming late, yet are you not the least.

Cott
Yet
Sith
He s

TIGHTLY

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And
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BOUND

Rump
Steale

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None now doe wealth, but on the rich bestow.

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332. *On*

332. *On Bibens.*

Bibens to ſhew his liberality,
Made *Luſus* drunk; (a noble quality, (prow
And much eſteem'd) which *Bibens* fain would
To be the ſigne of his familiar love:
Luſus beware, thou'lt finde him in the end,
Familiar Devill, no familiar friend.

333. *On Tobacco.*

Things which are common, common men do uſe,
The better ſort doe common things refuſe:
Yet countries-cloth-breech, & court-velvet-hoſe,
Puffe both alike Tobacco through the noſe.

334. *On Cupid.*

Cupid no wonder was not cloth'd of old,
For love though naked, ſeldome e'r is cold.

335. *On Ebrio.*

See where *Don Ebrio*, like a Dutchman goes,
Yet drunk with Engliſh ale; one would ſuppoſe
That he would ſhoulder down each door & wall,
But they muſt ſtand, or he, poor fool muſt fall.

336. *On love.*

Love hath two divers wings, as lovers ſay:
Thou following him, with one he flyes away;
With

With th'other, if thou fly he follows thee :
Therefore the laſt, Love, onely uſe for mee.

337. *On the ſame.*

Love, as 'tis ſaid, doth work with ſuch ſtrange (tools,
That he can make fools wiſe-men, wiſe-men fools
Then happy I, for being nor fool, nor wiſe,
Love with his toyes and tools I ſhall deſpiſe.

338. *On a Woman.*

Some the word *Wanton* fetch, though with ſmall (skil,
From thoſe that want one to effect their wil.
If ſo, I think that wantons there are none,
For till the world want men, can they want none.

339. *Ingluviem ſequitur fames.*

Curio would feed upon the daintieſt fare,
That with the Court or country might compare ;
For what lets *Curio* that he need to care,
To frolique freely with the proudſt that dare :
But this exceſſe was ſuch in all things rare,
As he prov'd bankrûpt e'r hee was aware.

340. *On Maulſters.*

Such *Maulſters* as ill meaſure ſell for gain,
Are not meer knaves, but alſo knaves in grain.

341. *In*

341. *In Corbum.*

Corbus will not, perſwade him all I can,
The world ſhould take him for a Gentleman:
His reaſon's this, becauſe men ſhould not deem,
That he is ſuch as he doth never ſeem.

342. *On Priſcus Miſtris.*

Priſcus commends his Miſtris for a girle,
Whoſe lips be rubies, and whoſe teeth are pearle
Th'had need prove ſo, or elſe it will be found,
He pays too dear; they coſt him many a pound.

343. *On Women.*

Women think wo—men far more conſtant be,
Than we—men, and the letter O wee ſee,
In wo—men, not in we—men, as they ſay,
Figures earths conſtant Orbe; we—men ſay nay:
It means the Moon, which proves (none think it
Women are cõſtant, & moſt true in change. (ſtrange

344. *On Souldiers.*

Nor faith, nor conſcience common ſouldiers carry
Beſt pay, is right; their hands are mercenary.

345. *Druſius and Furio.*

Furio would fight with *Druſius* in the field,
Becauſe the ſtraw, ſtout *Druſius* would not yeeld,

On

On which their Mistris trod; they both did meet;
Brusius in field fell dead at *Furio's* feet;
One had the Straw, but with it this greek letter Ω
The other lost it, pray who had the better?

346. *On Cupid.*

Love is a boy, and subject to the rod
Some say, but lovers say he is a God:
I think that Love is neither god nor boy,
But a mad brains imaginary toy.

347. *On Candidus.*

When I am sick, not else, thou com'st to see me,
Would fortune from both torments still would (free me.

348. *On a Puritan.*

From impure mouths, how many bear the name
Of Puritan, yet merit not the same;
This one shall onely be my Puritan
That is a knave, yet seems an honest man.

349. *Ostendit hedera vinum.*

A scoffing mate, that past along Cheape-side,
Incontinent a gallant lass espide;
Whose tempting breasts (as to the sale layd out)
Incites this youngster thus to 'gin to flout.

Lady

Lady (quoth he) is this flesh to be sould?
No Lord (quoth she) for silver nor for gold,
But wherefore aske you? (and there made a stop)
To buy (quoth he) if not shut up your shop.

350. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

Pedes grown proud makes men admire thereat, (it,
Whose baser breeding, should they think not beare
Nay, he on cock-horse rides, how like you that?
Tut! *Pedes* proverb is, Win gold and wear it.
But *Pedes* you have seen them rise in hast,
That through their pride have broke their neck
(at last.

351. *Upon Lavina.*

Lavina brought to bed, her husband looks
To know's childs fortune throughout his books,
(rather,
His neighbours think h'had need search backward
And learn for certain who had been the father.

352. *Report and Error.*

Errors by Error, Tales by Tales, great grow;
As Snow-balls doe, by rowling to and fro.

353. *In Superbum.*

Rustick *Suerbus* fine new cloths hath got,
Of Taffata and velvet, fair in sight;

The ſhew of which hath ſo betwitcht the ſot,
That he thinks Gentleman to be his right:
But he's deceiv'd; for true that is of old, (gold.
An Ape's an Ape, though hee wear cloth of

354. *No truth in Wine.*

Truth is in Wine, but none can finde it there,
For in your Taverns, men will lie and ſweare.

355. *On Infidus.*

Infidus was ſo free of oaths laſt day,
That he would ſwear, what e'r he thought to ſay:
But now ſuch is his chance, whereat he's griev'd,
The more he ſweats, the leſſe he is believ'd.

356. *On Celſus.*

Celſus doth love himſelfe, *Celſus* is wiſe,
For now no Rivall e'r can claim his prize.

357. *On Chriſtmaſſe Ivy.*

At Chriſtmaſſe men doe alwayes Ivy get,
And in each corner of the houſe it ſet:
But why doe they, then, uſe that *Bacchus* weed?
Becauſe they mean, then *Bacchus*-like to feed.

358. *Adverſitie.*

Adverſitie hurt none, but onely ſuch
Whom whiteſt fortune dandled has too much.

359. *On Bacchus.*

Pot-lifting *Bacchus* to the earth did bend
His knee to drink a Health unto his friend:
And there he did ſo long in liquor pour,
That he lay quite ſick-drunk upon the floor.
Judge, was there not a drunkards kindneſſe ſhown,
To drink his friend a Health, and loſe his own?

360. *Of a fat man.*

He's rich, that hath great in-comes by the year:
Then that great b.lly'd man is rich, I'l ſwear:
For ſure his belly ne'r ſo big had bin,
Had he not daily had great commings in.

361. *A wiſhed Cramp.*

Some have the Cramp in legs, and hands, 'tis told,
I wiſh't in my wifes tongue, when ſhe doth ſcold.

362. *Vindicta vim ſequitur.*

Kitt being kick'd and ſpurr'd, purſues the Law,
That doom'd the dammage at twice forty pence.
Which, when the party wch had wrong'd him, ſaw;
Thought 'twas too great a fine for ſuch offence.
Why then, quoth *Kitt*, If I too much requeſt,
Thou maiſt at any time lick out the reſt.

363. *On Flaccus.*

Flaccus being young, they ſaid hee was a Gull;
Of his ſimplicity each mouth was full:

And

And pittying him, they'd ſay, the fooliſh Lad
Would ſuerly be deceived, of all he had.
His youth is paſt, now may they turn him looſe;
For why? the gull is grown to be a Gooſe.

364. *Per plumas anſer.*

See how young *Rufus* walks in green each day,
As if he ne'r was youthfull untill now:
Ere Chriſtmaſs next, his green Gooſe will be gray,
And thoſe high burniſh'd plumes in's cap wil bow:
But you do wrong him, ſince his purſe is full,
To call him Gooſe, that is ſo young a Gull.

365. *Of Jenkin.*

Jenkin is a rude clown, goe tell him ſo;
What need I tell, what he himſelfe doth know?
Perhaps he doth not, then he is a ſot;
For tell me, what knows he that knows it not?

365. *On Trigg.*

Trigg having turn'd his ſute he ſtruts in ſtate,
And tells the world he's now regenerate.

366. *To Fortune.*

Poets ſay Fortune's blinde, and cannot ſee,
And therefore to be born withall, if ſhe
Sometimes drop gifts on undeſerving wights:
But ſure they are deceiv'd; ſhe hath her ſight,

Elſe could it not at all times ſo fall out, (out.
That fools ſhould have, and wiſe men go with-

367. *On Briſcus.*

I pray you give Sir *Briſcus* leave to ſpeak,
The Gander loves to hear himſelf to creak.

368. *On an Engliſh Ape.*

Would you believe, when you this Monſieur ſee,
That his whole body ſhould ſpeak *French*, not he?
That he untravell'd ſhould be *French* ſo much,
As *French* men in his company ſhould ſeem *Dutch*?
Or hung ſome *Monſieurs* picture on the wall;
By which his *damme* conceiv'd him, cloaths & all?
No, 'tis the new *French* Taylors motion, made
Dayly to walk th'Exchange, and help the trade.

369. *Poſſeſſions.*

Thoſe poſſeſſions ſhort liv'd are
Into the which wee come by warre.

370. *Nulla dies ſine linea.*

By ever learning, *Solon* waxed old,
For time he knew, was better far then gold:
Fortune would give him gold which would decay
But Fortune cannot give him yeſterday.

371. *In*

371. *In Cornutum.*

One told his wife, a Harts-head he had bought,
To hang his hat upon, and home it brought:
To whom his frugall wife, What needs that care?
I hope, ſweet-heart, your head your hat can beare.

372. *On More-dew.*

More-dew the Mercer, with a kinde Salute,
Would needs intreat my cuſtome for a ſuite:
Here Sir, quoth he, for Sattins, Velvets call,
What e'r you pleaſe, I'l take your word for all.
I thank'd, took, gave my word; ſay than,
Am I at all indebted to this man?

373. *Pari jugo dulcis tractus.*

When *Cæcus* had bin wedded now three dayes,
And all his neighbours bad God give him joy,
This ſtrange concluſion with his wife aſſayes,
Why till her marriage day ſhe prov'd ſo coy: (yeeld
Fore God (ſaith he) 'twas well thou didſt not
For doubtleſs then my purpoſe was to leave thee.
Oh Sir (quoth ſhe) I once was ſo beguild, (me.
And thought the next man ſhould not ſo deceive
Now fie upon't (quoth he) thou breedſt my wo.
Why man (quoth he) I ſpeake but *quid pro quo.*

374. *On Sims mariage.*

Six moneths, quoth *Sim*, a Suiter, and not ſped?
I in a ſev'n-night did both woo and wed. (ſhake;
Who green fruit loves, muſt take long paines to
Thine was ſome down-fall, I dare undertake.

375. *Upon Sis.*

Sis brags ſh'hath beauty, and will prove the ſame:
As how? as thus Sir; 'tis her Puppies name.

376. *On Clym.*

Clym cals his wife, & reckoning all his neighbors,
Juſt halfe of them are Cuckolds, he avers.
Nay fie, quoth ſhe, I would they heard you ſpeak;
You of your ſelfe, it ſeems, no reckoning make.

377. *On Gut.*

Science puffs up, ſays *Gut*, when either Peaſe
Make him thus ſwell, or windy Cabbages.

378. *On Womens faults.*

We men in many faults abound,
But two in women can be found:
The worſt that from their ſex proceeds,
Is naught in words, and naught in deeds.

379. *To a Mack-worm.*

Content great riches is, to make which true,
Your Heir would be content to bury you.

380. *On*

380. *On Law.*

Our civill Law doth ſeem a Royall thing,
It hath more titles then the Spaniſh King:
But yet the Common-Law quite puts it down,
In getting, like the Pope, ſo many a Crown.

381. *In Coam.*

A nor Ω will *Coa* eſpy,
Till ſhe aſcend up to the corner'd Π.

382. *Maides Nay's.*

Maides Nay's are nothing, they are ſhie
But to deſire what they denie.

383. *De Ore.*

Os of *O*, a Mouth, *Scaliger* doth make;
And from this letter, Mouth his name doth take:
And I had been of *Scaligers* belief,
But that I look'd in *O*, and ſaw no Teeth.

384. *In Hugonem.*

Though praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* never none,
Yet praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* ever one;
For praiſe, and pleaſe, doth *Hugo* himſelfe alone.

385. *On Severus.*

Severus is extreame in eloquence,
For he creats rare phraſe, but rarer ſenſe:

Unto his Serving-man, *alias* his Boy,
He utters ſpeech exceeding quaint and coy;
Diminutive, and my defective ſlave,
My pleaſures pleaſure is, that I muſt have
My Corps Coverture, and immediately,
Tinſconce my perſon from frigility.
His Man believs all's Welſh his Maſter ſpoke,
Till he rails Engliſh; Rogue go fetch my Cloke.

386. *On Julias weeping.*

She by the River ſate, and ſitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

387. *On a Gallant.*

What Gallant's that, whoſe oaths fly through (mine ears?
How like a Lord of *Pluto's* Court he ſwears!
How Dutch-man like he ſwallows down his (drink!
How ſweet he takes Tobacco till he ſtink!
How lofty ſprighted, he diſdains a Boor!
How faithfull hearted he is to a——!
How cock-tail proud he doth himſelfe advance!
How rare his ſpurs do ring the Morrice-dance!
Now I proteſt by Miſtris *Suſans* Fan,
I, and his boy will make a proper Man.

388. *On*

388. *On* Vertue, Milla's *Maid.*

Saith *Ariſtotle*, *Vertue* ought to bee
Communicative of her ſelfe, and free;
And hath not *Vertue*, *Milla's* maid, been ſo?
Who's grown hereby, as big as ſhe can go.

389. *On Corydon.*

An home-ſpun Peaſant with his Urine-glaſſe,
The Doctor ask'd what Country-man he was.
Quoth *Corydon*, with making legs full low,
Your worſhip, that, ſhall by my water know.

390. *On a Spaniſh Souldier.*

A Spaniſh Souldier, ſick unto the death,
His Piſtoll to's Phyſitian did bequeath.
Who did demand, what ſhould the reaſon be,
Bove other things to give him that; (quoth he)
This with your practice joyned, you may kill,
Sir, all alive, and have the world at will.

391. *Upon the Aſſe.*

The Aſſe a Courtier on a time would bee,
And travail'd forain Nations for to ſee;
But home returned, faſhion he could none,
His main and tail were onely larger grown.

392. *On Hypocriſie.*

As Veniſon in a poor mans kitchin's rare;
So Hypocrites and Uſurers in Heaven are.

393. *De-*

393. *Dæmonum certamen.*

A Broker and an Uſurer contended,
Which in's profeſſion was the moſt befriended;
And for experience more to have it tryde,
A Scrivener muſt the difference decide:
To whom (quoth he) you like the Fox & Cub,
One ſhall be *Mammon*, th'other *Belzebub*.

394. *On Love.*

Love's of it ſelfe too ſweet; the beſt of all
Is; when loves hony has a daſh of gall.

395. *On Man and Woman.*

When Man and Woman dyes, as Poets ſung;
His heart's the laſt that ſtirs, of hers, the tongue.

396. *On Fabullus.*

I ask'd *Fabullus*, why he had no wife?
(Quoth he) becauſe I'd live a quiet life.

397. *On Fornus.*

Furnus takes pains, he need not without doubt,
O yes, he labors much. How? with the Gout.

398. *Quid non ebrietas.*

Rubin reports, his Miſtris is a Punk:
Which being told her, was no whit diſmaid,
For ſure as death (quoth ſhe the villains drunk)
And

And in that taking, knows not what he ſaid.
'Twas well excus'd, but oft it comes to paſſe,
That true we finde, *In vino veritas.*

399. *No Paines, no Gaines.*

If little labour, little are our gaines,
Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

400. *Infirmis animoſus.*

Pontus by no means from his coyn departs,
Z'foot, will you have of men more than their (hearts?

401. *A culina ad curiam.*

Lixa, that long a Serving-groom hath been,
Will now no more the man be known or ſeen:
And reaſon good, he hath the place reſign'd;
Witnes his cloak, throughout with velvet lin'd.
Which by a Paradox comes thus to paſſe;
The greane Gull is turn'd a gallant aſſe.

402. *Fruſtra vocaveris heri.*

Dick had but two words to maintain him ever,
And that was Stand, and after ſtand Deliver.
But *Dick's* in Newgate, and he feares ſhall never
Be bleſt again with that ſweet word, Deliver.

403. *Magnis non eſt morandum.*

See how *Silenus* walks accompliſhed,
With due performance of his Fathers Page:

Looks

Looks back of purpoſe to be honoured,
And on each ſlight occaſion 'gins to rage;
You, villain, dog! where hath your ſtay bin ſuch
Quoth he, the Broker would not lend ſo much.

404. *Puduit ſua damna referre.*

Such ill ſucceſſe had *Dick* at Dice laſt night,
As he was forc'd, next day, play leaſt in ſight:
But if you love him, make thereof no ſpeeches,
He loſt his Rapier, Cloak, and Velvet Breeches.

405. *Ad lectorem.*

Reader, thou ſeeſt how pale theſe papers look,
While they fear thy hard cenſure on my book.

406. *Nimis docuit conſuetudo.*

Old *Fucus* board is oft repleniſhed,
But naught thereof muſt be diminiſhed,
Unleſſe ſome worthleſſe upper-diſh or twain;
The reſt for ſervice ſtill again remain.
His man that us'd to bring them in for ſhow,
Leaving a diſh upon the bench below,
Was by his Maſter (much offended) blam'd,
Which he, as brief, with anſwer quickly fram'd;
T'hath been ſo often brought afore this day,
As now ch'ad thoft it ſelfe had known the way.

407. *Poculo junguntur amici.*

A health, ſaith *Lucas*, to his Loves bright ey;
Which not to pledge, were much indignity;
You cannot doe him greater courteſie,
Than to be drunk, and damn'd for company.

408. *Nullum ſtimulum ignaris.*

Cæcus awake, was toll'd the Sunne appear'd,
Which had the darkneſſe of the morning clear'd:
But *Cæcus* ſluggiſh, thereto makes reply,
The Sunne hath further far to goe then I.

409. *In Richardum.*

At three goe-downs *Dick* doffs me off a pot,
The Engliſh Gutter's Latine for his throat.

410. *Non penna, ſed uſus.*

Cajus accounts himſelfe accurſt of men,
Onely becauſe his Lady loves him not:
Who, till he taught her, could not hold her pen,
And yet hath ſince, another Tutor got.
Cajus it ſeems, thy skill ſhe did but cheapen,
And means to try him at another weapon.

411. *An abſolute Gallant.*

If you will ſee true valour here diſplay'd,
Heare *Poly-phemus*, and be not afraid.

D'ye

D'ye ſee me wrong'd, and will ye thus reſtrain me
Sir let me goe, for by theſe hilts I'll brain ye.
Shall a baſe patch with appearance wrong me?
I'll kill the villain, pray doe not prolong me,
Call my Tobacco putrified ſtuffe?
Tell me it ſtinks? ſay it is droſſe I ſnuffe?
Sirrah! what are you? why Sir, what would you?
I am a Prentice, and will knock you too:
O are you ſo? I cry you mercy then,
I am to fight with none but Gentlemen.

412. *To Momus.*

Momus thou ſay'ſt my verſes are but toyes:
'Tis true, yet truth is often ſpoke by boyes.

413. *In Dolentem.*

Dolens doth ſhew his purſe, and tell you this,
It is more horrid then a Peſt-houſe is;
For in a Peſt-houſe many mortals enter,
But in his Purſe one Angell dares not venter.

414. *Abditio perditio.*

From *Mall* but merry, men but mirth derive,
For *trix* 'tis makes her prove demonſtrative.

415. *On a Gallant.*

Sirrah, come hither, boy, take view of me,
My Lady I am purpos'd to goe ſee;

What

What doth my Feather flouriſh with a grace?
And this my curled hair become my face?
How decent doth my doublet's form appeare?
I would I had my Sute in Long-lane here.
Do not my ſpurs pronounce a ſilver ſound?
Is not my hoſe-circumference profound?
Sir theſe be well, but there is one thing ill,
Your Taylor with a ſheet of Paper-bill,
Vow's he'll be paid, and Sergeants he hath fee'd,
Which wait your comming forth to do the deed.
Boy God-a-mercy, let my Lady ſtay,
I'll ſee no Counter for her ſake to day.

416. *In Sextum.*

Sextus ſix pockets wears, two for his uſes,
The other foure to pocket up abuſes.

417. *A Stammerer.*

Balbus with other men would angry be,
Becauſe they could not ſpeak as well as he;
For others ſpeak but with their mouth he knows,
But *Balbus* ſpeaks both through the mouth & noſe.

418. *On himſelfe.*

I diſlikt but even now;
Now I love I know not how.
Was I Idle, and that while
Was I fir'd with a ſmile?

Ile to work, or pray, and then
I ſhall quite diſlike agen.

419. *Tom's fortune.*

Tom tell's he's robb'd, and counting all his loſſes,
Concludes, all's gone, the world is full of croſſes:
If all be gone, *Tom* take this comfort then,
Th'art certain never to have croſſe agen.

420. *Opus & Uſus.*

Opus for need conſum'd his wealth apace,
And ne'r would ceaſe untill he was undone;
His brother *Uſus* liv'd in better caſe
Than *Opus* did, although the eldeſt ſon.
'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be ſo, yet here was it,
Opus had all the Land, *Uſus* the Wit.

421. *A good Wife.*

A Batchelor would have a Wife were wiſe,
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden for his bed —
Nor proud, nor churliſh, but of faultleſſe ſize;
A Country houſwife in the City bred.
But he's a fool, and long in vain hath ſtaid;
He ſhould beſpeak her, ther's none ready made.

422. *Anger.*

Wrongs if neglected, vaniſh in ſhort time;
But heard with anger, we confeſſe the crime.

423. *Upon Gellia.*

When *Gellia* went to ſchool, and was a girle,
Her teeth for whitenes might compare with pearle
But after ſhe the taſte of ſweet meats knew,
They turned all Opalls, to a perfect blew;
Now *Gellia* takes Tobacco, what ſhould let,
But laſt they ſhould converted be to jet?

424. *On an unconſtant Miſtreſſe.*

I dare not much ſay when I thee commend,
Leſt thou be changed e're my praiſes end.

425. *In Lesbiam.*

Why ſhould I love thee *Lesbia*? I no reaſon ſee:
Then out of reaſon, *Lesbia*, I love thee.

426. *In Paulinum.*

Paul by day wrongs me, yet he daily ſweares,
He wiſheth me as well as to his ſoul:
I know his drift to damn that he nought cares,
To pleaſe his body, therefore good friend *Paul*,
If thy kinde nature will afford me grace,
Hereafter love me in thy body's place.

427. *On Zeno.*

Zeno would fain th'old widow *Egle* have;
Truſt me he's wiſe, for ſhe is rich and brave:

But *Zeno*, *Zeno*, ſhe will none of you;
In my minde ſhe's the wiſer of the two.

428. *Of a Drunkard.*

Cinna one time moſt wonderfully ſwore,
That whilſt he breath'd he would drink no more.
But ſince I know his meaning, for I think
He meant he would not breath whilſt he did drink

429. *To Cotta.*

Be not wroth *Cotta*, that I not ſalute thee,
I us'd it whilſt I worthy did repute thee;
Now thou art made a painted Saint, and I,
Cotta, will not commit Idolatry.

430. *To Women.*

Ye that have beauty, and withall no pitty,
Are like a prick-ſong leſſon without ditty.

431. *On Creta.*

Creta doth love her husband wondrous well,
It needs no proof, for every one can tell:
So ſtrong's her love, that if I not miſtake,
It doth extend to others for his ſake.

432. *On Priſcus.*

Why ſtill doth *Priſcus* ſtrive to have the wall?
Becauſe he's often drunk and feares to fall.

433. *On*

433. *On Rufus.*

At all, quoth *Rufus*, lay you what you dare,
I'll throw at all, and 'twere a peck of gold;
No life lies on't, then coyn I'll never ſpare;
Why *Rufus*, that's the cauſe of all that's ſold?
For with frank Gameſters it doth oft befall,
They throw at all, till thrown quite out of all.

434. *On Tobacco.*

Tobacco is a weed of ſo great pow'r,
That it (like earth) doth all it feeds, devour.

435. *Upon Naſuto.*

When at the Table once I did averre,
Well taken diſcords beſt did pleaſe the eare,
And would be judg'd by any Quiriſter,
Were in the Chappel, *Pauls*, or *Weſtminſter*;
Naſuto ſitting at the nether end, (friend,
(Firſt having drunk and cough'd) quoth he my
If that were true, my wife and I, I feare,
Should ſoon be ſent to ſome Cathredal Quire.

436. *Nec vultus indicat virum.*

Dick in a raging deep diſcourteſie,
Call's an Atturny meer Neceſſitie:
The more knave he; admit he had no law,
Muſt he be flouted at by every Daw?

437. *On Furius.*

Furius a lover was, and had loving fits,
He lov'd ſo madly that he loſt his wits;
Yet he loſt nought, yet grant I, he was mad,
How could he loſe that which he never had?

438. *Fools Fortune.*

Fools have great fortune, but yet not all,
For ſome are great fools, whoſe fortune's ſmall.

439. *Tace ſed age.*

Little or nothing ſaid, ſoon mended is,
But they that nothing do, do moſt amiſſe.

440. *On Count-ſurly.*

Count-ſurly will no Scholler entertain:
Or any wiſer then himſelfe; how ſo?
The reaſon is, when fools are in his train,
His wit amongſt them, makes a goodly ſhow.

441. *On Women.*

When man lay dead-like, woman took her life,
From a crook't embleme of her nuptiall ſtrife;
And hence (as bones would be at reſt) her eaſe
She loves ſo well, and is ſo hard to pleaſe.

442. *Verſes.*

Who will not honour noble Numbers, when
Verſes out-live the braveſt deeds of men?

443. *Poor Irus.*

Irus uſing to lye upon the ground,
One morning under him a feather found,
Have I all night here lien ſo hard (quoth he)
Having but one poor feather under me:
I wonder much then how they take their eaſe,
That night by night, lie on a bed of theſe.

444. *Merry Doll.*

I blame not luſty *Doll*, that ſtrives ſo much,
To keep her light heart free from ſorrowes touch;
Shee'll dance and ſing a hem boyes, hey all ſix,
She's ſteel toth' back, all mirth, all *meretrix*.

445. *Heaven and Hell.*

If Heaven's call'd the place where Angels dwell,
My purſe wants Angels, pray call that Hell.

446. *Like queſtion like anſwer.*

A young beginner walking through Cheap-ſide,
A houſe ſhut up he preſently eſpy'd
And read the Bill, which o'r the dore was ſet,
Which ſaid, the houſe and ſhop was to be let;

That known, he ask'd a young man preſently,
Which at the next door ſtood demurely.
May not this ſhop be let alone? quoth hee,
Yes, you may let't alone for ought I ſee.

447. *On deaf Joan.*

She prates to others, yet can nothing heare,
Juſt like a ſounding Jugge that wants an eare.

448. *Of an ill wife.*

Priſcus was weeping when his wife did die,
Yet he was then in better caſe then I:
I ſhould be merry, and ſhould thinke to thrive,
Had I but his dead wife for mine alive.

449. *Meum & Tuum.*

Megge lets her husband boaſt of rule and riches,
But ſhe rules all the roaſt, and wears the breeches.

450. *Deaths trade.*

Death is a Fiſherman, the world we ſee
His Fiſh-pond is, and we the Fiſhes bee.
He ſometimes, Angler-like, doth with us play,
And ſlily takes us one by one away;
Diſeaſes are the murthering hooks, which he
Doth catch us with, the bait mortalitie,

Which

Which we poor ſilly fiſh devour, till ſtrook,
At laſt too late we feel the bitter hook.
At other times he brings his net, and then
At once ſweeps up whole Cities full of men,
Drawing up thouſands at a draught, and ſaves
Onely ſome few, to make the others graves:
His net ſome raging peſtilence; now he
Is not ſo kinde as other Fiſhers be;
For if they take one of the ſmaller frye,
They throw him in again, he ſhall not dye:
But death is ſure to kill all he can get,
And all is fiſh with him that comes to net.

451. *On Bice.*

Bice laughs, when no man ſpeaks; and doth proteſt
It is his own breech there that breaks the jeſt.

452. *Valiant in drink.*

Who onely in his cups will fight, is like
A clock that muſt be oyl'd well ere it ſtrike.

453. *Maſter and Scholler.*

A *Pedant* ask'd a *Puny* ripe and bold,
In an hard froſt, the Latine word for *cold:*
I'll tell you out of hand, (quoth he) for lo,
I have it my fingers ends, you know.

454. *Gasters great belly.*

Gaster did seem to mee to want his eyes,
For he could neither see his legs nor thighs;
But yet it was not so: he had his sight,
Onely his belly hanged in his light.

455. *Drunken Dick.*

When *Dick* for want of drunken mates grows sick,
Then with himselfe to work goes faithfull *Dick*,
The buttery dore t'himself he shutteth close(nose:
That done, then goes the pot straight wayes to's
A health(quoth noble *Dick*)each hogs-heads then
Must seeming pledge this honest faithfull man:
But straight from kindnes *Dick* to humors grows,
And then to th'barrels he his valour shows,
Throwing about the cups, the pots, the glasses,
And rails at the tuns; calling them drunken asses:
Ne'r ceasing this same faithfull coyl to keep,
Till under th'hogshead *Dick* fals fast asleep.

456. *In Sextinum.*

A pretty block *Sextinus* names his Hat,
So much the fitter for his head by that.

457. *Sine Sanguine.*

Ralph challeng'd *Robin*, time and place appointed,
Their Parents heard on't, O how they lamented!

But

But good luck was, they ſoon were free'd of feare,
The one ne'r meant, the other came not there.

458. *On humane bodies.*

Our bodies are like ſhooes, which off we caſt,
Phyſick their Cobler is, and death the Laſt.

459. *On Trencherman.*

Tom ſhifts the trenchers; yet he never can,
Endure that luke-warme name of ſerving-man;
Serve or not ſerve, let *Tom* doe what he can,
He is a ſerving, who's a *Trencher-man.*

460. *A toothleſſe-prattler.*

Nature the teeth doth as an hedge ordain,
The nimble friſking tongue for to contain:
No marvell then ſince that the hedge is out,
If *Fuſcus* tongue walketh ſo faſt about.

461. *A muſicall Lady.*

A Lady fairer far then fortunate,
(In dancing) thus o'r-ſhot her ſelfe of late,
The muſick not in tune, pleas'd not her minde,
For which ſhe with the Fidlers fault did finde;
Fidlers (quoth ſhe) your fiddles tune for ſhame,
But as ſhe was a ſpeaking of the ſame,
To mend the conſort, let ſhe did a (f.)

Whereas

Whereas the fidling knaves thus did her greet,
Madam your pipe's in tune, it plays moſt ſweet;
Strike up qd. they, (but then the knaves did ſmile)
And as you pipe, we'll dance another while.
At which, away the bluſhing Lady flings,
But as ſhe goes, her former notes ſhe ſings.

462. *In Laurettam.*

Lauretta is laid o'r, how I'l not ſay,
And yet I think two manner of wayes I may,
Doubly laid o'r, *videlicet*, her face,
Laid o'r with colours, and her coat with lace.

463. *On Macer.*

You call my verſes toy's, th'are ſo, 'tis true,
Yet they are better then ought comes from you.

464. *Briskap the Gallant.*

Though thou haſt little judgement in thy head,
More than to dreſſe thee, drink and goe to bed;
Yet may'ſt thou take the wall, & th'way ſhalt lead,
Sith Logick wills that ſimple things precede.

465. *Neceſſity hath no Law.*

Florus did beat his Cook, and 'gan to ſweare,
Becauſe his meat was rotten roſted there. (Law,
Peace good Sir (quoth the Cook) Need hath no
'Tis rotten roſted, 'cauſe 'twas rotten raw.

466. *In Carentium.*

Carentius might have wedded where hee woo'd,
But he was poor, his means was nothing good,
Twas but for lack of living that he loſt her;
For why? no penny now, no *Pater noſter*.

467. *On Harpax.*

Harpax gave to the poor all by his will,
Becauſe his heir ſhould not faign'd tears diſtill.

468. *To a Barbar.*

Tonſorius onely lives by cutting haire,
And yet he brags that Kings to him ſit bare:
Me thinks he ſhould not brag and boaſt of it,
For he muſt ſtand to beggars while they ſit.

469. *Upon Grandtorto.*

The morrow after juſt Saint *Georges* day,
Grandtorto piteous drunk, ſate in a ditch,
His hands by's ſide, his gelding ſtray'd away,
His ſcarlet hoſe, and doublet very rich;
With mud and mire all beaſtly raid, and by
His feather with his cloſe-ſtool-hat did ly.
We ask'd the reaſon of his ſitting there,
Zound's cauſe I am King *Solomon* (quoth he)
And in my throne; then for the Love we beare,
(Replyed my ſelfe) unto your Majeſty,

We'll

We'll pull you out,& henceforth wiſh your grac
Would ſpeak your Proverbs in a warmer place.

470. *The Fencer and Phyſick Doctor.*

Lie thus (the Fencer cryes) thus muſt you guar
Thus muſt you ſlip,thus point,thus paſs,thus war
And if you kill him Sir, this trick learn then
With this ſame trick you may kill many men.
A Doctor ſtanding by, cryes, Fencing fool,
Both you and he to me may come to School,
Thou doſt but prate:my deeds ſhal ſhow my skill
Where thou hurt'ſt one, an hundred I doe kill.

471. *In Luſiam.*

Luſia who ſcornes all others imitations,
Cannot abide to be outgone in faſhions:
She ſays ſhe cannot have a hat or ruffe,
A gown, a peticoat, a band, or cuffe.
But that theſe Citizens (whom ſhee doth hate)
Will get into't, at ne'r ſo dear a rate:
But *Luſia* now doth ſuch a faſhion wear,
Whoſe hair is curl'd, & coſts her ſomewhat dear:
That there's no Citizen, what e'r ſhe be,
Can be transform'd ſo like an Owl as ſhe.

472. *Kiſſes.*

Give the food that ſatisfies a Gueſt:
Kiſſes are but drie banquets to a feaſt.

473. *A Civilian.*

A lusty old grown-grave gray-headed Sire,
Stole to a wench, to quench his lusts desire;
She ask'd him what profession he might be?
I am a Civill Lawyer, girle, (quoth he)
A Civill Lawyer Sir! you make me muse,
Your talk's too broad for civill men to use:
If Civill Lawyers are such bawdy men,
Oh what (quoth she) are other Lawyers then?

474. *Rainaldo, and Reiner.*

Rainaldo meeting *Reiner* in the street,
Deep in his debt, he doth thus *Reiner* greet,
You know some money is betwixt us two,
That well-nigh now these ten years hath bin due;
Quoth *Reiner* (looking down unto his feet)
I'faith and we will part it, if I see't:
But as I live *Rainaldo* I finde none,
As fain as you, I would you had your owne.

475. *Spinus his choice.*

Spinus would wed, but he would have a wench
That hath all tongues, Italian, Spanish, French,
But I dissuade him; for if she hath any,
She hath enough; if two, she hath too too many.

476. *Back-*

476. *Backbiters.*

When *Codrus* catches fleas, what e'r he alles,
He kills them with his teeth, not his nails;
Saying, that man by man may blameleſſe go,
If every one would uſe Backbiters ſo.

477. *In Salonus.*

Oft in the night *Salonus* is inclin'd,
To riſe and piſſe; and doth as oft break wind:
If's urinall be glaſſe, as 'tis no doubt,
I wonder it ſo many cracks holds out.

478. *In Leonatum.*

The filthieſt, the fowleſt, deformedſt laſſe,
That is, will be, I think or ever was,
Leonatus loves; wherewith ſhould ſhe him draw,
Except as ſhe's like jet, he be like ſtraw?

479. *Noſce teipſum.*

Walking and meeting one not long ago,
I ask't who 'twas, he ſaid he did not know:
I ſaid, I know thee; ſo ſaid he, I you,
But he that knows himſelfe I never knew.

480. *On old Silvium.*

Silvius by Simony a living got,
And he liv'd well upon it; pray why not?

For

For he the poor did pill, the rich did lurch,
And ſo became a pillar of the Church.

481. *On Perfumes.*

They that ſmell leaſt, ſmell beſt: which intimates,
They ſmell like beaſts that ſmell like Civet Cats.

482. *Arcades ambo.*

Jack and *Dick* both with one woman dealt
So long till ſhe the paines of woman felt:
Now *Dick* he thinks to put a trick on *Jack*;
And *Jack* again to hang it on *Dicks* back:
Which got the childe, it makes't a double caſe,
It hath ſo like (they ſay) *Jack's* noſe, *Dick's* face.
But by both marks my judgement ſhould be quick,
Et vitulo tu dignus Jack & Dick.

483. *On Punchin.*

Give me a reaſon why men call
Punchin a dry plant-Animall.
Becauſe as plants by water grow,
Punchin by Beere and Ale ſpreads ſo.

484. *Ne fide colori.*

When *Baſſa* walks abroad ſhe paints her face,
And then ſhe would be ſeen in every place,
For then your Gallants who ſo e'r they are,
Under a colour will account her faire.

485. *In Flavium.*

When *Flavius* once would needs praiſe Tin,
His brain could bring no reaſons in;
But what his belly did bethink,
Platters for meat, and Pots for drink.

486. *Ad Quintum.*

Thy lawfull wife, fair *Lelia* needs muſt bee,
For ſhe was forc'd by Law to marry thee.

487. *In Virtutem.*

Vertue we praiſe, but practiſe not her good,
(Athenian-like) we act not what we know;
So many men doe talk of *Robin-Hood*,
Who never yet ſhot arrow in his bow.

488. *A good wits diet.*

That which upholds our tottering walls of fleſh,
Is food: and that which doth our wits refreſh,
Is wholſome ſtudy: for like ſtronger fare,
Be ſolid Arts, but ſweet meats Poems are.

489. *On Womens tongue.*

Things that be bitter, bitterer than gall,
Phyſitians ſay, are alwayes Phyſicall.

Then

Then womens tongues, if into powder beaten,
And in a potion, or a pill be eaten,
Nothing more bitter is, I therefore muſe,
That womens tongues in Phyſick they ne'r uſe:
There's many men who live unquiet lives,
Would ſpare that bitter member of their wives.
Then prove them Doctor, uſe them in a pill;
Things oft help ſick men, that do ſound men kill.

490. *A proper compariſon.*

As there are three blue beans in a blue bladder,
As there are thrice three rounds in a long ladder,
As there are three nooks in a corner'd cap,
And three corners and one in a map,
Even ſo like all theſe,
There are three Univerſities.

491. *Of Death.*

He that fears death, or mourns it in the juſt,
Shews of the reſurrection little truſt.

492. *Woman.*

Woman was once a rib, (as truth hath ſaid)
Elſe ſith her tongue runs wide from every point,
I ſhould have dream'd her ſubſtance had bin made
Of *Adams* whirlebone, when 'twas out of joynt.

493. *Peperit, &c.*

Nels husband said, thee brought him nought but toy,
But yet (without his help) thee brings him boy.

494. *Insipiens.*

Two friends discourſing that together ſtood,
The one enquiring if the other could
Tell whether ſuch a man were wiſe?
He anſwered no, but he is otherwiſe.

495. *Romes wifeleſſe Clergy.*

Long did I wonder, and I wonder'd much,
Rome ſhould her Clergy that contentment grudge
As to debar them of their proper due;
What, doth ſhe all with continence indue?
O no; they find a womans lips ſo dainty,
They'll ty themſelves from one, 'cauſe they'll have twenty.

496. *On Eves Apples.*

Eve for thy fruit thou gav'ſt too dear a price,
What? for an apple give a Paradiſe?
If now adayes of fruit ſuch gains were made,
A Coſtar-monger were a deviliſh trade.

497.

Will the Perfumer met me in the ſtreet,
I ſtood amaz'd, he ask'd me what I meant;

In

In faith, said I, your gloves are very sweet,
And yet your breath doth cast a stronger sent.

498. *Beautie.*

Beautie's no other but a lovely grace,
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

499. *On Poeticall Blinkes.*

He nine wayes looks, and needs must learned bee,
That all the Muses at one view can see.

500. *A conceit.*

As *Sextus* once was opening of a nut,
With a sharpe knife his finger deeply cut,
What sign is this, quoth he, can any tell?
'Tis sign, quoth one, y'have cut your finger well.
Not so, saith he, for now my finger's sore,
And I am sure that it was well before.

501. *Women.*

Howsoe'r they be, thus doe they seem to me,
They be and seem not, seem what least they be.

502. *Mutuans Dissimulans.*

Dick crafty borrows to no other end,
But that he will not ought to others lend,
That else might ask him: 'Tis some wisdome Dick
How ere, accounted but a knavish trick.

503. *Writing.*

When words we want, love teacheth to indite;
And what we bluſh to ſpeake, ſhe bids us write.

504. *A cure for Impatience.*

Who would be patient, wait he at the Pool,
For Bull-heads, or for Block-heads in the School.

505. *Satisfaction.*

For all our works, a recompence is ſure:
'Tis ſweet to think on what was hard t'endure.

506. *To Miſtris mutable.*

Love runs within your veins, as it were mixt
With quick-ſilver, but would be wiſely fixt:
For though you may for beauty bear the bell,
Yet ever to ring Changes ſounds not well.

507. *On a Mad-man.*

One ask'd a mad man, if a wife he had?
A wife! quoth he, I never was ſo mad.

508. *To Scilla.*

If it be true that promiſe be a debt,
Then *Scilla* will her freedome hardly get;
For if ſhe hath vow'd her ſervice to ſo many,
She'll neither pay them all, nor part from any.

Yet

Yet she to satisfie her debts, desires
To yeeld her body, as the Law requires.

509. *Nescio, quid serus vesper vehat.*

Lyncus deviseth as he lyes in bed,
What new apparell he were best to make him:
So many fashions flow within his head,
As much he fears the Taylor will mistake him:
But he mistook him not, that by the way
Did for his old suit lay him up that day.

510. *To Ficus.*

Ficus hath lost his nose, but knows not how,
And that seems strange to ev'ry one that knows it:
Me thinks I see it written in his brow,
How, wherefore, and the cause that he did lose it.
To tell you true, *Ficus*, I thus suppose,
'Twas some French Canibal bit off your nose.

511. *On a painted Curtezan.*

Whosoever saith thou fellest all, doth jest,
Thou buy'st thy beauty that sell'st all the rest.

512. *Of Arnaldo.*

Arnaldo free from fault, demands his wife,
Why he is burthen'd with her wicked life?
Quoth she, good husband doe not now repent,
I far more burthens beare, yet am content.

513. *Labor improbus omnia vincit.*

Glogo will needs be knighted for his lands,
Got by the labour of his fathers hands,
And hopes to prove a Gentleman of coate,
For he hath bought himselfe a painted coate.

514. *Quis nisi mentis inops—*

Ware proffer'd stinks; yet stay good Proverbe, stay,
Thou art deceiv'd, as Clients best can say;
Who proffering trebble fees, for single care,
It's well accepted, gold it is such ware.

515. *On a friend indeed.*

A reall friend a Cannon cannot batter;
With nominall friends, a Squib's a perilous matter.

516. *On an Italian proverb.*

Three women met upon the Market day,
Do make a Market; (they doe use to say
In *Italy*) and why? their tongues doe walk
As loud, as if an hundred men did talk.
Some hearing this, swore had his wife bin there
And made a fourth, there might have bin a Faire.

517. *Mans ingresse and egresse.*

Nature, which headlong into life did throng us,
With our feet forward to our grave doth bring us

What is leſſe ours, then this our borrow'd breath?
We ſtumble into life, we goe to death.

518. *On bad debtors.*

Bad debtors are good lyers; for they ſay,
I'll pay you without faile, on ſuch a day;
Come is the day, to come the debt is ſtill,
So ſtill they lye, though ſtand in debt they will.
But *Fulcus* hath ſo oft ly'd in this wiſe,
That now he lyes in *Ludgate* for his lyes.

519. *On a Juſtaſſe.*

A *Juſtice* walking o'r the frozen Thames,
The Ice about him round, began to crack;
He ſaid to's man, Here is ſome danger, *James*,
I pray thee help me over on thy back.

520. *Genitor is neſcient.*

Tom asks no fathers bleſſing, if you note him,
And wiſer he, unleſſe he knew who got him.

521. *To a ſleeping talker.*

In ſleep thou talk'ſt un-forethought myſteries,
And utter'ſt un-foreſeen things, with cloſe eyes.
How wel wouldſt thou diſcourſe if thou were dead?
Since ſleep, death's Image, ſuch fine talk hath bred?

522. *Omne ſimile non eſt idem.*

Together as we walk'd, a friend of mine
Miſtook a painted Madam for a Sign,
That in a window ſtood; but I acquainted,
Told him it was no woodden ſign was painted,
But Madam *Meretrix*: yea, true, ſaid he,
Yet 'tis a little ſign of modeſty.

523. *Tandem manifeſtum.*

Katharine that hid thoſe candles out of ſight,
May well conceive they'l come at length to light.

524. *Qui ebrius laudat temperantiam.*

Severus likes not theſe unſeaſon'd lines
Of rude abſurdities, times foul abuſe,
To all poſterities, and their aſſigns,
That might have been (ſaith he) to better uſe.
What ſenſeleſſe gull, but reaſon may convince,
Or jade ſo dull, but being kick'd will wince?

525. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

Would any deeme *Manaſſes* now the man,
That whilome was not worth a woodden kan.
Doubtleſs the Dunce in ſomething doth ſurpaſſe,
Yet his red noſe, is ſtill the ſame it was.

526.

526. *On wisedome and vertue.*

Wise-men are wiser than good-men, what then?
Tis better to be wiser than wise men.

527. *On Ducus.*

Ducus keeps house, and it with reason stands,
That he keep house, hath sold away his lands.

528. *Mysus and Mopsa.*

Mysus and *Mopsa* hardly could agree,
Striving about superioritie:
The Text which saith that man and wife are one,
Was the chiefe Argument they stood upon.
She held, they both one woman should become:
He held, they should be man, and both but one.
So they contended daily, but the strife
Could not be ended, till both were one wife.

529. *On Photinus.*

I met *Photinus* at the B. Court,
Cited (as he said) by a Knave relator:
I ask'd him wherefore? he in laughing sort,
Told me it was but for a childish matter.
How ere he laught it out, he lied not;
Indeed 'twas childish, for the child he got.

530.

530. *On Caſtriotes.*

See, ſee, what love is now betwixt each fiſt,
Since *Caſtriotes* had a ſcabby wriſt:
How kindly they, by clawing one another,
As if the left hand were the right hands brother!

531. *New Rhetorique.*

Good Arguments without coin, will not ſtick,
To pay, and not to ſay, 's beſt Rhetorick.

532. *To ſome kind Readers.*

This book of mine I liken to a glaſſe,
Wherein the fool may look and langh his fill:
He having done with't Readers, as ye paſſe,
Here take and uſe it, as long as you will.

533. *Eſt mihi Deus parens.*

Owinus wondreth, ſince he came from Wales,
What the deſcription of this Iſle might be;
That ne'r had ſeen but mountains, hils, and dales,
Yet would he ſtand and boaſt on's pedegree.
From Rice ap *Richard*, ſprung from *Dick* a Cow,
Be cot, was right good gentleman, law ye now!

434. *Principia ſordida.*

Baſſus hath lands good ſtore, and leaſes, farms,
Whoſe Mother Milk-pails bore, ere he bore arms.

535.

535. *On Thirſites.*

Although *Thirſites* have a filthy face,
And ſtaring eyes, and little outward grace:
Yet this he hath, to make amends for all,
Nature her ſelfe, is not more naturall.

536. *On Zoilus.*

If Souldiers may obtain four Terms of war,
Muskets ſhould be the pleaders, Pikes the bar;
For black bags, Bandeliers, Jackets for gowns,
Angels for fees, we'll take no more crackt crowns.

537. *On a long beard.*

Thy beard is long, better it would thee fit,
To have a ſhorter Beard, and longer wit.

538. *On my ſelfe.*

Who ſeeks to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelfe offend;
He may begin to work to day,
But God knows when he'll end.

539. *Nimium ne crede colori.*

Attas believed for a ſimple truth,
That yonder gilt-ſpurre ſpruce and velvet youth,
Was ſome great perſonage, or worthy weight,
Intill one tould him he was but a Knight.

A Knaight (quoth *Battes*) vaith I chud a zworne
A hod not bin laſs then zome Gen-man borne.

540. *Silens ſimplex.*

Will would ſeem wiſe, and many words let paſs,
Speaking but little 'cauſe h's ſuch an ——

541. *To the miſ-interpreter.*

Ceaſe gaul'd back guilt, theſe inſcious lines to mine,
The world will know y'are rubd if once ye wince;
They hem within their ſeeming Critique wall,
Particularly none; generally all:
Mongſt which if you have chanc'd to catch a prick,
Cry we-hy if you will, but doe not kick.

542. *To Mary Meare.*

Meare, ſince unmixt, unmary'd, and a *maid*;
Then you to be a *Mearmaid* may be ſaid:
A Mearmaid's fleſh above, and fiſh below,
And ſo may you be too, for ought I know.

543. *Ad Rinaldum amic.*

See, ſee, *Rinaldus*! Prethee who is that,
That wears yon great green feather in his hat,
Like to ſome Tilter? Sure it is ſome Knight,
Whoſe wits being green, his head muſt needs be
(light.

544.

544. *On himselfe.*

Mirth pleaseth some, to others 'tis offence, (sence;
Some commend plain conceit, some profound
Some wish a witty jest, some dislike that, (what.
And most would have themselves, they know not
Then he that would please all, and himselfe too,
Takes more in hand then he is like to doe.

545. *Fingers end.*

Philomathes once studying to indite,
Nibled his fingers, and his nailes did bite:
By this I know not what he did intend,
Unlesse his wit lay at his fingers end.

546. *Sapis qui vendit oportet.*

Janus doth jesting, use Equivocation,
Which he alludes as doubtfull words of Art,
To hide the colour of his occupation,
But to the Devill he beares an honest heart.

547. *Clamans Asinus.*

Who says *Tom Tipstaffe* is no man of calling?
Can any Cryer at Sessions be more bawling?

548. *Upon Dunmo.*

Dunmo ask'd as we at Supper sate,
How long he had liv'd in the married state,

Sir,

Sir, juſt (quoth *Dumno*) with my wife I met
In the great Plague time, I remember yet,
And ſighing, as he would have burſt in twain,
Said, now almoſt the thirtieth of her raign.

549. *Upon Tom Tolthams noſe.*

The radiant colour of *Tom Tolthams* noſe,
Puts down the Lilly, and obſcures the Roſe;
Had I a Jewell of ſuch precious hew,
I would preſent it to ſome Monarch's view,
No ſubject ſhould poſſeſſe ſuch jems as thoſe,
Ergo, the King muſt have *Tom Tolthams* noſe.

550. *Domina prædominans.*

Ill may *Rodolphus* boaſt of rule or riches,
That lets his wife rule him, and wear the breeches.

551. *Titus the Gallant.*

Brave *Titus* three years in the Town hath been,
Yet nor the Lyons, nor the Tombs hath ſeen;
I cannot tell the cauſe without a ſmile,
He hath been in the Counter all this while.

552. *In Lalum.*

Lalus which loves to hear himſelfe diſcourſe,
Talks to himſelfe as if he frantick were,
And though himſelf might no where hear a worſe
Yet he no other but himſelfe will heare;

Stop

Stop not his mouth, if he be troubleſome,
But ſtop his ears, and then the man is dumbe.

553. *To Criticus.*

Criticus about to kiſſe a mayden throng,
He hapned firſt on one whoſe noſe was long;
He flouting, ſaid, I fain would kiſſe you Sweet,
But that I feare our lips will never meet,
Your noſe ſtands out ſo far; the maiden dy'd
Her cheeks with crimſon, but ſoon thus reply'd,
Pray ſir, then kiſſe me in that place where I
To hinder you, have neither noſe nor eye.

554. *Profundo Scientia.*

Sal can by ſcience, deep profundity,
Force you cry, fough! *Jeronimo* go by.

555. *On two by Sea.*

Two Youngſters going by Sea, th'one
That ne're before had been the Sea upon
Caſts up; and as he heaves, he *Bo* doth cry;
O ſaid the other, Sir, y'are ſick, ye'll dy.
No(ſays the Sea-ſick)though my ſtomach's looſe,
You ſee, I can cry *Bo* unto a gooſe.

556. *Ut plumæ perſona.*

Why wears *Laurentius* ſuch a lofty feather?
Becauſe he's proud, and fooliſh both together.

557.

557. *Aurum volat ocius Euro.*

Mounsier *Flemingo* fraught with Angels store,
Would see fair *London*, never seen before:
Where lodging with his Mistress but one night,
Had (ere he parted) put them all to flight.

558. *To Pontilianus.*

Dogs on their Masters fawn and leap,
And wag their tails apace;
So, though the Flatt'rer want a taile,
His tongue supplies the place.

559. *Instabilis stans.*

Mat being drunken, much his anger wreaks
On's wife; but stands to nothing that he speaks.

560. *On some Lawyer.*

Law serves to keep disordered men in aw,
But *Aw* preserves orders, and keeps the Law,
Were *Aw* away L[*aw*]*yers* would lyers bee
For *Lucre*; which they have and *hold in Fee.*

561. *Health.*

Even from my heart, much *Health I wish*,
No *Health I'll wash* with drink,
Health wish'd, not wash'd, in words, not wine,
To be the best I think.

562.

562. *Caſe is altered.*

Tom Caſe (ſome do report) was lately haltered;
If this be true, why then the caſe is altered.

563. *Quæ placuit Domino nupta eſt Ancilla ſodali.*

Madam *Rugoſa* knows not where to finde
One Chamber-maid of ten to pleaſe her minde.
But yet my Lord ſo likes their comely carriage,
As he prefers them to his men in marriage.

564. *Plagis mitior.*

Katharin that grew ſo curſt, and fit for no man,
With beating ſoon became a gentle woman.

565. *Priſcus.*

When *Priſcus* rais'd from low to high eſtate,
Rode through the ſtreet in pompous jollity;
Cajus his poor familiar friend of late,
Beſpake him thus, ſir, now you know me not;
'Tis likely friend (quoth *Priſcus*) to be ſo,
For at this time my ſelfe I doe not know.

566. *Anger ſoon appeaſed.*

When *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprove,
For being falſe and faithleſſe in her love;

His wife to ſmooth thoſe wrinckles on his brow,
Doth ſtop his mouth with, *John* come kiſs me now.

567. *A foole for company.*

Fatuus will drinke with no ſuch Aſſe,
That lets his jeſts (unapprehended) paſſe:
Or if he jeſt with ſuch of ſhallaw brain,
He laughs himſelfe to make his jeſts more plain.
Thus *Fatuus* doth jeſt and play the ſany,
To laugh at's ſelfe, hee's fool if there be any.

568. *In Cineam.*

When *Cineas* comes amongſt his friends in mour-
He ſlily notes, who firſt his cap doth move; (ning,
Him he ſalutes, the reſt ſo grimly ſcorning,
As if for ever he had loſt his love;
I knowing how the humor it doth fit
Of the fond Gull to be ſaluted firſt,
Catch at my Cap, but move it not a whit,
Which he perceiving, ſeems with ſpight to burſt.
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality:
For Vault, and dance, and fence, and rime I can:
You keep a whore at your own charge, men tell me
Indeed friend *Cineas*, therein you excell we.

569. *On Captain Sharke.*

One ask'd a friend where Captain *Shark* did lye,
Why ſir (quoth he) at Algate, at the Pye;
Away, quoth th'other, he lies not there I know't,
No, ſays the other, then he lies in's throat.

570. *A witty anſwer.*

A lean, yet fat Recuſant being confin'd
Unto a Juſtice houſe, whoſe wife was great,
(Not great with child but hugely great with meat)
At ſupper thus began to grope his mind,
To *hoc eſt corpus* what ſay you? ſhe ſed;
Mary (quoth he) I ſay it is well fed.

571. *Goſſips diſcourſe.*

When *Gillian* and her Goſſips all are met,
And in the match of Goſſiping down ſet;
And plain Maſs-Parſon cutting bread for th'table
To tell how faſt they talk, my tongue's not able.
One tels ſtrange news, th'other Godſworbet cries,
The third ſhakes her head, alack replies,
Shee on her Hens, this on her Ducks do talk,
On thouſad things at once their tongues ſhal walk.
So long as Cocks can tread, and Hens will lay,
Gill, and Gills Goſſips will have words to ſay.

572. *Capax incapabilis.*

Produs in's Office ſeems a ſimple Scribe,
Yet hath he cunning learnt to take a Bribe.

573. *A Parſon and a Thief.*

A luſty Parſon riding on the way,
Was by a Theef commanded for to ſtay;
The Parſon drew his ſword, for well he durſt,
And quickly put his ſo unto the worſt.
Sir (quoth the Theef) I by your habit ſee
You are a Church-man, and debate ſhould flee,
You know 'tis written in the ſacred Word,
Jeſus to *Peter* ſaid, Put up thy Sword:
True (quoth the Parſon) but withall then hear,
Saint *Peter* firſt had cut off *Malchus* ear.

574. *Similes habent labra lactucas.*

Dick ſwaſh (or ſwaggering *Dick*) through *Fleetſtreet*
With *Sis* & *Bettrice* waiting at his heeles: (reeles,
To one that would have tane the wall, he ſwore,
Zounds, doſt not ſee my Punck and Paramour?

575. *A Souldiers jeſt.*

One told a Souldier ſitting at the board,
(And ſilent) that he had an edgeleſſe ſword;
Who ſtraight reply'd, Sir, I will do my beſt,
To break your pate, though I ne'r break a jeſt.

576.

576. *Good Advice.*

One to a Serving-man this Counſell ſent,
To get a Maſter that's intelligent;
Then if of him no wages he could get,
Yet he would underſtand he's in his debt.

577. *Theeves.*

Two Theeves by night began a lock to pick,
One in the houſe awake, thus anſwer'd quick,
Why, how now? what a ſtir you there doe keep?
Goe, come again, we are not yet aſleep.

578. *Aſſe.*

He that loves glaſſe without a G.
Leave out L. and what is he?

579. *Enecat amplexu nimio, ſic ſimia fœtum.*

Call *Davus* knave, he ſtraight way draws his ſword,
And makes you prove as much, or eate your word.
But if you call him honeſt Rogue, or Jew,
He huggs you then for giving him his due.

580. *To Feſtus.*

Feſtus th'art old, and yet wouldſt mary'd bee:
Ere thou doe ſo, this counſell take of me;
Look into *Lillies Grammar*, there thou'lt find,
Cornu a *Horn*, a word ſtill *Undeclin'd.*

581. *A Gentleman and his Phyſitian.*

A Gentleman not richeſt in diſcretion,
Was alwayes ſending for his own Phyſitian.
And on a time, he needs would of him know,
What was the cauſe his pulſe did go ſo ſlow?
Why (quoth the Doctor) thus it comes to paſſe,
T'muſt needs go ſlow, which goes upon an Aſſe.

582. *On Saint George.*

To ſave a maid Saint *George* a Dragon ſlue,
Which was a noble act, it all be true;
Some ſay there are no Dragons; and 'tis ſaid
There's no Saint *George*; pray Jove there be a maid.

583. *Similis cum ſimili.*

Tom went to the Market, where *Tom* met with *Tom*,
Tom asked *Tom*, what *Tom*? how far'ſt thou *Tom*?
Who *Tom*, I *Tom*? Is *Tom* (quoth *Tom*) you *Tom*;
Well God a mercy *Tom*; how doe you *Tom*?
Faith ne'r ſo well (quoth *Tom*) ſince *Tom* was *Tom*:
And thus was the greeting paſt 'twixt *Tom* & *Tom*.

584. *Ebrius oblitus.*

Fucus was fox'd laſt night, but 'tis conceal'd,
And would not for his Office 'twere reveal'd.

585.

585. *Dulce quod utile.*

An honeſt Vicar riding by the way,
Not knowing better how to ſpend the day,
Did ſing unto himſelfe ſome certain Pſalms;
A blind man hearing him, ſtrait begg'd his alms;
To whom (quoth he) with coyn I cannot part,
But God thee bleſſe, good man with all my heart.
O, ſaid the blind man, greater is my loſſe,
When ſuch as you doe bleſſe without a croſſe.

586. *In Dacum.*

Dacus with ſome good colour and pretence,
Tearms his wifes beauty ſilent eloquence;
For ſhee doth lay more colours on her face,
Then ever *Tullie* us'd his ſpeech to grace.

587. *In Sillam.*

Though I were blind, or though I never ſaw him,
Yet if I ſhould *Silla* but talking hear;
For a right roaring gallant I ſhould know him,
For of a whore he talks, and ſtill doth ſwear.

588. *Varietas iniquitas.*

Mat will not marry: true, 'cauſe ty'd to none,
He may have wenches new, when th'old are gone.

589. *Good ſawce.*

I went to ſup with *Cinna* th'other night,
And to ſay true (for give the Devill his right)

Though ſcant of meat we could a morſell get,
Yet there with ſtore of paſſing ſawce we met.
You ask what ſawce, where pittance was ſo ſmall?
This, is not hunger the beſt ſawce of all?

590. *Plagis mitior.*

Katharine that grew ſo curſt and fit for no man,
With beating ſoon became a Gentle-woman.

591. *To a Lawyer.*

To goe to law, I have no maw,
Although my ſuit be ſure,
For I ſhall lack ſuits to my back,
Ere I my ſuit procure.

592. *Semel inſanivimus.*

Bedlam ſate bleſſe thee, thou wantſt nought but wit,
And having gotten that, we'r freed from it; (wit,
Bridewell, I cannot any way diſpraiſe thee,
For thou doſt feed the poor, and jerk the lazie.
Newgate, of thee I cannot much complain;
For once a moneth, thou freeſt men out of pain;
But from the Counters, goodneſs it ſelf defend us?
To Bedlam, Bridewell, or to Newgate ſend us,
For there in time, wit, work, or law gets free;
But here wit, work, nor law gets liberty.

593.

593. *Of himſelfe.*

Some men there be, which ſay of me,
That I am not a *Poet*;
They ſay well, why? I doe not lye,
I write the truth; I know it.

594. *Upon Annes mariage with a Lawyer.*

Anne is an Angel, what if ſo ſhe be?
What is an Angel, but a Lawyers fee?

595. *Ænigma.*

The Devill, men ſay, in Devonſhire dy'd of late,
But Devonſhire lately liv'd in rich eſtate,
Till *Rich* his toys did Devonſhire ſo bewitch,
As Devonſhire dy'd, and left the Devill Rich.

596. *On Cupid.*

Why feign they *Cupid* robbed of his ſight?
Can he whoſe ſeat is in the eye, want light?

597. *An Anſwer.*

Experience ſhew, and reaſon doth decree
That he who ſits in's own light cannot ſee.

598. *Lucus journey.*

Lucus hath traveld with an hundred pound,
Was rob'd and left well beaten, and faſt bound:

But

But when to ſhare their prize, they had begun,
No miracle was wrought, yet he undon.

599. *Of Nature.*

Nature did well in giving poor men wit,
That fools well moniſi'd may pay for it.

600. *Vileſcit dives avarus.*

Rufus is wonderous rich, but what of that?
He lives obſcurely, like a Water-Rat.

601. *Viſum ignotum.*

That *Cambro's* wife's with child, her belly ſhews it
But who was't got it? pray ask thoſe that know it.

602. *Upon mariage.*

Mariage as old men note, hath lik'ned bin
Unto a publick faſt, or common rout,
Where thoſe that are without would fain get in,
And thoſe that are within would fain get out.

603. *On Annas a News-monger.*

Annas hath long ears for all news to paſſe:
His ears muſt needs be long, for he's an Aſſe.

604. *Sir John.*

Now good *Sir John* (the beggar cries) I pray
Beſtow your Worſhip's alms on me to day,

Relieve

Relieve my wants (quoth he) I am your brother,
Weborn are, one to help and ayd another;
My brother (quoth Sr *John*) poor wretched wight,
Why, thou miſtakeſt me, I am a Knight;
I know't, quoth he, but hark you kind *Sir John*,
There's many a Knight kin to the begger men.

605. *Conjectus.*

Conjectus ſays he'll plainly prove,
Anothers childe he ought to love,
More than his Parents; which is ſtrange,
And yet 'tis true; for I proteſt,
He ought to love his wife the beſt.

606 *Aulus.*

Some (ſpeaking in their own renown)
Say that this Book was not exactly done;
I care not much, like banquets let my Books,
Rather be pleaſing to the Gueſts than Cooks.

607. *On Envie.*

Why ſay ſome, wealth brings envy, ſince 'tis known
Poor men have backbiters fifteen for one?

608. *Errantes errare licet.*

Pandorus ſpends the day by telling newes,
Of ſuch his travels as will make you muſe:

Nay

Nay ſir beleive it, hee'l diſcourſe at large,
How ſhould he elſe be fed at others charge?

609. *To a Drunkard.*

Much prateling cauſeth greateſt thirſtineſs: (leſs
Thy wife talks more then thou, why drinks ſhe

610. *On Pru.*

Pru give me leave to laugh, why ſhouldſt thou buy
Ceruſe, and *Stibium*, and *Mercury*,
And ſleiking oyles, the beſt that may be got,
When thy whole face *Pru* is not worth a groat?

611. *To Momus.*

Leave for ſhame, *Momus*, leave to bark and cry,
My actions give thy ſlandrous tongue the ly.

612. *To Roba.*

Th'art fair, 'tis true; and pretty too, I know it;
And well bred (*Roba*) for thy manners ſhow it;
But whilſt thou mak'ſt ſelf-praiſe, thy onely care,
Th'art neither pretty, nor well bred, nor faire.

613. *On Gallo.*

Gallo's a pretty man, hath pretty hair,
A pretty hat, and cloke as one need wear;
Gallo's a Gallant, and as Gallants uſe,
Can court his Miſtreſſe, with a ſprightly Muſe:

Gallo's

Gallo's a dunce, for I ſupply his wit,
Which he makes nonſence by his reading it,
And 'tis no wonder, as all wiſemen know,
For pretty Gallants to be dunces now.

614. *Pudor eſt ſua damna referre.*

Peter hath loſt his purſe, but will conceale it,
Leaſt ſhe that ſtole it, to his ſhame reveale it.

615. *Wheele-greace.*

Men th'Axletree do Greaze, that they not ſcreak,
But Lawyers muſt be Greaz'd to make them ſpeak.

616. *Who beſt friend.*

A louſe, I ſay, for when a man's diſtreſts
And others fall off, ſhe ſticks the ſureſt.

617. *O Times and manners!*

Why thus do men, *manners* and *times* accuſe,
When men themſelves, Manners and Times abuſe?
W'are bad in them, they worſe by us doe grow,
Yet we complain that help to make them ſo.

618. *Carpe.*

Of all our Modern Writers, *Carpe* likes none,
He loves th'old Poets that are dead and gone:
Pardon me honeſt *Carpe*, I would not be
Laid in my grave a while yet, to pleaſe thee.

619.

619. *Nonnunquam jactat egenus.*

Jack is a Gentleman I muſt confeſſe,
For there's no womans Taylor can be leſſe.

620. *On Terpin.*

Terpin ſips wine, and gluts down meat; I think,
My *Terpin* drinks his meat, and eats his drink.

621. *To Phaulo.*

As often (*Phaulo*) as thou doſt amiſſe,
Thou haſt no more excuſe for it, but this,
It was againſt thy will; Why, be it ſo,
Againſt thy will thou ſhalt be puniſhed too.

622. *Little, nothing, too much, enough.*

The Poor have *little*, Beggars *none*,
The Rich *too-much*, *enough* not one.

623. *On Spurco of Oxford.*

Spurco from Chandler, ſtarted Alderman,
And truſt me now moſt Elder-like he can
Behave himſelfe: hee ne'r appears in Town,
But in his beaver, and his great fur'd gown:
His Ruffe is ſet, his head ſet in his Ruffe;
His reverend crunks become him well enough;

He wears a hoop ring on his Thumb; he has
Of Gravidud a doſe full in his face;
And trick'd and trim'd, thus bravely he ſuppoſes
Himſelfe another man; but men have noſes;
And they that have ſo, maugre *Spurco's* skill,
Through all his robes may ſmel the chandler ſtill.

624. *On the ſame.*

Spurco made candles once, 'tis true enough,
Yet when I told him ſo, he took't in ſnuffe.

625. *To Damon.*

What cauſe, what confidence draws thee to town?
Oxford can yeeld thee nothing, get thee down;
Thou canſt not turn rogue for thy private ends,
Thou canſt not play the baud to pleaſe thy friends.
Thou hat'ſt to ſell thy breath at any price,
Or flatter great ones to their prejudice.
Whence wilt thou live? (unhappy wretch!) I am
A truſty friend, thou ſay'ſt, an honeſt man.
That's nothing, *Damon*, ſet thy wits to ſchool,
Not to be knave here, is to be a fool.

626. *Comparatio.*

Taſſo, *Torquato*, *Trew-wit*, *Manlius*,
Brave merry Greeks all, and ingenious:

Let us be mad a while: come here thou ſquire
Of Pints, and Portles, pile us up a fire:
Then bring ſome ſack up, quick you canniball,
Some cleanly ſack to waſh our brains withall:
There is I'am ſure, no other Theſpian ſpring,
No other Helicon to bathe us in.
Troul then your ſack about boyes, never falſe,
Commending dull men to their ſtands of Ale.
Tinkers wind off whole pottles in a breath,
I hate ſuch puddle coxcombs worſe than death;
But we true brats of *Bacchus*, as our uſe is,
With luſty wines will ſacrifice to th'Muſes.

627. *Conſcientia teſtis.*

What makes *Antonio* deem himſelfe undone,
Being queſtion'd ſince his office firſt begun:
But that a Conſcience tells him *quæ ſumuntur*
Tam male parta, male dilabuntur?

628. *On Terpin.*

Liſten who liſt, my *Terpins* noſe I ſing,
And much I labour to expreſſe the thing:
For when he ſnorts, it is his trumpet ſhrill;
It is his conduit, for 'tis running ſtill;
It is his drag, his eele-ſpear in the brook;
His ſpade, his mattock, and his pruning hook;

'Tis

'Tis a convenient ſtaple for a wall,
A handſome wedge to cleave his wood withall:
'Twill make a good ſhip-anchor when he lacks,
It is his gimlet, and his twibill axe.
Regard not then, what man thy noſe abuſes;
Thy noſe is proper *Terpin* for moſt uſes.

629. *On Ned.*

Have not I friends? (quoth *Ned*) I dare to ſay;
I have not ſupt at home this twelve months day:
And very true it is, for ſberking *Ned*,
At home (poor man) goes ſupperleſſe to bed.

630. *Pecunia prævalens.*

Hand off, ſir ſauce-box! think you Miſtris *Phips*
Allows ſuch lobs as you to touch her lips?
But then 'tis queſtion'd further; if you bring her
Some *legem pone*, that's another thing Sir.

631. *On Love.*

Where love begins, there dead thy firſt deſire:
A ſpark neglected, makes a mighty fire.

632. *A Herculean task.*

To curb the courage and *Wives tongue* keep under,
May well be call'd *Hercules* thirteenth wonder.

633. *On Coritia.*

Coritia, when all her Table's ſet
With Manchet, Sauches, and good wholſome meat,
She ſtill gives brown bread to her ſon and heir,
And tells the little boy 'twill make him fair.
If ſo (my Love) if it be true you ſay,
You never ate brown bread *Coritia.*

634. *On Drammato.*

Drammato makes new plays great ſtore; and yet
'Tis plain, *Drammato* has not too much wit:
He ſtrives too, to be pleaſant, and brings in
Mimicks, and fools, to make the people grin,
I know not what the reſt think, but I ſay,
Drammato's the beſt fool in every Play.

635. *Taming of a Shrow.*

Wouldſt tame thy wife? firſt tame her tongue,
Who thus his wife comes o'r ſhall overcome.

636. *Libertie.*

If he be well which hath what he can wiſh,
Why then do men for ſtinging Serpents fiſh?
True liberty 'mongſt vertues bears the bell;
He may live as he will, which may live well.

637.

637. *Drammato.*

Of all *Drammato's* Plays that e'r I ſee,
Nothing could ever make me laugh but hee.

638. *On Galba.*

Galba ſhe ſays, ſhe never taſted Man:
Galba will lye, beleeve it, now and than.

639. *To the Reader.*

Such tenour I have kept here all along,
As none (I hope) can challenge me with wrong.
I injure not the leaſt, I give no blow
To any perſon; he that knows not how
To ſcourge mans vice, unleſſe he tax his name,
Makes a baſe Libell of an Epigram.

640. *On Formidando.*

Stout *Formidando* walks imperiouſly,
With tragick *Bilbo* girt upon his thigh;
His roping locks, his buffe becomes him well,
And to ſay ſooth, he looks right terrible;
He ſways the town before him, and will ſlay
Whatever man he be that dares gainſay:
But *Formidando* pawn'd his coat laſt night,
And *Formidando's* out of money quite;

Nor oaths will paſſe, nor credit from henceforth,
For one poor penny, or a penny-worth:
Starv'd Creditors begin to gape, and how
To quit himſelfe he ſcarcely knows; that now
Stout *Formidando* who was wont to daunt
Whole thouſands, trembles at a Purſivant.

641. *The German-Dutch.*

Death's not to be: ſo *Seneca* doth think:
But Dutchmen ſay 'tis death to ceaſe to drink.

642. *Death.*

What Death is, doſt thou ask of me?
Till dead I doe not know;
Come to me when thou hear'ſt I'm dead,
Then what 'tis I ſhall ſhow.

643. *On Carp and Manilla.*

Manilla would with *Carp* be maried,
Manilla's wiſe I trow:
But *Carp* by no means will *Manilla* wed;
Carp's th'wiſer of the two.

644. *On Carp.*

Theſe are my verſes which *Carp* reads; 'tis known;
But when *Carp* makes them non-ſenſe, th'are his (own.

645.

645. *To Phaulos.*

Thou art offended (*Phaulos*) as I hear,
Becauſe I ſometimes call thee whoremaſter;
My natures blunt, and ſo will ever be;
I call a ſpade a ſpade, pray pardon me.

646. *To Coracine.*

What *Criſpulus* is that in a new gown,
All trim'd with loops and buttons up and down?
That leans there on his arm in private chat
With thy young wife, what *Criſpulus* is that?
He's Proctor of a Court, thou ſay'ſt, and does
Some buſineſs of my wives: thou brainleſſe gooſe!
He does no buſineſſe of thy wives, not hee,
He does thy buſineſſe (*Coracine*) for thee.

647. *On Pru.*

Pru praiſes her complexion, nay ſwears
Shee dares compare with any of her years;
And very true it is, that *Prudence* ſays,
I ſaw not better ſold theſe many days.

648. *The Parret.*

If lawful't be, of things t'invent the name;
With pratling *Parret*, *prater* is the ſame.

649. *To Maronilla.*

My *Maronilla*, I could eaſily ſpare (haire,
Thy hands and arms, thy ſhoulders and fraught
I could well ſpare thy feet, thy legs and thighs,
Thy tongue and teeth, thy lips, cheeks, forehead,
And not to reckon each part ſeverall, (eyes:
My *Maronilla* I could ſpare thee all.

650. *Study.*

Some men grow mad by ſtudying much to know;
But who grows mad by ſtudying good to grow?

651. *To Lionell.*

Lionell ſhows his honourable ſcars,
And labours to invite me to the wars:
But I will not by no means *Lionell*;
I doe not love to live ill, and drink well.

652. *On Pumilio a Dwarfe.*

Pumilio lying in deſpaire
Of further life, ſaid, take no care
To make a Tomb for me, good folks,
I will be buried in a Box.

653.

653. *Sharpe Sauce.*

Kiſſes and favours are ſweet things,
But thoſe have thornes, and theſe have ſtings.

654. *On Drad-nought.*

Drad-nought was for his many riots laid
Ith' Counter lately, now he's wondrous ſtaid.

655. *On Phaulos and Gellia.*

Phaulos he viſits, *Gellia* ſhe's ſick:
I am no Wizard, yet I know their trick.

656. *To his Friend.*

I will not be a Foe to any,
Nor be familiar with too many;
And twice I will not love my friend,
But whom I love, I'll love to th'end.

657. *Maried Folk.*

Man love thy wife; thy Husband, wife obay:
Wives are our Heart, we ſhould be Head alway.

658. *On Pru and Galla.*

Why are *Pru's* teeth ſo white, and *Galla's* black?
the reaſon is ſoon known:
Pru buyes new teeth as often as ſhe lacks,
but *Galla* wears her own.

659. *On Bombo.*

When *Bombo* preaches (and that's thrice a year)
Nothing but wit ſounds wiſely in his ear.
His fuſtian phraſes make a noiſe; each ſtraine,
And ſwelling rapture fils his mouth again:
He's parcell-States-man, parcell-prieſt, and ſo
If you obſerve, he's parcell-Poet too.
Bombo thy fetches, and thy fangles may
Become a ſtage perhaps, but us'd this way,
Th'are baſe, and impious: let me prevail,
Talk till thy ſtrong lines choak thee; if they fail,
Commence at Tyburn in a cart, ſweet Poet,
And there a ſtrong line will for certain do it

660. *On Lulls.*

Lulls ſweares he is all heart, but you'l ſuppoſe
By his Probaſſe, that he is all noſe.

661.

661. *On Pæto.*

Implore the Muſes, and their two top'd hill,
Still to ſupply freſh matter to thy quill:
Crave *Phœbus* aid, call *Homer* with the throng
Of all the Bardes, Learn'd *Manes*, to thy ſong.
I dare not (*Pæto*) be ſo bold, as do it,
Nor ſeem ſo like what I am not; a Poet.
My page invokes no deities: here love,
And indignation the beſt Muſes prove.

662. *On the ſame.*

My *Pæto* thinks he ſings melodious,
And like a Swan: alas he's but a Gooſe.

663. *On Plutus.*

Plutus, rich *Plutus* would have me beſtow
Some New-years gift, as other neighbours doe.
Why I will ſend thee what thou want'ſt my friend;
Nothing thou want'ſt, and nothing I will ſend.

664. *To Phocion.*

Thou buy'ſt up all that thou canſt light upon,
This is the way to ſell all *Phocion*.

665. *To Lividus.*

Doe not raile baſely, doe not ſwell with ſpight,
Doe not ſcoffe (*Lividus*) at what I write:

For

For ridden, truſt me, I can hardly pace,
Nor bear thee gently like a patient Aſſe;
But trot amain, and if thou chance to kick,
I ſhall wince too, and gall thee to the quick.
Flinging full faſt till I have thrown thee off,
Till I have ſhook thy ſnaffle from thy mouth;
And then in triumph (*Lividus*) look too't,
I ſpurn thy pride and follies under foot.

666. *On his Verſes.*

He's blind with love that likes them ev'ry one,
And he is blind with envy, that likes none.

667. *Truth.*

Truth is beſt found out by the time and eyes;
Falſhood wins credit by uncertainties.

668. *Time.*

Time all conſumes, both us and every thing,
We Time conſume; thus, both one ſong doe ſing.

669. *To Bombo.*

Moſt men condemn thee *Bombo*, when they hear
Thy high and mighty Sermons, but I ſwear
Thou preacheſt movingly; and well I may;
Thou Preacheſt all thy Auditors away.

670.

670. *On Plutus.*

Rich *Plutus* needs would buy a fool, and paid
Fifty good pounds: but after triall made,
Perceiving him an underſtanding man,
Plutus would have his money back again.

671. *To Linus.*

Thou waſt my debtor when I lent thee coin,
Pay me mine own, and then I will be thine.

672. *Leven.*

Love is a Leven, and a loving kiſs
The leven of a loving ſweet-heart is.

673. *To Phaulos.*

Thou ask'ſt me whom I think beſt man to be,
He's the beſt (*Phaulos*) that is leaſt like thee.

674. *To Claudius and Linus.*

Ungodly *Claudius*, to be good,
Wants nothing but a will:
Lewd *Linus*, alſo, wanteth nought
But power to be ill.

675. *Hot-waters.*

Our trickling Tears expreſſe our private Love,
Love cauſeth tears; ſtrange! fire ſhould water prove.

676.

676. *On Grotto.*

Talk but of death, *Grotto* begins to rage,
And ſweat, and ſwear, and yet he's blind with age.
Fie on thee *Grotto*, what a coil you keep?
Thy windowes they are ſhut, 'tis time to ſleep.

677. *On Boreman.*

Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes, yet *Boreman*
For all the Devill helpes, will be a poore man.

678. *On Crab.*

Crab being caught, and in the Sergeants power,
For ſhame and anger look'd both red and ſower.

679. *On Fargo.*

Fargo by his wit and pleaſing tongue,
Hath won a wench that's wondrous faire & yong;
The Match (he ſaith) is halfe concluded, hee
Indeed is wondrous willing; but not ſhee.

680. *On Richard.*

Dick being drunk, in bed thought on his ſin,
And that lewd courſe of life he lived in,
Yet long hereof for thirſt, *Dick* could not thinke,
But, Drawer, cryes, now for thy ſmalleſt drinke.

681.

681. *To Spruce.*

Spruce weares a Comb about him, alwayes he
To Prune and ſmooth his polliſht haire:
The Cock's ne'r too without his Comb you ſee,
Spruce 'tis a *Coxcomb* then you weare.

682. *On This Wiſe Age.*

The Wiſe men were but ſeaven: now we ſcarce know
So many fooles, the world ſo wiſe doth grow.

683. *On Profuſo.*

Unſtayd *Profuſo* hath run thorough all,
Almoſt the Storie of the *Prodigall.*
Yet ſweares, he never with the hoggs did dine,
That's true, for none durſt truſt him with their ſwine.

684. *On a Fire in Town.*

One night through all the ſtreets the men did cry,
Fire, fire! at which I wak't and wondred by;
Not that dry wood ſhould burn, but becauſe all
Did cry *fire*, when for water they ſhould call.

685. *To either Univerſitie.*

Indulgent *Mother*, and kind *Aunt*, no where
Throughout all *Europe* finde I ſuch a paire;

From

From whoſe faire breſts thoſe milky rivers runne,
That thouſands feed, elſe thouſands were undone.
Oh were it not that ſome are wean'd too young,
And ſome doe ſuck (like *Eſſex* calves) too long.

686. *On Mounſier Congee.*

A proper handſome courtly man indeed,
And well ſet out with cloathes, can for a need
Diſcourſe with legs, and quarter congees, and
Talk halfe an houre with help of foot and hand;
But when I view'd this *Mounſier* clean throughout
I found that he was onely Man without.

687. *To my Reader.*

My perſon is another as I lift,
I now but act the Epigrammatiſt.

688. *On Phyſitians.*

Phyſitians are moſt miſerable men,
that cannot be deny'd:
For they are never truely well, but when
moſt men are ill beſide.

689. *On Puff.*

Puff quarrels in his cups, and then will fight,
Is beaten ſober; 'troth he is ſerved right.

690.

690. *To Flash.*

Flash when thour't drunk, then in thy own conceit
Thour't valiant, wiſe, great, honeſt, rich, diſcreet,
Troth! *Flash* be alwayes drunk! for well I know
When you are ſober you are nothing ſo.

691. *Wittily wicked.*

Good wine (they ſay) makes Vinegar moſt tart;
Thou, the more witty, the more wicked art.

692. *A Doctor and his Patient.*

A Doctor told his Patient *Omphida*,
The grief ſhe felt, was a Sciatica:
Which ſhe not perfect how to nominate,
Miſtaking cryes; oh my Certificate!

693. *On Mounſier Powder-wig.*

Oh doe but marke yon criſped Sir you meet!
How like a Pageant he doth ſtalk the ſtreet?
See how his perfum'd head is powder'd o're!
Twu'd ſtinke elſe, for it wanted *Salt* before.

694. *To Raſh.*

Raſh Swear not! think not 'cauſe you ſwear that I
Believe you; no: he that will ſwear will lie.

695.

695. *Drunk-bountie.*

I'le tell you why the drunck ſo laviſh are,
They have too much, nay more then they can bear.

696. *To Gut.*

Gut eates and drinks, doth nothing els but ſwill,
His teeth doe grin'd, his mouth's the water-mill.

697. *To Simple.*

Simple, you know I gave you good advice;
Little to ſay, that men might think you wiſe;
If you'l proclaime your ſelfe a foole you may:
I onely tell you now what others ſay.

698. *On Quaff.*

To quench his ſorrows *Quaff* drinks very free,
Sorrow is dry, he ſayes, and ſo is hee.

699. *To Tom Coriat.*

Of all the *Toms* that ever yet were nam'd,
Was never *Tom* like as *Tom Coriat* fam'd.
Tom Thumb is dumb, untill the pudding creep,
In which he was intomb'd, then out doth peep.
Tom Fool may go to School, but ne'r be taught
Speak Greek, with which our *Tom* his tongue is fraught.

Tom

Tom Asse may passe, but for all his long ears,
No such rich jewels as our *Tom* he wears.
Tom Tell-troth is but froth, but truth to tell,
Of all *Toms*, this *Tom*, bears away the bell.

700. *To a fat Usurer.*

Fat folkes we say by nature are most free:
You and your purse are fat, and yet I see
Your hand and that still shut, the reason's this;
In costive flesh thy *leane* soule buried is.

701. *On Brisk.*

Brisk brag'd of's ready wit; I tempting him
But for one Distick, did propound this theam
Nothing: It cannot be, he wondring said
That out of nothing ought shu'd ere be made.
Dul *Brisk* thou ne'r couldst tune *Apollo's* Lyre;
A pure steeld-wit, will strike *Mercuriall* fire
Out of the flintiest subject: but thy head
Is all compos'd of softer mettle, *lead*.

702. *Semel insanivimus omnes.*

Thus have I waded through a worthlesse task,
Whereto I trust there's no exception ta'n,
For meant to none, I answer such as ask,

'Tis like apparell made in *Birchen-lane*;
If any pleaſe to ſuit themſelves and wear it,
The blame's not mine, but theirs that needs will (bear it.

703. *On Sullen.*

Sullen will eate no meate, but peeviſhly
Replies, I care not, nor I will not, I:
Troth I commend his abſtinence, 'tis great,
When having ſuch a ſtomach hee'l not eat.

704. *To Bankes.*

When *Spendall* asks to borrow, you reply,
You know not when hee'l pay you; troth nor I.

705. *To Boldface.*

Boldface, I wonder at thy impudence,
That dar'ſt affirme things ſo againſt all ſence:
For ſhame ben't impudent and fooliſh too!
And think all men are fooles 'cauſe you are ſo.

706. *Of his Booke.*

Part of the worke remaines; one part is paſt:
And here my Ship rides having Anchor caſt.

707.

707. *On Bearill.*

Bearill because his wife is somewhat ill,
Uncertain in her health, indifferent still;
He turnes her out of doores without reply:
Wondring at which, I askt the reason why?
In sickneſſe and in health, sayes he, I'm bound
Onely to keep her, either weake or sound;
But now shee's neither, he replies; you'l see,
Shee'l quickly now or mend or end, sayes hee.

708. *On Bib.*

Wiſdome doth teach us ſilence, now *Bib* is
With drink made ſpeechleſs, is he not then wiſe.

709. *On Silly.*

Silly by chance did looſe his Diarie
Of wit, which he had got in companie:
No marl he now ſo mute and penſive ſits,
How can he chooſe, ſince he hath loſt his wits.

710. *Ad ſe ſquipidalis poetaſtros.*

Hence *Brauron's* God to *Taurimnion*,
And you Levaltoring Corybants be gon;

Fly thundering Bronſterops to *Hippocrene*,
And *Mauros* to Nymph-nurſing *Mytelene*;
Griſly *Megæra's* necromantique ſpell
Depart to black nights *Acherontick* cell:
Avaunt transformed *Epidaurian*,
Unto th'Antipod Iſles of Traproban,
Away *Cyllenius* plumy-pinnion'd God,
With thy peace making wand, ſnakecharming rod
And all the reſt not daring look upon
Uranus blood-born brood, and fell *Typhon*;
Chimera's victor great *Bellerophon*,
Thou vanquiſher of Spaniſh *Geryon*.
Stout *Aſdruball* Sicilian Lord of yore,
Thou that deſtroy'dſt the *Caledonian* bore,
Couragious conqueror of Cretes *Minotaure*,
Thou pride of *Mermeno's* cloudy *Semitaure*.
Perſeus whoſe marble ſtone transforming ſhield,
Enforc'd the Whale, *Andromeda* to yeeld,
You *Argonautes* that ſcour'd *Syndromades*,
And paſſ'd the quick-ſands of *Symplegades*,
Help *Demogorgon*, King of heaven and earth,
Chaos, *Lucina*, at *Litigiums* birth,
The world with childe looks for delivery
Of *Canibals*, or *Poetophagy*.
A deviliſh brood from *Erichthonius*,
From *Iphidemia*, *Nox*, and *Erebus*,
Chide *Pegaſus* for op'ning *Helicon*,
And Poets damn to *Pyry-Phlegeton*;

Or

Or make this monſtrous birth abortive be,
Or elſe I will ſhake hands with Poetry.

——*Nihil hic miſi Carmina deſunt.*

Marmora Mæonii vincunt monumenta libelli;
Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

The Muſes works ſtone-Monuments out-laſt;
'Tis wit keeps life, all elſe Death will down caſt.

EPITAPHS.

1. *On a Lyer.*

GOod passenger! here lies one here,
That living did lie every where.

2. *On a Dyer.*

He lives with God none can deny,
That while he liv'd to th'world did dy.

3. *On a Jugler.*

Death came to see thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy thread, why did't not make it whole again?

4. *On Mr. Fiſh.*

Worm's bait for *Fiſh*, but here is a great change,
Fiſh bait for worms, is not that very ſtrange?

5. *On a Childe.*

A childe and dead? alas! how could it come?
Surely thy thread of life was but a thrumme.

6. *On Maſter Do.*

Do is my name, and here I lie,
My Grammar tels me, *Do ſit Di.*

7. *On Taylour a Sergeant, kill'd by a Horſe.*

A Taylour is a theef, a Sergeant is worſe,
Who here lies dead, god-a-maſſy Horſe.

8. *On Mr. Thomas Beſt.*

With happy ſtarres he ſure is bleſt,
Where e'ere he goes, that ſtill is *Beſt.*

9. *On Robin.*

Round *Robin*'s gone, and this grave doth incloſe
The pudding of his doublet and his hoſe.

10. *On Bell the the Tinker.*

Bell though thou dy'dſt decrepit, lame, forlorn,
Thou was't a man of Mettle, I'll be ſworn.

11. *On proud Tygeras.*

Proud and fooliſh, ſo it came to paſſe,
He liv'd a *Tyger*, and he dy'd an Aſſe.

12. *On John Cofferer.*

Here lyes *John Cofferer*, and takes his reſt,
Now he hath chang'd a Coffer for a Cheſt.

13. *On blind and deaf Dick Freeman.*

Here lyes *Dick Freeman*,
That could not hear nor ſee man.

14. *On a Miller.*

Death without warning was as bold as brief,
When he kill'd two in one, Miller and Theef.

15. *On a Lady.*

Here lyes one dead under this marble ſtone,
Who when ſhe liv'd, lay under more than one.

16. *On a Wreſtler.*

Death to the Wreſtler gave a pretty fall,
Tript up his heels, and took no hold at all.

17. *On*

17. *On John Death.*

Here's *Death* interred, that liv'd by bread,
Then all ſhould live, now *Death* is dead.

18. *On an Infant.*

The reeling world turn'd Poet, made a Play;
I came to ſee't, diſlik'd it, went my way.

19. *On a little but very ingenious Youth.*

Grim Death perceiving, He had far outran
The elder youths; miſtooke him for a man.

20. *On a Lady dying quickly after her Husband.*

He firſt deceaſed, ſhe a little try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

21. *On Mr. Stone.*

Jeruſalems curſe is not fulfill'd in mee,
For here a ſtone upon a ſtone you ſee.

22. *On Mr. Strange.*

Here lies one *Strange*, no Pagan, Turk, nor Jew,
It's ſtrange, but not ſo ſtrange as it is true.

23. *A Fart's Epitaph.*

Reader, it was born, and cry'd,
Crack'd ſo, ſmelt ſo, and ſo dy'd.

24. *On Mr. Anguiſh a Scholler.*

Some doe for anguiſh weep, for anger I,
That ignorance ſhould live, and art ſhould die.

25. *On a lovely young youth.*

From thy quick Death; conclude we muſt,
The faireſt flowers are gather'd firſt.

26. *On Mr. Thomas Allen.*

No Epitaphs need make the juſt man fam'd,
The good are prais'd when they are onely nam'd.

27. *On a Lady.*

Finis and *Bonum* are converted, ſo
That every good thing to an end muſt go.

28. *On a pious Benefactor.*

The Poor, the World, the Heavens, and the Grave,
His Alms, his Praiſe, his Soule, and Body have.

29. *On*

29. *On a Poet in priſon.*

Though I in priſon here doe lye,
My Muſe ſhall live although I dye.

30. *On a poor Poet.*

Here lies the Poet buried in the night,
Whoſe purſe, men know it, was exceeding light.

31. *A man and his wife.*

Viator ſiſte, ecce miraculum!
Vir & uxor hic non ligitant.

32. *On a Pauls-walker.*

Defeſſus ſum ambulando.

33. *On a Scrivener.*

May all men by theſe Preſents teſtifie,
A lurching Scrivener here faſt bound doth lie.

34. *On one that cheated his Father.*

Here lies a man, who in a ſpan
Of life, beyond his father ran.

35. *On a Cut-purſe.*

Death hath that Cutpurſe ſeiz'd on at Alhallows,
Who by good hap hath ſo eſcap'd the gallows.

36. *On a young great-Wit.*

Great wits are dangerous, for then,
It ſeemes, they ſeldome come to men.

37. *On an Uſurer.*

That all thoſe goods and riches ſcrap'd together,
Should with himſelf depart, & knows not whither.

38. *On a Captain.*

Who late in wars did dread no foes in field,
Now free of ſcars his life in peace doth yeeld.

39. *On a Potter.*

He that on clay his chiefeſt truſt repos'd,
Is now in clay, in ſtead of duſt repos'd.

40. *On a Merchant.*

Who from accounts & reck'nings ner could reſt,
At length hath ſumm'd up his *Quietus eſt.*

41. *On*

41. *On a young man newly maried, dyed.*

The world and thou art quickly gon about,
That but now entring in, art entred out.

42. *On John Friend.*

How ere he fail'd in's life, 'tis like *Jack Friend*
Was no mans foe but's own, and there's an end.

43. *On Chriſtopher Fowler.*

Let all ſay what they can, 'tis known *Kit Fowler*,
Was held an honeſt man, though no good bowler.

44. *On Dorothy Rich.*

Here reſteth young *Doll Rich*, that dainty drab,
Who troubled long with itch, dy'd of the ſcab.

45. *On Ralph.*

Ralph bids adue to pleaſures good or ill,
But tels you true, 'tis much againſt his will.

46. *On Walter Moone.*

Here lies *Wat Moone*, that great Tobacconiſt,
Who dy'd too ſoon for lack of had I wiſt.

47. *On*

47. *On Jo. Cooling a Player-foole.*

Death hath too soon remov'd from us *Jo. Cooling*,
That was so well belov'd, and liv'd by fooling.

48. *On a Wellsman.*

Who living least, espy'd his life should leese,
By meer metheglin dy'd, and toasted cheese.

49. *On Jo. Long.*

Here sleep *J. Long*, who liv'd till New-years-tide,
Full fourscore strong, but then fell sick and dy'd.

50. *On Stephen Spooner.*

Death hath time borrow'd of our neighbour *Spooner*,
Whose wife much sorrow'd that he di'd no sooner.

51. *On a Lawyer.*

God works wonders now and than,
Here lies a Lawyer dy'd an honest man.

52. *On a Waterman.*

Here sleeps *Will. Slater*, why? by deaths command,
Hath left the water to possesse the land.

53. *On*

53. *On Sir Francis Drake.*

England his heart, his corps the waters have,
And that which rais'd his fame, became his grave.

54. *On a Gallant.*

Who cloth of Tiſſue wore, here flat doth lye,
Having no iſſue, more than that in's thigh.

55. *On John Garret.*

Gone is *John Garret*, who to all mens thinking,
For love to Claret, kill'd himſelfe with drinking.

56. *On notable Ned.*

Cauſe of the good nought muſt be ſaid but good,
'Tis well for *Ned* that nought be underſtood.

57. *On a Taylour who dy'd of the ſtitch.*

Here lies a Taylour in this ditch,
Who liv'd and dyed by the ſtitch.

58. *On a travelling Beggar.*

Here lies a Vagrant perſon whom our laws
(Of late grown ſtrict) denied paſſage, 'cauſe
He wandring thus, therefore return he muſt,
From whence at firſt he hither came; to duſt.

59. *On*

59. *On a Maſon.*

So long the Maſon wrought on others walls,
That his own houſe of clay to ruine falls:
No wonder, ſpitefull death wrought his annoy,
He us'd to build, and death ſeeks to deſtroy.

60. *On a Schoolmaſter.*

The Grammar School, a long time taught I have,
Yet all my skill could not Decline the grave,
But yet I hope it one day will be ſhown
In no Caſe ſave the Ablative alone.

61. *On Prince Henry.*

I have no vein in verſe, but if I could
Diſtill on every word a Pearl, I would.
Our ſorrows pearls drop, not from pens, but eyes,
Whilſt other Muſes write, mine onely cryes.

62. *On the death of Mr. Newcomin of Clare-hall in Cambridge.*

Weep ye Clarenſes, weep all about,
For *New-com-in* is new gone out;
Weep not Clarenſes, weep not at all,
He's gone but from Clare to Trinity-Hall.

63. *On Hobſon the Carrier.*

Hobſon (what's out of ſight, is out of mind)
Is gone and left his Letters here behind.
He that with ſo much paper us'd to meet,
Is now, alas! content to take one ſheet.

64. *Another.*

He that ſuch carriage ſtore, was wont to have,
Is carried now himſelfe unto his grave:
O ſtrange! he that in life ne'r made but one,
Six Carriers makes, now he is dead and gone.

65. *Another.*

Here *Hobſon* lyes, preſt with a heavy load,
Who now is gone the old and common road;
The waggon he ſo lov'd, ſo lov'd to ride,
That he was drawing on whilſt that he dy'd.

66. *Another.*

Hobſon's not dead, but *Charles* the Northern ſwain
Hath ſent for him to draw his light ſome wain.

67. *On a Footman.*

This nimble Foot-man ran away from death,
And here he reſted being out of breath.

Here

Here death him over-took, made him his slave,
And sent him on an arrand to the grave.

68. *Justus Lipsius.*

Some have high mountains of Parian stone,
And some in brasse carve their Inscription,
Some have their tombs of costly marbles rear'd,
But in our tears onely are they interr'd.

69. *On a Childe.*

Like birds of prey,
Death snatcht away,
This harmless dove,
Whose soule so pure
Is now secure
In heaven above.

70. *On a rich Gentleman.*

Of woods and plains, and hils and vales,
Of fields, of meads, of parks, and pales;
Of all I had, this I possesse;
I need no more, I have no lesse.

71. *On a childe.*

That flesh is grasse
Its grace a flower,

Reade ere you paſſe
Whom worms devoure.

72. *On a Lock-ſmith.*

A zealous Lock-ſmith dy'd of late,
Who by this time's at heaven gate.
The reaſon why he will not knock,
Is 'cauſe he means to pick the lock.

73. *On a Collier.*

Here lies the Collier *Jenkin Daſbes*,
By whom death nothing gain'd he ſwore,
For living he was duſt and aſhes,
And being dead he is no more.

74. *On Dick Pinner.*

Here lies *Dick Pinner*; O ungentle death!
Why didſt thou rob *Dick Pinner* of his breath!
For living, he by ſcraping of a pin,
Made better duſt than thou haſt made of him.

75. *On a Sack-ſucker.*

Good Reader bleſſe thee, be aſſur'd,
The ſpirit of Sack lyes here immur'd:

Who

Who havock't all hee could come by
For Sack, and here quite ſack'd doth ly.

76. *On a Childe.*

Into this world as ſtranger to an Inne,
This child came gueſt-wiſe, where when it had bin
A while, and found nought worthy of his ſtay,
He onely broke his faſt, and went away.

77. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes the Chandlers chiefeſt joy,
Here lyes the Schollers pale-fac'd boy;
Having nought elſe but skin and bone
Dy'd of a deep Conſumption.

78. *On* T. H. *the Pannier-man of the Temple.*

Here lyes *Tom Hacket* this Marble under,
Who often made the Cloyſters thunder;
He had a horn, and when he blew it,
Call'd many a Cuckold that never knew it.

79. *On a young Infant.*

The life of Man
Is but a ſpan,

The common saying is;
But death did pinch
His to an inch,
E'er he could say, what's this?
Yet he hath gain'd, not lost, thereby
Changing time for eternity.

80. *On Mr. Calfes death.*

Heaven of his soule take charge, for he,
Of all his dayes liv'd but the halfe;
Who might have grown to be an *Oxe*,
But dyed (as you see) a *Calfe*.

81. *On Bolus.*

If gentleneſſe could tame the Fates, or wit
Delude them, *Bolus* had not dyed yet;
But one that death o'r-rules in judgement sits,
And says our sins are stronger than our wits.

82. *On a Clown.*

Softly tread this earth upon,
For here lyes our *Corydon*:
Who through care to save his sleep
Watch'd too much, Oh let him sleep!

83. *On a Childe.*

As carefull Nurſes on their beds doe lay, (play,
Their babes which would too long the wantons
So to prevent my youths enſuing crimes,
Nature my nurſe laid me to bed betimes.

84. *On a Muſitian.*

Be not offended at our ſad complaint,
You Quire of Angels, that have gain'd a Saint;
Where all perfection met in skill and voice,
We mourne our loſſe, but yet commend your (choice.

85. *On a Gardener.*

Could he forget his death that every houre
Was emblem'd to *it*, by the fading flowre?
Should he not mind his end? yes, ſure he muſt,
That ſtill was converſant 'mongſt beds of duſt.

86. *On a Drunkard.*

Bibax the Drunkard, while he liv'd would ſay,
The more I drink, the more methinks I may;
But ſee how death hath prov'd his ſaying juſt,
For he hath drunk himſelfe as dry as duſt.

87. *On a Childe.*

Tread ſoftly paſſenger, for here doth lie,
A dainty Jewell of ſweet Infancie:
A harmleſſe babe, that onely came and cry'd
In baptiſm to be wiſh'd from ſin, and dy'd.

88. *Another.*

In this marble Casket lyes
A matchleſſe Jewell of rich prize,
Whom nature in the worlds diſdain
But ſhew'd, and put it up again.

89. *On Mr. Sands.*

Who would live in others breath?
Fame deceives the dead mans truſt,
When our names doe change by death,
Sands I was, and now am duſt.

90. *On Mr. Goad.*

Go adde this verſe, to *Goad's* herſe,
For *Goad* is gone, but whither?
Goad himſelfe is gone to God,
'Twas death's goad drove him thither.

91. *On Mr. Munday.*

Hallowed be the Sabbath,
And farewell all worldly pelf;
The week begins on Tueſday,
For *Munday* hath hang'd himſelf.

92. *On a Childe.*

Here a pretty Baby lies
Sung aſleepe with Lullabies:
Pray be ſilent, and not ſtirre
Th'eaſe earth that covers her.

93. *On a Matron.*

Here lies a wife was chaſte, a mother bleſt;
A modeſt Matron, all theſe in one cheſt:
Sarah unto her Mate, *Mary* to God,
Martha to men, whilſt here ſhe had abode.

94. *In Latine thus.*

Uxor caſta, Parens felix, Matrona pudica,
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo.

95. *On a Souldier.*

When I was young, in Wars I ſhed my blood,
Both for my King, and for my Countries good:

In

In elder years, my care was chiefe to be
Souldier to him that ſhed his blood for me.

96. *On Mr. Dumbelow, that dyed of the winde Collicke.*

Dead is *Dick Dumbelow*
Would you the reaſon know?
Could his *tail* have but ſpoken
His ſtout heart had not broken.

97. *On Mr. Kitchins death.*

Kitching lies here (for ſo his name I found)
I ſee Death keeps his *Kitchin* under ground.
And the poore worms (that fleſh of late did eat)
Devour their *Kitching* now for want of meat.

98. *On Iſabella a Curtezan.*

He who would write an Epitaph,
Whereby to make fair *Is'bell* laugh,
Muſt get upon her, and write well,
Here underneath lies *Iſabell.*

99. *On a vertuous wife.*

In brief, to ſpeak thy praiſe, let this ſuffice,
Thou wer't a wife moſt loving, modeſt, wiſe,

Of

Of children carefull, to thy neighbours kinde,
A worthy Miſtreſſe, and of liberall minde.

100. *On Mr. Chriſtopher Lawſon.*

Death did not kill unjuſtly this good man,
But death, in death, by death did ſhew his power,
His pious deeds and thoughts to heaven fore-ran,
There to prepare his ſoule a bleſſed bower.

101. *On a Welſhman.*

Here lies puryed under theſe ſtones,
Shon ap Williams, ap Shinkyn, ap Shones,
Her was porn in *Whales*, her was kill'd in *France*,
Her went to Cot by a very miſ-ſtance
La ye now.

102. *On Mr. Carter, burnt by the great powder-miſchance in Finsbury.*

Here lies an honeſt *Carter* (yet no clown)
Unladen of his cares, his end the Crown,
Vaniſh'd from hence, even in a cloud of ſmoke,
A blown-up Citizen, and yet not broke.

103. *On a Lady dying in Child-bed.*

Born at the firſt to bring another forth,
She leavs the world, to leave the world her worth:
Thus

Thus Phœnix-like, as ſhe was born to bleed,
Dying her ſelfe, renews it in her ſeed.

104. *On a Faulconer.*

Death with her talons having ſeiz'd this prey,
After a tedious flight, truſs'd him away:
Wee mark'd him, here he fell, whence he ſhall riſe
At call, till then unretriv'd here he lyes.

105. *On Joan Truman who had an iſſue in her legge.*

Here lies crafty *Joan*, deny it who can,
Who liv'd a falſe maid, and dy'd a *Truman*,
And this trick ſhe had, to make up her cunning,
Whilſt one leg ſtood ſtill, the other was running.

106. *On a Youth.*

Now thou haſt heaven for merit, but 'tis ſtrange,
Morality ſhould envy at thy change:
God thought us unfit for ſuch as thee,
And made thee conſort of eternity.
We grieve not then, that thou to heaven art taken,
But that thou haſt thy friends ſo ſoon forſaken.

107. *On Prince Henry.*

Did he die young? O no, it could not be,
For I know few that liv'd ſo long as he,

Till

Till God and all men lov'd him; then be bold,
The man that lives so long, must needs be old.

108. *On—borne before his time.*

Griev'd at the world and times, this early Bloome
Look'd round, & sighed, and stole into his Tombe,
His fall was like his Birth, too quick; this Rose
Made haste to spread, and the same haste to close:
Here lyes his dust, but his best Tombe's fled hence,
For Marble cannot last like Innocence.

109. *On a very fat man.*

Under this pebble stone,
Here fast sleepeth one,
And that is not two;
Yet was without doubt
Far bigger about,
Then both I, and you;
His kidneys encreast
So much, that his waist
Was hooped all round:
But his girdle death cuts,
And downe fell his guts,
'Bouts heeles to the ground.

110. *On John Newter.*

Reader, *John Newter* who erst plaid
The Jack on both sides, here is laid,

Who

Who like th'herb *John* indifferent
Was nor for King, or Parliament,
Yet fast and loose he could not play
With death, he took him at a Bay;
What side his soule hath taken now
God or Div'l? we hardly know:
But this is certain, since he dy'd
He hath bin mish of neither side.

111. *On Hocas Pocas.*

Here *Hocas* lies with his tricks and his knocks,
Whom death hath made sure as his Juglers box:
Who many hath cozen'd by his leiger-demain,
Is presto convey'd and here underlain:
Thus *Hocas* he's here, and here he is not,
While death plaid the *Hocas*, & brought him to th pot.

112. *On a Childe of two yeares old, being born and dying in July.*

Here is laid a *July* flowre
With surviving tears bedew'd,
Not despairing of that houre
When her spring shall be renu'd;
Ere shee had her summer seen,
She was gather'd fresh and green.

113. *On*

113. *On a Cobler.*

Death at a Coblers door oft made a ſtand,
And alwayes found him on the mending hand;
At laſt came death in very foul weather,
And ript the ſole from the upper leather:
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The Cobler call'd for's Awle, death brought his
(Laſt.

114. *On a young Gentlewoman.*

Nature in this ſmall volume was about
To perfect what in woman was left out:
Yet carefull leaſt a piece ſo well begun,
Should want preſervatives when ſhe had done:
Ere ſhe could finiſh what ſhe undertook,
Threw duſt upon it, and ſhut up the Book.

115. *On a Scholler.*

Forbeare Friend t'unclaſpe this book,
Onely in the forefront look,
For in it have errours bin,
Which made the Authour call it in:
Yet know this, 't ſhall have more worth,
At the ſecond comming forth.

116. *On*

116. *On a young Woman.*

The body which within this earth is laid,
Twice fix weeks knew a wife, a Saint, a Maid;
Fair maid, chaft wife, pure Saint, yet 'tis not ſtrange
She was a woman, therefore pleas'd to change:
And now ſhe's dead, ſome woman doth remain,
For ſtill ſhe hopes, once to be chang'd again.

117. *On Brawne.*

Here *Brawne* the quondam begger lyes,
Who counted by his tale,
Full ſixſcore winters in his life;
Such vertue is in ale.
Ale was his meat, Ale was his drink,
Ale did him long reprive,
And could he ſtill have drunk his Ale,
He had been ſtill alive.

118. *On a Candle.*

Here lyes (I wot) a little ſtirre,
That did belong to *Jupiter*,
Which from him *Prometheus* ſtole
And with it a fire-coale,
Or this is that I mean to handle,
Here doth lie a farthing Candle,

That was lov'd well, having its light,
But losing that, now bids good night.

119. *On M. R.*

Who soonest dies, lives long enough,
Our life is but a blast or puffe.
I did resist and strive with death,
But soon he put me out of breath;
He of my life thought to bereave me,
But I did yeeld onely to breathe me.
O'r him I shall in triumph sing,
Thy conquest Grave, where is thy sting?

120. *On a Child.*

Here shee lies a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who, as soone, fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep;
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

121. *On an Inne-keeper.*

It is not I that dye, I do but leave an Inne, (sinne;
Where harbour'd was with mee, all filthy kinde of
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin
Into eternall joy by faith to enter in.

(my kin?
Why weep you then my friends, my parents, and
Lament ye when I loſe, but weep not when I win.

122. *On a Cobler.*

Come hither, reade my gentle friend,
And here behold a Coblers end.
Longer in length his life had gone
But that he had no Laſt ſo long;
O mighty Death, whoſe dart can kill
The man that made him ſouls at will!

123. *On M. Aire.*

Under this ſtone of Marble faire,
Lies th' body 'ntomb'd of *Gervaſe Aire.*
He dy'd not of an ague-fit,
Nor ſurfeited of too much wit,
Me thinks this was a wondrous death,
That *Aire* ſhould dye for want of breath.

124. *On Mr. Rice M.*

Who can doubt (*Rice*) to what eternall place
Thy ſoule is fled, that did but know thy face?
Whoſe body was ſo light it might have gone
To heaven without a reſurrection;
Indeed thou wert all type, thy limbes were ſignes,
Thy Arteries but Mathematick lines;

As

As if two ſoules had made the compound good,
Which both ſhould live by faith, & none by bloud.

125. *On Thomas Jonce.*

Here for the nonce
Came *Thomas Jonce*
In S^t. *Jileſes* Church to lye.
None welch before,
None Welchman more
Till *Shon Clerk* dye.
Ile tole the bell,
Ile ring his knell;
He dyed well,
He's ſaved from Hell:
And ſo farewell
Tom Jonce.

126. *On a young Man.*

Surpriz'd by grief and ſickneſſe, here I lye,
Stopt in my middle age, and ſoon made dead,
Yet doe not grudge at God, if ſoon thou dye,
But know he trebles favours on thy head;
Who for thy morning work, equalls thy pay,
With thoſe that have endur'd the heat oth'day.

127. *On the two Littletons that were drowned at Oxford, 1636.*

Here lie we (Reader, canſt thou not admire?)
Who both at once by water dy'd and fire,
For whilſt our bodies periſh'd in the deep,
Our ſoules in love burnt, ſo we fell aſleep:
Let this be then our Epitaph: Here lyes
Two, yet but one, one for the other dyes.

128. *On a Butler.*

That death ſhould thus from hence our Butler catch,
Into my minde it cannot quickly ſink;
Sure death came thirſty to the butt'ry-hatch,
When he (that buſi'd was) deny'd him drink.
Tut! 'twas not ſo, 'tis like he gave him liquor,
And death made drunk, him made away the quicker;
Yet let not others grieve too much in mind;
(The Butler's gone) the keys are left behind.

129. *On M. Cook.*

To God, his Country, and the Poor, he had
A zealous ſoule, free heart, and lib'rall mind.
His wife, his children, and his kindred ſad
Lack of his love, his care and kindneſſe find:
Yet are their ſorrows aſſwag'd with the thought
He hath attain'd the happineſſe he ſought.

130. *On*

130. *On a Porter.*

At length by works of wondrous fate,
Here lyes the Porter of Winchester-gate:
If gone to heav'n, as much I feare,
He can be but a Porter there:
He fear'd not hell so much for's sin,
As for th'great rapping, and oft comming in.

131. *Upon one who dy'd in Prison.*

Reader, I liv'd, enquire no more,
Lest a spy enter in at doore,
Such are the times, a dead man dare
Not trust nor credit common aire,
But die and lie entombed here,
By me, I'll whisper in thine eare
Such things as onely dust to dust
(And without witnesse) may entrust.

132. *On Waddam Colledge Butler.*

Mans life is like a new-tunn'd Cask they say,
The formost draught, is oft times cast away,
Such are our younger yeares, the following still
Are more and more inclining unto ill;
Such is our manhood, untill age at length,
Doth sowre its sweetness, & doth stop its strength:

Then death prescribing to each thing its bounds,
Takes what is left, and turns it all to grounds.

133. *On a Horse.*

Here lies a Horse, who dyed but
To make his Master goe on foot.
A miracle should it be so:
The dead to make the lame to goe;
Yet Fate would have it, that the same
Should make him goe, that made him lame.

134. *On an old Nun a Residentiarie.*

Tread, Sirs, as lightly as you can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice forte (bating but one yeare,
And thrice three weeks) he lived here.
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy Residence.
Yet, Reader let me tell thee this
(Which from his ghost a promise is)
If here ye will some few teares shed,
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

135. *On a Maide.*

Here she lyes (in Bed spice)
Faire as Eve in Paradice,

For

For her beautie it was ſuch
Poets co'd not praiſe too much.
Virgins come, and in a Ring
Her ſupreameſt *Requium* ſing;
Then depart, but ſee ye tread
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

136. *On Husband and Wife.*

To theſe, whom Death againe did wed,
This Grave's the ſecond Marriage-Bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
'Twixt ſoule and body a Divorce;
It could not ſever Man and wife,
Becauſe they both liv'd but one life;
Peace, good Reader, doe not weepe;
Peace the Lovers are aſleepe:
They (ſweet Turtles) folded lye,
In the laſt knot that love could tye.
Let them ſleepe, let them ſleepe on,
Till this ſtormy night be gone.
And th'eternall morrow dawne,
Then the Curtaines will be drawne,
And they waken with that light,
Whoſe day ſhall never ſleepe in night.

137. *On Aretyne.*

Here biting *Aretyne* lyes buryed,
With gall more bitter, never man was fed,

The

The living nor the dead to carp he ſpard,
Nor yet for any King or *Ceſar* card:
Onely on God to raile he had forgot,
His anſwer was, indeed I know him not.

138. *On William Coale an Alehouſe-keeper, at Coaton near Cambridge.*

Doth *William Coale* lye here? henceforth be ſtale,
Be ſtrong and laugh on us, thou *Coaten* Ale:
Living indeed, he with his violent hand
Never left graſping thee, while he could ſtand.
But death at laſt, bath with his fiery flaſhes
Burnt up the *Coale*, and turn'd it into aſhes.

139. *On one Andrew Leigh, who was vext with a ſhrewd wife.*

Here lies *Leigh*, who vext with a ſhrewd wife,
To gain his quiet, parted with his life;
But ſee the ſpight! ſhe that had alwayes croſt
Him living, dyes, and means to hunt his Ghoſt.
But ſhe may faile, for *Andrew* out of doubt
Will cauſe his brother *Peter* ſhut her out.

140. *In quendam.*

Stay mortall, ſtay, remove not from this Tombe,
Before thou haſt conſider'd well thy doome;

My

My bow ſtands ready bent, and couldſt it ſee,
Mine arrow's drawn toth' head, and aims at thee:
Prepare yet wandring Ghoſt, take home this line;
The grave that next is open'd may be thine.

141. *On a vertuous Youth.*

Reader, let a ſtone thee tell
That in this body there did dwell
A ſoule, as heavenly, rich, and good,
As e'r could live in fleſh and blood:
And therefore heav'n that held it deare,
Did let it ſtay the leſſe while here,
Whoſe corps here ſacred aſhes makes;
Thus heav'n and earth have parted ſtakes.

142. *On a Cock-maſter.*

Farewell ſtout Hot-ſpur, now the battells done,
In which th'art foil'd and death hath overcome,
Having o'r-match'd thy ſtrength that made thee
She quickly forc'd thee on the pit to droop: (ſtoop
From whence thou art not able riſe or ſtir;
For death is now become the vanquiſher.

143. *On a Mathematician.*

Loe, in ſmall cloſure of this earthly bed
Reſts he, that heavens vaſt motions meaſured,

Who

Who having knowne both of the land and sky,
More than fam'd *Archimede*, or *Ptolomy*,
Would further presse, and like a *Palmer* went,
With *Jacob's* staffe, beyond the firmament.

144. *On a Taylor.*

Jack Snip the Taylor's dead, 'tis now too late
To brawl or wrangle with the cruell fate,
Yet sure 'twas hardly done to clip his thred,
Before he gave them leave, in his own bed.
He dy'd at forty just; poor shred of base
Mortality! who pities not his case?
Of a whole ell of cloth, he would not take
Above a nail at most, for conscience sake:
But of his span of life, I dare to say,
Death stole not much lesse than one halfe away;
And coward-like, just when he was not well,
With his own bodkin (pitifull to tell)
He boar'd a hole through him, that all his men
And prentices could not stitch up agen.

145. *On his Mistris Death.*

Unjustly we complaine of Fate,
For shortning our unhappy dayes,
When death doth nothing but translate,
And print us in a better phrase,

Yet

Yet who can chuſe but weep? Not I:
That beauty of ſuch excellence,
And more vertue than could die,
By deaths rude hand is vaniſh'd hence.
Sleep bleſt creature in thine urn,
My ſighs, my teares, ſhall not awake thee.
I but ſtay untill my turn;
And then, O then! I'll overtake thee.

146. *On Hobſon the Carrier.*

If conſtellations which in heaven are fixt,
Give life by influence to bodies mixt,
And every ſign peculiar right doth claime
Of that to which it propagates a name;
Then I conjure, *Charles* the great Northern ſta
Whirled up *Hobſon* for to drive his Car.
He is not dead, but left his manſion here,
Has left the Bull, and flitted to the Beare.
Me thinks I ſee how *Charons* fingers itches,
But he's deceiv'd, he cannot have his riches.

147. *Another on Hobſon.*

Whom ſeek ye ſirs? Old *Hobſon?* fie upon
Your tardineſſe, the Carrier is gon.
Why ſtare you ſo? nay, you deſerve to faile,
Alas, here's nought, but his old rotten maile.

He

He went a good-while ſince, no queſtion ſtore
Are glad, who next he would not goe before:
And ſome are griev'd hee's gone ſo ſoon away,
The Lord knows why he did no longer ſtay.
How could he pleaſe you all? I'm ſure of this,
He linger'd ſoundly, howſoe'r you miſs;
But gone he is, nor was he ſurely well
At his departure, as miſchance befell:
For he is gone in ſuch unwonted kinde,
As ne'r before, his goods all left behinde.

148. *Old Hobſons Epitaph.*

Here *Hobſon* lies among his many betters,
A man unlearned, yet a man of Letters;
His carriage was well known, oft hath he gone
In Embaſſy 'twixt father and the ſonne: (ken,
There's few in *Cambridge*, to his praiſe be it ſpo-
But may remember him by ſome good Token.
From whence he rid to *London* day by day,
'Till death benighting him, he loſt his way:
His Teame was of the beſt, nor would he have
Been mir'd in any way, but in the grave.
Nor is't a wonder, that he thus is gon,
Since all men knew, he long was drawing on.
Thus reſt in peace thou everlaſting Swain,
And ſupreme Waggoner, next *Charles* his wain.

149. *Upa*

149. *Upon John Crop, who dyed by taking a vomit.*

Mans life's a game at Tables, and he may
Mend his bad fortune by his wiſer play;
Death playes againſt us, each diſeaſe and ſore
Are blots, if hit, the danger is the more
To loſe the game; but an old ſtander by
Binds up the blots, and cures the malady,
And ſo prolongs the game; *John Crop* was he
Death in a rage did challenge for to ſee
His play, the dice are thrown, when firſt he drinks,
Caſts, makes a blot, death hits him with a Sinque:
He caſts again, but all in vain, for death
By th'after game did win the prize, his breath.
What though his skill was good, his luck was bad,
For never mortall man worſe caſting had.
But did not death play falſe, to win from ſuch
As he? no doubt, he bare a man too much.

150. *An honeſt Epitaph.*

Here lies an honeſt man, Reader if thou ſeek more
Thou art not ſo thy ſelfe; for honeſtie is ſtore
Of commendations; And it is more praiſe,
To dye an honeſt man, then full of dayes.

151. *On*

151. *On a Cobler.*

Here lyes an honeſt Cobler, whom curſt Fate,
Perceiving neare worne out, would needs tran-
'Twas a good thrifty ſoul, & time hath bin, (ſlate;
He would well liquor'd wade through thick and
But now he's gone, 'tis all that can be ſaid, (thin:
Honeſt *Jo.* Cobler is here under laid.

152. *On a proud Man.*

Good Reader know, that commeſt nigh;
Here lies he low, that look'd ſo high.
Both poor and nak'd; that was gay-cloath'd:
Of all forſak'd, who others loath'd.
He once thought all envy'd his worth:
Nor great, nor ſmall, now grudge his turf:
The heavenly Cope was his ambition:
Three Cubits ſcope is his fruition.
He was above all; God above him:
He did not love all; nor God love him:
He that him taught firſt to aſpire,
Now hath him caught, and pays his hire.

153. *On an Irefull and Angry Man.*

Here lies a *Fury*, hight Sir *Ire*;
That bred, and earn'd Immortall Fire.
He 'gan to wrangle from the wombe;
And was a wrangler to his Tombe.

A peeviſh, and a fooliſh elfe,
Foe to his God, his Saints, his ſelfe.
He hated Men; Men did not love him:
No evill but his own might move him.
He was; and was earths load, and care:
He Is; and Is Hells brand, and ſhare.

154. *On Jo: Dauſon Butler.*

Dauſon the Butler's dead, although I thinke
Poets were nere infus'd with ſingle drinke,
Ile ſpend a farthing Muſe, a watery verſe
Will ſerve the turne to caſt upon his herſe.
If any cannot weepe among us here,
Take off his cup, and ſo ſqueze out a teare.
Weepe O ye barrells, let your drippings fall
In trickling ſtreames, make waſt more prodigall,
Then when our beer was good, that *John* may float
To *Stix* in beere, and lift up *Charons* boat,
With wholſome waves: and as the Conduits ran
With Claret, at the Coronation,
So let your channels flow with ſingle Tiffe,
For *John* I hope is crown'd; take off your whiffe,
Ye men of *Roſemary*, and drink up all,
Remembring 'tis a *Butlers* funerall:
Had he been Maſter of good duble beere,
My life for his, *John Dawſon* had been here.

155. *On Turn-Coat.*

Paſſenger, Stay, Reade, Walke. Here Lyeth,

ANDREW TURNCOAT, WHO WAS NEITHER SLAVE, NOR SOULDIER, NOR PHYSITIAN, NOR FENCER, NOR COBLER, NOR FILCHER, NOR LAWYER, NOR USURER, BUT ALL. WHO LIVED NEITHER IN CITY, NOR COUNTRY, NOR AT HOME, NOR ABROAD, NOR AT SEA, NOR AT LAND, NOR HERE, NOR ELSEWHERE, BUT EVERY WHERE. WHO DIED, NEITHER OF HUNGER, NOR POYSON, NOR HATCHET, NOR HALTER, NOR DOGGE, NOR DISEASE, BUT OF ALL TOGETHER. I. I. H. BEING NEITHER HIS DEBTOR, NOR HEIRE, NOR KINSMAN, NOR FRIEND, NOR NEIGHBOUR, BUT ALL IN HIS MEMORY HAVE ERECTED, THIS NEITHER MONUMENT, NOR TOMB, NOR SEPULCHER, BUT ALL. WISHING NEITHER EVIL, NOR WEL, NEITHER TO THEE, NOR TO ME, NOR HIM, BUT ALL UNTO ALL.

156. *On*

156. *On a Dyer.*

Though death the Dyer colour-leſſe hath made,
Yet he dies pale, and will not leave his traule;
But being dead, the means yet doth not lack,
To dye his friends cloth into mourning Black.
Some ſure foreſaw his death, for they of late
Us'd to exclaim upon his dying Fate. (been,
And weak and faint, he ſeem'd oft times t'have
For to change colours often he was ſeen;
Yet there no matter was ſo foul, but he
Would ſet a colour on it handſomely:
Death him no unexpected ſtroke could give,
That learnt to die, ſince he began to live.
He ſhall yet prove, what he before had try'd,
And ſhall once more live after he hath dy'd.

157. *On a diſagreeing Couple.*

Hic jacet ille, qui centies & mille
Did ſcold with his Wife:
Cum illo jacet illa, quæ communis in villa
Did quittance his life:
His name was *Nick*, the which was ſick,
And that very *male*,
Her name was *Nan*, who loved well a man,
So Gentleman, *vale*.

158. *On a Foot-boy that dy'd with over-much running.*

Baſe tyrant death, thus to aſſail one tir'd,
Who ſcarce his lateſt breath being left expir'd;
And being too too cruell thus to ſtay
So ſwift a courſe, at length ran quite away.
But pretty boy, be ſure it was not death
That left behinde thy body out of breath:
Thy ſoule and body running in a race,
Thy ſoule held out, thy body tir'd apace,
Thy ſoule gained, and left that lump of clay
To reſt it ſelfe untill the latter day.

159. *On a Scrivener.*

Here to a period is the Scrivener come,
This is the laſt ſheet, his full point this Tombe.
Of all aſperſions I excuſe him him not,
'Tis known he liv'd not, without many a blot;
Yet he no ill example ſhew'd to any,
But rather gave good copies unto many.
He in good Letters hath alwayes been bred,
And hath writ more then many men have read.
He rulers had at his command by law,
And though he could not hang, yet he could draw
He far more bond-men had, and made, than any;
A daſh alone of his pen ruin'd many;

That

That not without good reaſon, we might call
His Letters great, or little, Capitall.
Yet is the Scriveners fate as ſure as juſt,
When he hath all done then he falls to duſt.

160. *On Mr. P. Gray.*

Reader ſtay,
And if I had no more to ſay,
But here doth lie till the laſt day,
All that is left of *Philip Gray*;
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if ſuch men as he could die,
What ſurety of life have thou and I?

161. *On a Chandler.*

How might his dayes end that made weeks? or he
That could make light, here laid in darkneſſe be?
Yet ſince his weeks were ſpent, how could he chuſe
But be depriv'd of light, and his trade loſe?
Yet dead the Chandler is, and ſleeps in peace,
No wonder; long ſince melted was his greace:
It ſeems that he did evill, for day-light
He hated, and did rather wiſh the night:
Yet came his works to light, and were like gold
Prov'd in the fire, but could not tryall hold;
His candle had an end, and deaths black night
Is an extinguiſher of all his light.

162. *On a Smith.*

Farewell ſtout Iron-ſide, not all thine Art
Could make a ſhield againſt deaths envious Dart.
Without a fault, no man his life doth paſs,
For to his Vice the Smith addicted was.
He oft (as choler is increas'd by fire)
Was in a fume, and much inclin'd to ire.
He had ſo long been us'd to Forge, that he
Was with a black-coal mark'd for forgery:
But he for witneſſe needed not to care,
Who but a Black-ſmith was, though ne'r ſo fair;
And opportunities he needed not,
That knew to ſtrike then when the Ir'n was hot;
As the door-Nailes he made, hee's now as dead;
He them, and death him, hath knockt on the head.

163. *On a Man drown'd in the Snow.*

Within a fleece of ſilent waters drown'd,
Before my death was known, a grave I found;
The which exil'd my life from her ſweet home,
For grief ſtraight froze it ſelfe into a tombe.
One element my angry Fate thought meet
To be my death, grave, tombe, and winding ſheet:
Phœbus himſelfe, an Epitaph had writ,
But blotting many ere he thought one fit;
He wrote untill my grave, and tombe were gone,
And 'twas an Epitaph that I had none;

For

For every one that paſſed by that way,
Without a ſculture read that there I lay.
Here now the ſecond time untomb'd I lie,
And thus much have the beſt of Deſtinie:
Corruption, from which onely one was free,
Devour'd my grave, but did not feed on me:
My firſt grave took me from the race of men,
My laſt ſhall give me back to life agen.

164. *On Dr. Hackets wife.*

Drop mournfull eyes your pearly trickling tears,
Flow ſtreames of ſadneſſe, drown the ſpangled ſphears,
Fall like the tumbling Cataracts of *Nile*,
Make deaf the world with cryes; let not a ſmile
Appeare, let not an eye be ſeen to ſleep
Nor ſlumber, onely let them ſerve to weep
Her deare lamented death, who in her life
Was a religious, loyall, loving wife,
Of children tender, to an husband kind,
Th'undoubted ſymptomes of a vertuous mind:
Which makes her glorious, 'bove the higheſt pole,
Where Angels ſing ſweet *requiems* to her ſoule;
She liv'd a none-ſuch, did a none-ſuch die,
Ne'r none-ſuch here her corps interred lie.

165. *On a beautifull Virgin.*

In this Marble buri'd lies,
Beauty, may inrich the Skyes,

And adde light to *Phebus* eyes.

Sweeter then *Aurora's* aire,
When ſhe paints the Lilies faire,
And gilds Cowſlips with her haire.

Chaſter then the Virgin ſpring,
Ere her bloſſoms ſhee doth bring,
Or cauſe *Philomel* to ſing.

If ſuch goodneſſe live 'mongſt men,
Bring me it; I know then
She is come from heaven agen.

But if not, ye ſtanders by
Cheriſh me, and ſay that I
Am the next deſign'd to dy.

166. An ancient Epitaph on Martin Mar-Prelate.

The Welſhman is hanged,
Who at our Kirk ſtanged,
And at her State banged,
And dranyd are his Bukes:
And though he bee hanged,
Yet he is not wranged,
The Devill has him fanged
In his kruked klukes.

167. *Upon*

167. *Upon Hodge Pue's Father.*

Oh cruell death that ſtopt the view
Of *Thoms* pariſhioner good-man *Pue*,
Who lived alwayes in good order,
Untill that death ſtopt his Recorder,
Which was betwixt Eaſter and Pentecoſt,
In the yeare of the great froſt:
At *New-Market* then was the King,
When as the Bells did merrily ring;
The Miniſter preached the day before
Unto his Highneſſe, and no more,
Returning home, ſaid prayers, and
Buried the man as I underſtand.

168. On our Prime Engliſh Poet *Geffery Chaucer*, an ancient Epitaph.

Mr Waſter Chaucer, with his freſh Comedies
Is dead, alas! chief Poet of Britaine,
That whilome made full piteous Tragedies:
The fault alſo of Princes did complaine,
As he that was of making Soveraigne,
Who n all this Land ſhould of right preferre,
Sith of our Language he was the Load-ſterre.

169. *On M. Edm. Spencer the famous Poet.*

At *Delphos* ſhrine, one did a doubt propound,
Which by the Oracle muſt be releaſed,
Whether of Poets where the beſt renown'd;
Thoſe that ſurvive, or they that are deceaſed?
The Gods made anſwer by divine ſuggeſtion,
While *Spencer* is alive, it is no queſtion.

170. *On Jo. Owen.*

Well had theſe words been added to thy herſe,
What e'r thou ſpak'ſt (like *Ovid*) was a verſe.

171. *On Michael Drayton buryed in Weſtminſter.*

Doe pious Marble, let thy Readers know,
What they, and what their children ow
To *Drayton*'s ſacred name, whoſe duſt
We recommend unto thy truſt.
Protect his memory, preſerve his ſtory,
And a laſting Monument of his glory,
And when thy ruines ſhall diſclaime
To be the Treaſury of his name:
His name which cannot fade, ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

172. *On*

172. *On Maſter Beaumont.*

He that hath ſuch acuteneſſe, and ſuch wit,
As well may ask ſix lives to manage it;
He that hath writ ſo well, that no man dare
Deny it for the beſt; let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whoſe ſole death appeares,
Wit's a diſeaſe conſumes men in few yeares.

173. *On William Shakeſpeare.*

Renowned *Spencer* lye a thought more nigh
To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lye
A little nearer *Spencer*, to make roome,
For *Shakeſpeare* in your threefold, fourfold tombe,
To lodge all four in one bed make a ſhift
Untill Dooms-day for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day, and that by Fates be ſlain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in death doe barre
A fourth place in your ſacred Sepulchre;
Under this ſacred Marble of thine owne,
Sleep rare Tragœdian *Shakeſpeare*! ſleep alone.
Thy unmoleſted peace in an unſhared Cave,
Poſſeſſe as Lord, not Tenant of thy grave,
That unto us, and others it may bee,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.

174. *On Ben: Johnſon.*

Here lyes *Johnſon* with the reſt
Of the Poets; but the beſt
Reader, wo'dſt thou more have knowne?
Aſk his Storie, not this Stone;
That will ſpeake what this can't tell
Of his glorie. So farewell.

175. *Another on Ben: J.*

The Muſes faireſt light, in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned Age; the Line
That none can paſſe; the moſt proportion'd wit
To Nature; the beſt Judge of what was fit:
The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt pen;
The voice moſt eccho'd by conſenting men:
The ſoule which anſwer'd beſt to all well ſaid
By others; and which moſt requitall made:
Tun'd to the higheſt key of ancient *Rome*,
Returning all her muſick with her owne.
In whom with nature, ſtudy c'aim'd a part,
And yet who to himſelfe ow'd all his Art;
Here lyes *Ben: Johnſon*, every age will look
With ſorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

176. *On Mr. Francis Quarles.*

To them that underſtand themſelves ſo well,
As what, not who lies here, to ask, I'll tell,
What I conceive, envie dare not deny,
Far both from falſhood, and from flattery.
Here drawn to land by death, doth lie
A veſſell fitter for the skie,
Then *Jaſons Argo*, though to *Greece*,
They ſay, it brought the Golden fleece.
The skillfull Pilot ſteer'd it ſo,
Hither and thither, to and fro,
Through all the Seas of Poetry,
Whether they far or neare doe ly,
And fraught it ſo with all the wealth,
Of wit and learning, not by ſtealth,
Or Piracy, but purchaſe got,
That this whole lower world could not
Richer commodities, or more
Afford to adde unto his ſtore.
To heaven then with an intent
Of new diſcoveries, he went,
And left his veſſell here to reſt
Till his return ſhall make it bleſt.
The bill of lading he that looks
To know, may find it in his books.

177. *On*

177. *On Doctor Donnes death.*

He that would write an Epitaph for thee,
And doe it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so.
He must have wit to spare, and to hurle down:
Enough to keep the Gallants of the Town.
He must have learning plenty; both the Laws,
Civill, and Common, to judge any cause;
Divinity great store, above the rest;
None of the worst edition, but the best;
He must have language, travail, all the Arts;
Judgement to use; or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do;
Such as *Mecenas* and *Augustus* too;
He must have such a sickneſſe, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an Epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first; let alone for mee.

178. *On Doctor Whaly.*

What? is the young *Apollo* grown of late
Conscious his tender years are nothing fit
To rule the now large *Heliconian* State,
Without a sage Competitor in it?

And

And therefore ſent death, who might *Whaly* bring
To be a Guardian to this ſtripling King?
Sure ſo it is, but if we thought it might
Be worſe then this: namely, that the gods for ſpight
To earth, had ta'n him hence; wee'd weep amain,
Wee'd weep a *Phlegethon*, an Ocean;
Which might without the help of *Charons* Oares,
Ferry his ſoule to the *Elyſian* ſhoares.

179. *On Doctor Bambrigg.*

Were but this Marble vocall, there
Such an *Elogium* would appeare
As might, though truth did dictate, move
Diſtruſt in either faith or love;
As ample knowledge as could reſt
Inſhrined in a Mortall's breaſt,
Which ne'retheleſſe did open lie,
Uncovered by humilitie.
A heart which pietie had choſe,
To be her Altar, whence aroſe
Such ſmoaking Sacrifices, that
We here can onely wonder at;
A honey tongue that could diſpence,
Torrents of ſacred Eloquence;
That 'tis no wonder if this Stone
Becauſe it cannot ſpeake, doth groane;
For could Mortality aſſent,
Theſe aſhes might prove eloquent.

180. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh at his Execution.*

Great heart, who taught thee ſo to die?
Death yeelding thee the victorie?
Where took'ſt thou leave of life? If there,
How couldſt thou be ſo freed from feare?
But ſure thou dyeſt, and quitt'ſt the State
Of fleſh and blood before the Fate.
Elſe what a miracle were wrought,
To triumph both in fleſh and thought?
I ſaw in every ſtander by,
Pale death, life onely in thine eye:
Th'example that thou left'ſt was then,
We look for when thou dy'ſt agen.
Farewell, truth ſhall thy ſtory ſay,
We dy'd, thou onely liv'dſt that day.

181. *On Sir Horatio Palavozeene.*

Here lies Sir *Horatio Palavozeene*,
Who rob'd the Pope to pay the Queene,
And was a Thief. A Thief? thou ly'ſt:
For why? he rob'd but Antichriſt.
Him death with his beeſome ſwept from *Babram*,
Into the boſome of old *Abraham*:
But then came *Hercules* with his club,
And ſtruck him down to *Belzebub*.

182. *On*

182. *On Sir Francis Drake drowned.*

Where *Drake* firſt found, there laſt he loſt his fame:
And for Tombe left nothing but his name.
His body's bury'd under ſome great wave,
The Sea that was his glory, is his grave:
Of him no man true Epitaph can make,
For who can ſay, Here lyes Sir *Francis Drake?*

183. *Sir Ph. Sidney on himſelfe.*

It is not I that dye, I doe but leave an Inne,
Where harbourd was with me all filthy ſinne:
It is not I that dye, I doe but now begin,
Into eternall joyes by faith to enter in.
Why mourne you then, my Parents, Friends & Kin?
Lament you when I loſe, not when I win.

184. *On Sir Walter Rawleigh.*

If ſpite be pleas'd, when as her object's dead,
Or malice pleas'd, when it hath bruis'd the head,
Or envy pleas'd, when it hath what it would,
Then all are pleas'd, for *Rawleighs* blood is cold,
Which were it warm and active, would o'rcome,
And ſtrike the two firſt blind, the other dumbe.

185. *On*

185. *On Sir Philip Sidney.*

Reader: Within this ground Sir *Philip Sidney* lie,
Nor is it fit, that more
I ſhould acquaint;
Leſt ſuperſtition riſe,
And men adore
A Lover, Scholler, Souldier, and a Saint.

186. *On a Learned Nobleman.*

He that can reade a ſigh, and ſpell a teare,
Pronounce amazement, or accent will feare,
Or get all griefe by heart, he, onely he,
Is fit to write, or reade thy Elegie.
Unvalued Lord! that wer't ſo hard a text,
Read in one age, and underſtood i'th' next.

187. *On the Tombes in Weſtminſter.*

Mortality, behold, and feare,
What a change of fleſh is here!
Think how many Royall bones,
Sleep within theſe heap of Stones;
Here they lie, had Realmes, and Lands;
Who now want ſtrength to ſtir their hands.

Where

Where from their pulpits ſeal'd with duſt,
They preach, In greatneſſe is no truſt.
Here's an Acre ſown indeed,
With the richeſt, royall'ſt ſeed,
That the earth did e'r ſuck in,
Since the firſt Man dy'd for ſin:
Here the bones of birth have cry'd,
Though Gods they were, as men they dy'd:
Here are Sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd ſides of Kings.
Here's a world of Pomp and State
Buried in Duſt, once dead by Fate.

188. *On Queen Elizabeth.*

Kings, Queens, Mens, Virgins eyes
See where the mirrour lyes.
In whom her friends have ſeen,
A Kings ſtate in a Queen:
In whom her foes ſurvay'd,
A Mans heart in a Maid.
Whom left Men for her Piety,
Should grow to think ſome Deity;
Heaven hence by death did ſummon
Her, to ſhew that ſhe was Woman.

189. *On Queen Anne, who dyed in March, was kept all Aprill, and buried in May.*

March with his winds hath ſtruck a Cedar tall,
And weeping *Aprill* mourns the Cedars fall;
And *May* intends her month no flow'rs ſhal bring,
Since ſhe muſt loſe the flow'r of all the Spring.
Thy *March* his winds, have cauſed *Aprill* ſhow'rs,
And yet ſad *May* muſt loſe his flow'r of flow'rs.

190. *On Prince Henry.*

Reader; wonder think it none,
Though I ſpeak, and am a ſtone,
Here is ſhrin'd Cœleſtiall duſt,
And I keep it but in truſt:
Should I not my treaſure tell,
Wonder then you might as well,
How this Stone could chuſe but break,
If it had not learnd to ſpeak:
Hence amaz'd and ask not me
Whoſe theſe ſacred aſhes be,
Purpoſely it is conceal'd,
For alaſſe! were that reveal'd,
All that read would by and by
Melt themſelves to tears and dy.

191. *On King James his death.*

We justly, when a meaner subject dyes,
Begin his Epitaph with, Here he lyes.
But when a King, whose memory remains
Triumphant over death; with, here he reigns:
Now he is dead, to whom the world imputes
Deservedly, eternall Attributes.
For shall we think his glory can decease,
That's honour'd with the stile, The King of Peace:
Whose happy union of Great Britanny?
Calls him the blessed King of Unity.
And in whose Royall Title it ensu'th,
Defender of the Faith, and King of Truth,
These girt thy brows with an immortal Crown,
(Great *James*) & turn thy Tombe into a Throne.

192. *On the King of Sweden.*

The world expects *Swede's* monumentall Stone
Should equall the Philosophers; each groane
Should breath a golden vein, and every verse
Should draw *Elixar* from his fatall Herse.
No fitter subject where strong lines should meet,
Than such a noble Center; could the feet
Of able Verse but trace his Victories,
They need not feare o'r strain'd Hyperbolies,

Where all's tranſcendent, who out parallel'd
Plutarchs ſelected *Heroes*, and is held
The tenth of Worthies: who hath over-acted
Great *Cæſars German*-Comment, and contracted
His expeditions by preventing aw,
He often overcame before he ſaw:
And (what of his great Son, *Jove* us'd to ſay)
He alwayes either found or made his way.
Such was his perſonall and ſingle fight,
As if that death it ſelf had ta'n her flight
Into brave *Swedens* ſcabbard, when he drew,
Death with that ſteel inevitably flew.
His Camp a Church, wherein the Gen'ralls life
Was the beſt Sermon, and the onely ſtrife
Amongſt his, was to repeat it; bended knee
Was his prime poſture, and his enemy
Found this moſt prevalent; his diſcipline
Impartiall and exact, it did out-ſhine
Thoſe Antique Martiall Grecian, Roman lamps,
From which moſt of the worlds ſucceeding camps
Have had their borrow'd light; this, this was he,
All this and more; yet even all this can dye.
Death ſurely ventur'd on the *Swede* to try,
If heav'n were ſubject to mortality;
And ſhot his ſoule to Heav'n, as if that ſhe
Could (if not kill) unthrone a Deity.
Bold Death's deceiv'd, 'tis in another ſenſe,
That Heav'n is ſaid to ſuffer violence.

No

No ir'n Chain-ſhot, but 'tis the golden chaine
Of Vertue, and the Graces are the maine,
That doe unhinge the everlaſting Gates,
All which like yoked undivided mates,
Were link'd in *Sweden*; where then were enchain'd
Like Orthodoxall, Volumes nothing feign'd:
Though fairly bound, his ſtory is not dipt
In oyle, but in his own true Manuſcript.
It is enough to name him, ſurely we
Have got that *Romans* doting Lethargie:
And may our names forget, if ſo we can
Forget the name of *Sweden*; renown'd man?
Thou hadſt no ſooner made the Worthies ten,
But heaven did claim the tenth; jealous that men
Would Idolize thee, but their Inſtrument.
Thus thy Meridian prov'd thy Occident:
Had longer dayes been granted by the Fates,
Rome had heard this *Hanniball* at her gates.

Farewell thou *Auſtrian* ſcourge,
Thou modern wonder,
Strange rain hath followed
Thy laſt clap of thunder,
A Shower of teares:
And yet for ought we know,
The Horn that's left,
May blow down *Jericho*.

193. *To Death.*

Death, art thou mad? or having loſt thine eyes,
Now throw'ſt thy dart at wild uncertainties?
Which hits thoſe men, who hadſt thou eyes or
Would challenge from thee mild obedience. (ſenſe
Their prudent looks gilt with Divinity,
Thy trembling hand would caſt thy dart away,
And grant the wearied Bells a holy day;
And thou griev'd for thy former crueltie,
Wouldſt to the world proclaime a Jubilee.
But thou art blind and deaf: yet one or two
At moſt, me thinks, had been enow
To ſatisfie thy bloudy tyranny.
But thou wouldſt fain rob poor mortality
Of all true worth, that men might be as baſe
As thou art, and the Devils of thy race.
Art thou coward grown? why didſt not dart
Thy ſpight at luſty youth? whoſe valiant heart
Would ſcorn thy fond Alarums, and would ſlight
Thy mighty malice, and thy puny might.
This had been fair enough; but thou goeſt further:
That had been but man-ſlaughter, this is murther;
To kill thoſe rich-ſoul'd men, who ſweetly doe
Whiſper unto their willing ſouls to goe
But knowledge of thy weakneſſe makes thee wiſe,
Thou ſeekſt not triumphs now, but ſacrifice.

Thy

Thy malice fools the too, thou hop'ſt they'd griev,
Becauſe they ſhould be forc'd behind to leave
Their honour'd worth; but (fond fool) they be
Now crown'd and cloath'd with immortalitie.
Nor ſhalt thou kill their fames: here we will raiſe
A Monument to them, ſhall out-laſt dayes;
Nor ſhall decay, untill the Trumpets call
The world to ſee thy long-wiſh'd Funerall:
Till then ſleep bleſt ſoules, freed from hopes and feares.
Whilſt we do write your *Epitaphs* in tears.

FANCIES

AND

FANTASTICKS.

Time that all things doth inherit,
Renders each deserv't merritt, Youth
with youth is best combined,
Without protesting, Faith is
moving. I love not with
Each one with his like is
Beauty should have
Never yet was found but
face so fine a feature,
it will be burning
Eb
Love is love of lower

Ænigma.

AS often as I pleaſe it changeth forme,
It is no Coward, though it doe no harme:
'Tis never hurt, nor ever doth it feed;
'Tis nothing worth, yet nothing doth it need.
Swiftly it runs, yet never maketh ſound,
And once being loſt, again 'tis never found.
'Tis a fit Servant for a Gentleman,
And a true pattern for a Serving-man.
'Tis born a Gyant, lives a Dwarfe, and nigh
Unto its death, a Gyant doth it dye.

Another on the ſix Caſes.

No. *Nanta* was nominated for a W.
Gen. For ſhe that had been *Genitive* before:
Da Notice hereof was *to the Juſtice* given,
Acc. *Who her accus'd*, that ſhe had looſly liven.
Voc. But ſhe *cry'd mercy*, and her fault ſo ript,
Abl. And ſo was *ta'n away* and ſoundly whipt.
Her Caſe was ill; yet will the queſtion be,
Being thus declin'd, in what a caſe was ſhe

If V 2 I, as I 2 V am true,
I
V muſt lye, and V

Thoughts——} c
Searching}

Valued}
Love——}may B

Truth never ties
Too A foole yy

If V2V have part

And

V bb

Y'ave 1. 2. many then I. C.
And R not worth
Write} Q Q
I'le——}not yours V V

A Riddle.

A begger once exceeding poore,
A penny pray'd me give him,
And deeply vow'd ne'r to ask more
And I ne'r more to give him,
Next day he begg'd again, I gave,
Yet both of us our oaths did ſave.

Another.

There was a man beſpake a thing,
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it, did refuſe it,
He that bought it, would not uſe it;
He that hath it doth not know
Whether he hath it, yea or no.

Another.

One evening, as cold, as cold might be,
With Froſt and Snow, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a bed together;
Yet one after other they took heat,
And dy'd that night all in a ſweat.

THIS

one is myrth
Like a wille
Each pursuing others blisses.
out, whose everie angle
THIS is love and worth
but lovinge
More and more
Twyninge armes excell
Laughing wee
Sheds up the
bending.
This is love &
Never by
commending. Still
Still in
Like in
Loth still intangle
Taking eyes
Springe still togeather
Measure still in
Beginning never ending.
Ever high
insnaring harts
movinge. And is sure
in ether.

A doubtfull meaning.

The *Feminine* kinde is counted ill :
And is I ſweare : The contrary ;
No man can finde : That hurt they will ;
But every where : Doe ſhow pitie ;
To no kinde heart ; They will be curſt ;
To all true friends : They will be truſtie ;
In no part : They work the worſt ;
With tongue and mind : But honeſtie ;
They doe deteſt : Inconſtancy ;
They doe embrace : Honeſt intent ;
They like leaſt : Lewd fantaſie ;
In every caſe ; Are penitent ;
At no ſeaſon : Doing amiſſe ;
To it truly : Contrary ;
To all reaſon : Subject and meek ;
To no body : Malicious ;
To friend or foe : Or gentle ſort ;
They be never : Doing amiſſe ;
In weale and woe : Of like report ;
They be ever : Be ſure of this ;
The *feminine* kind : Shall have my heart ;
Nothing at all : Falſe they will be ;
In word and mind : To ſuffer ſmart ;
And ever ſhall : Believe you me.

2 A

That doth goe

That's
rul'd by 1.

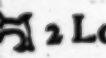
Whoſe ſayes no:

I'le try ere truſt
Ward leſt

my

Find ſlight regard.

The a whilſt

I  2 Lovers

That
gazed me.

There was nor

nor loathſome

That might diſturb or break delight,

Nor nor

in that ſame road,
And yet to me they ſeem'd affright.
favour
Then them I told,
True love cannot be
bold

Theſe may be read two or three wayes.

Your face	Your tongue	Your wit
ſo faire	ſo ſmooth	ſo ſharp
firſt drew	then mov'd	then knit
mine eye	mine eare	my heart
Mine eye	Mine eare	My heart
thus drawn	thus mov'd	thus knit
affects	hangs on	yeelds to
your face	your tongue	your wit

Theſe may be read backward or forward.

Joy, Mirth, Triumphs, I doe defie,
Deſtroy me Death; faln would I die:
Forlorn am I, love is exil'd,
Scorn ſmiles thereat; hope is begall'd:
Men baniſh'd bliſſe, in woe muſt dwell,
Then Joy, Mirth, Triumphs all farewell.

TRUE

TRUE LOVE IS A PRECIOUS PLEASURE
Though Beauties soule
Maze enamoured
Dead to
Religious
Wreath like
Like a
Sinnes & flameing rife
Hand in hand their fleeting
True love is
Measure
Compounded
Two faire minds in
Meeting
Graspings
Dancing
Two
Pleasures in one
Vowes & fidelious
To faithles
Not for
Rich delight unvalu'd treasure
Two soules
One combineing
Forgetfulnes
Watches
Love for ver
Dead to
True love is a

Eſt aliis ſervire tenetur
Jure qui
ſum ſervire neceſſe eſt
Jure tibi me
Te nulli cunctos
aut are videris
Qui cunctos hos laude
aut fero cunctis.

Thus Engliſhed.

-ling is bound to ſerve his Mris. hands
An-
you & bound to do your high cõmands
I'm.
None's you
you all are then
I'll praiſe you
other men.

A New-yeers Gift.

That our loves may never alter,
Tye it faſt with this ſtrong Halter.

The Anſwer.

The Rope is old, the Jeſt is new,
I'll take the Jeſt, the Rope take you.

A Gentleman to his Love.

Tell her I love; and if ſhee aske how well;
Tell her my tongue told thee no tongue can tell.

Her Anſwer.

Say not you Love, unleſſe you doe,
For lying will not honour you.

His Reply.

Madam, I Love, and love to doe,
And will not lye, unleſſe with you.

To his Miſtreſſe.

A conſtant heart within a womans breaſt,
Is Ophir gold within an ivory cheſt.

Her Anſwer.

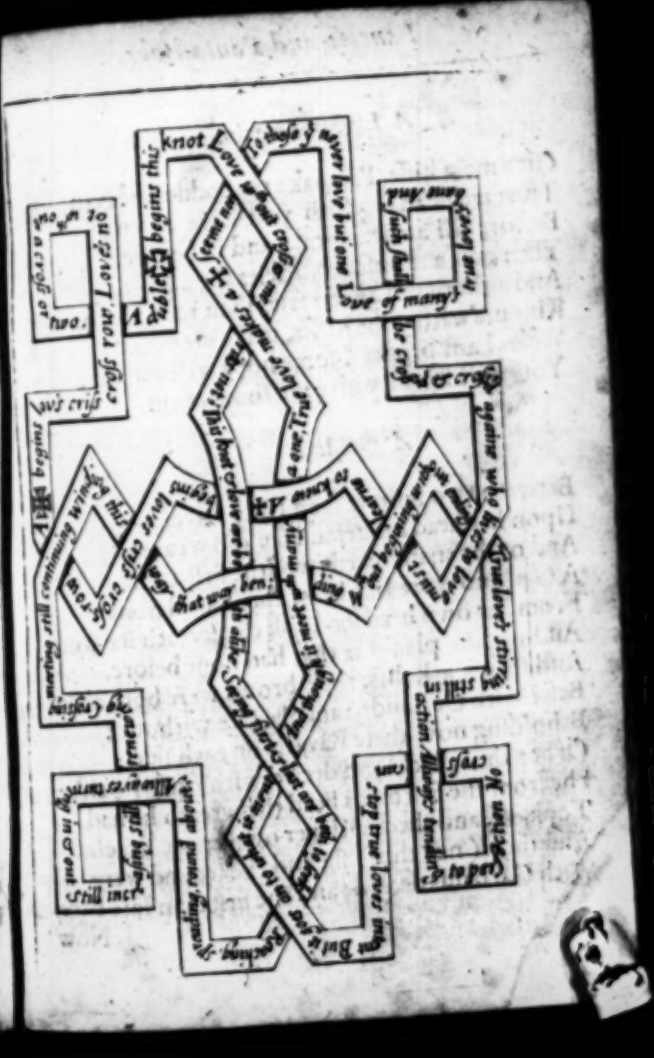
Of ſuch a Treaſure then thou art poſſeſt,
For thou haſt ſuch a heart in ſuch a Cheſt.

On Chloris walking in the Snow.

I saw faire *Chloris* walk alone,
When feather'd rain came softly down,
Then *Jove* descended from his Tower,
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton Snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whitenesse there,
For griefe it thaw'd into a teare;
Then falling down her garment hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

Upon Clarinda, begging a lock of her Lovers hair.

Fairest *Clarinda*, she whom truth calls faire,
Begg'd my heart of me, and a lock of haire;
Should I give both, said I, how should I live?
The lock I would, the heart I would not give:
For that, lest theeving Love should steal away,
Discretion had lock'd up, and kept the key;
As for the lock of hair which lovers use,
My head laid on her knee, I pray'd her chuse,
Taking her Sizars by a cunning art,
First pick'd the lock, and then she stole my heart.


knot
Love
Jesus
Love
Love
Love

A Loving Bargain.

Give me a kiſſe, I'll make that odde one even,
Then treble that which you have given;
Be ſure I'll anſwer you, and if I miſſe,
Then take a thouſand forfeits for a kiſſe,
And a thouſand be too few, than take more:
Kiſſe me with your Kiſſes, make me poore:
When I am begger'd ſome hope will remain,
You will for pity give me ſome again.

A Queſtion.

Between two Suiters ſat a Lady faire,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did weare:
And of the enamoured two, the firſt alone,
A Garland wore like hers, the ſecond none;
From her own head ſhe took the wreath ſhe wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before.
And then mark this, their brows were both about
Beſet with Garlands, and ſhe ſate without:
Beholding now theſe Rivails on each ſide
Of her thus plac'd and deck'd with equall pride:
She from the firſt mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brow ſhe clad.
And then (not this) ſhe and the ſecond were
With Garlands deck'd; and the firſt man ſate bare.

Now

Now which did ſhe love beſt? of him to whom
She gave the wreath? or him ſhe took it from?

The Anſwer.

In my conceit, ſhe would him ſooneſt have,
From whom ſhe took, not him to whom ſhe gave.
For to beſtow, many reſpects may move:
But to receive, none can perſwade but love.
Shee grac'd him much on whom the wreath ſhee
plac'd;
But him whoſe wreath ſhe wore, ſhe much more
grac'd.
For where ſhe gives, ſhe there a ſervant makes,
But makes her ſelfe a ſervant where ſhe takes.
Then where ſhe takes, ſhe honours moſt: & where
Shee doth moſt honour, ſhe moſt love doth bear.

An Incomparable kiſſe.

Give me a Kiſſe from thoſe ſweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoyning mine,
Another yet, nay yet another,
And let the firſt Kiſſe be the ſeconds brother.
Give me a thouſand kiſſes, and yet more;
And then repeat thoſe that have gone before;
Let us begin while day-light ſprings in heav'n
And kiſſe till night deſcends into the Ev'n,

And

And when that modeſt Secretary, Night,
Diſcolours all but thy heav'n-beaming bright,
We will begin Revels of hidden love,
In that ſweet Orbe where ſilent pleaſures move.
In high, new ſtrains, unſpeakable delight,
We'll vent the dull houres of the ſilent night.
Were the bright day no more to viſit us,
O then for ever would I hold thee thus;
Naked, inchain'd, empty of idle feare,
As the firſt Lovers in the Garden were.
I'll dye betwixt thy breaſts that are ſo white,
For, to dye there, would doe a man delight.
Embrace me ſtill, for time runs on before,
And being dead we ſhall embrace no more.
Let us kiſſe faſter than the houres doe flye,
Long live each kiſſe, and never know to dye.
Yet if that fade, and fly away too faſt,
Impreſſe another, and renew the laſt;
Let us vie kiſſes, 'till our eye-lids cover,
And if I ſleep, count me an idle Lover,
Admit I ſleep, I'll ſtill purſue the Theame,
And eagerly I'll kiſſe thee in a dreame.
O give me way; grant love to me thy friend,
Did hundred thouſand Suiters all contend
For thy Virginity, there's none ſhall wooe
With heart ſo firme as mine; none better doe
Then I with your ſweet-ſweetneſſe; if you doubt,
Pierce with your eyes my heart, or pluck it out.

To

To his Mistresse.

Dearest, thy twin'd haires are not threds of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor doe I hold
Thy lips for Rubies, nor thy cheeks to be
Fresh Roses; nor thy Dugs of Ivory;
The skin that doth thy dainty body sheath,
Not alablaster is; nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours; these the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy worth;
Such then are other mistresses; but mine(
Hath nothing earth, but all divine.

The Answer.

If earth doth never change, nor move,
There's nought of earth sure in thy love;
Sith heavenly bodies with each one,
Concur in generation;
And wanting gravity are light,
Or in a borrowed lustre bright;
If meteors and each falling starre,
Of heavenly matter framed are,
Earth hath thy Mistresse, but sure thine
All heavenly is, though not divine.

To

To his Miſtreſſe.

I love, becauſe it comes to me by kind;
And much, becauſe it much delights my mind:
And thee, becauſe thou art within my heart:
And thee alone, becauſe of thy deſert.
I love, and much, and thee, and thee alone,
By kind, mind, heart, and every one.

Her Anſwer.

Thou lov'ſt not, becauſe thou art unkind,
Nor much, 'cauſe it delighteth not thy mind:
Nor me, becauſe I am not in thy heart:
Nor me alone, becauſe I want deſert:
Thou lov'ſt nor much, nor me, nor me alone,
By kind, mind, heart, deſert, nor any one.

Clowniſh Courtſhip.

Excellent Miſtreſſe, brighter than the Moon,
Then ſcoured Pewter, or the Silver-ſpoon,
Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the morning Starre;
Dainty faire Miſtreſſe, by my troth you are
As far excelling *Diva* and her Nymphs,
As lobſters crawfiſh, and as crawfiſh ſhrimps:
Thine eyes like Diamonds, doe ſhine moſt clearly,
As I'm an honeſt Man, I love thee dearly.

A Compariſon.

Like to the ſelfe-inhabiting ſnaile,
Or like a Squirrell pent-hous'd under his taile,
Even ſuch is my Miſtreſſe face in a yaile:
Or like to a Carp that's loſt in mudding,
Nay, more like to a black-pudding:
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Miſtreſſe beauty in a taffity gin.

A Queſtion.

Tell me (Sweet-heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone*,
Tell me but that, 'tis all I crave;
I ſhall not need to be alone,
If ſuch a lovely mate I have;
That thou art one, who can deny?
And all will grant that I am I,
If I be I, and thou art one,
Tell me (Sweet heart) how ſpell'ſt thou *Jone*.

The Anſwer.

I tell you Sir, and tell you true,
That I am *I*, and I am *one*,
So can I ſpell *Jone* without you,
And ſpelling ſo, can lye alone:

My

My eye to one is conſonant,
But as for yours it is not ſo;
If that your eye agreement want,
I to your eye muſt anſwer no;
Therefore leave off your loving plea,
And let your I be I *per ſe.*

Loves prime.

Deare Love, doe not your fair beauty wrong
With thinking ſtill you are too young,
The Roſe and Lilly in your cheek
Doe flouriſh, and no ripening ſeek:
Thoſe flaming beams ſhot from your eye,
Doe ſhow Loves Midſumer is nigh.
Your cherry-lip, red, ſoft and ſweet,
Proclaime ſuch fruit for taſte is meet:
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

Another to his Miſtreſſe.

When firſt I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle thief, and ſtol'ſt my heart away;
Render me mine again, or leave thy owne,
Two are too much for thee, ſince I have none:
But if thou wilt not, I will ſwear thou art
A ſweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

Another.

Another.

Sweeteſt fair be not too cruell,
Blot not beauty with diſdain,
Let not thoſe bright eyes adde fewell
To a burning heart in vain;
Leſt men juſtly when I dye,
Deem you the Candle, me the Flye.

Another.

I cannot pray you in a ſtudyed ſtile,
Nor ſpeak words diſtant from my heart a mile;
I cannot viſit Hide-Park every day,
And with a Hackney court my time away;
I cannot ſpaniolize it week by week,
Or wait a moneth to kiſſe your hand or cheek;
If when you'r lov'd, you cannot love again,
Why, doe but ſay ſo, I am out of pain.

Excuſe for abſence.

You'll ask perhaps wherefore I ſtay,
(Loving ſo much,) ſo long away?
I doe not think 'twas I did part,
It was my body, not my heart:

For

For like a Compasse in your love,
One foot was fix't, and cannot move;
Th'other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy fortune, but cannot slide
Beyond your service; nor will venter
To wander far from you the Center.

To a faire, but unkinde Mistresse.

I prethee turn that face away,
Whose splendor but benights my day;
Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts,
Shun the bright rayes that beauty darts;
Unwelcome is the Sunne that pries
Into those shades where sorrow lies.
Goe shine on happie things, to me
The blessing is a misery;
For your bright Sun, not warms, but burnes;
Like that the Indian sooty turnes.
I'll serve the night, and there confin'd,
Wish thee lesse faire; or else more kind.

To himselfe.

Retreat sad heart, breed not thy further pain;
Admire, but fonder thoughts seek to refraine.

To some Ladies.

Ladies, you that seem so nice,
And in show as cold as ice,
And perhaps have held out thrice;
Do not think, but in a trice,
One or other may entice;
And at last by some device,
Set your honour at a price.

You whose smooth and dainty skin,
Rosie lips, or cheeks, or chin,
All that gaze upon you win,
Yet insult not, sparkes within
Slowly burn e'r flames begin,
And presumption still hath bin
Held a most notorious sin.

A heart lost.

Good folk, for love or hire,
But help me to a Cryer,
For my poor heart is gone astray
After two eyes that went that way.
O yes! if there be any man
In Town or Country, can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll pay him for his pain.

And by these marks I will you show,
That onely I this heart doe ow:
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet sticks the dart,
Every part sore hurt throughout:
Faith and troth writ round about.
It is a tame heart and a deare,
That never us'd to roame,
But having got a haunt, I feare
Will never stay at home,
For love-sake walking by this way,
If you this heart doe see;
Either impound it for a stray,
Or send it home to me.

The sad Lover.

Why should I wrong my judgement so,
As for to love where I doe know
There is no hold for to be taken?

For what her wish thirsts after most,
If once of it her heart can boast,
Straight by her folly 'tis forsaken.

Thus whilst I still pursue in vaine,
Me thinks I turn a child again,
And of my shadow am a chasing.

For all her favours are to me
Like apparitions which I see,
But never can come near th'embracing.

Oft had I wish'd that there had been
Some Almanack whereby to have seen,
When love with her had been in season.

But I perceive there is no art
Can find the Epact of the heart,
That loves by chance, and not by reason.

Yet will I not for this despaire,
For time her humor may prepare
To grace him who is now neglected.

And what unto my constancie
Shee now denies: one day may be
From her infancy expected.

A watch sent to a Gentlewoman.

Goe and count her happy hours,
They more happy are than ours:
That day that gets her any blisse,
Make it twice as long as 'tis:
The houre she smiles in, let it be
By thine Art increas'd to thee:

But if thee frown on thee or mee,
Know night is made, by her, not thee:
Be ſwift in ſuch an houre, and ſoon
Make it night, though it be noon:
Obey her time, who is the free,
Faire Sun that governs thee and mee.

On a Fairing.

Let them whoſe heart diſtruſts a Miſtreſſe faith,
Bribe it with gifts: mine no ſuſpition hath:
It were a ſin of as much ſtaine in mee,
To think you falſe, as ſo my ſelfe to be.
If to reward that thou haſt expreſt,
Thou doſt expect a preſent: 'tis confeſt
'Twere juſtice from another, but I am
So poore; I have not left my ſelfe a name
In ſubſtance; not made thine by gift before:
He that beſtowes his heart, can give no more.
If thou wouldſt have a fairing from me, then
Give me my ſelfe back, I'll give it thee agen.

Posies for Rings.

Wee are agreed
In time to speed.

I trust in time
Thou wilt be mine.

In thy breast
My heart doth rest.

This and the giver
Are thine for ever.

'Tis love alone
Makes two but one.

Loves knot once tyde
Who can divide?

Where hearts agree
No strife can be.

God above
Increase our love.

Though time doe slide,
Yet in true love abide.

Nought so sweet,
As when we greet,

Thy affection,
My perfection.

With A *to* Julia.

Julia, I bring
To thee this Ring,
Made for thy finger fit;
To shew by this,
That our love is
(Or sho'd be) like to it.

Close though it be,
Thy joynt is free:
So when lov's yoke is on,
It must not, gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

But it muſt play
Still either way;
And be, too, ſuch a yoke,
As not too wide,
To over-ſlide;
Or be ſo ſtraite to choake.

So we, who beare,
This beame, muſt reare
Our ſelves to ſuch a height:
As that the ſtay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is no where found
To flaw or elſe to ſever:
So let our love
As endleſs prove;
And pure as Gold for ever.

True Beauty.

May I finde a woman faire,
And her mind as clear as aire;
If her beauty gone alone,
'Tis to mee, as if twere none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a a pitch:
If that pride ſhould cauſe diſdain,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain?

May I finde a woman wiſe,
And her falſhood not diſguiſe;
Hath ſhe wit, as ſhe hath will?
Double arm'd ſhe is to ill.

May I finde a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind:
How ſhould I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I finde a woman true,
There is beauties faireſt hue;
There is beauty, love and wit,
Happy he can compaſſe it.

Choice of a Miſtreſſe.

Not that I wiſh my Miſtris
More or leſſe than what ſhe is,
Write I theſe lines, for 'tis too late
Rules to preſcribe unto my fate.

But yet as tender ſtomachs call
For ſome choice meat, that bears not all:

A queazie lover may impart,
What Miſtreſſe 'tis that pleaſe his heart.

Firſt I would have her richly ſpred,
With natures bloſſomes white and red;
For flaming hearts will quickly dye,
That have not fewell from the eye.

Yet this alone will never win,
Except ſome treaſure lies within;
For where the ſpoile's not worth the ſtay,
Men raiſe their ſiege and goe away.

I'd have her wiſe enough to know
When, and to whom a grace to ſhow:
For ſhe that doth at randome chuſe,
She will, as ſoon her choice refuſe.

And yet me thinks I'd have her mind
To flowing courteſie inclin'd:
And tender hearted as a maid,
Yet pity onely when I pray'd.

And I would wiſh her true to be,
(Miſtake me not) I meane to mee;
She that loves me, and loves one more,
Will love the Kingdome o'r and o'r.

And

And I could wiſh her full of wit,
Knew ſhe how to huſwife it:
But ſhee whoſe wiſdome makes her dare
To try her wit, will ſell more ware.

Some other things, delight will bring,
As if ſhe dances, play, and ſing.
So they be ſafe, what though her parts
Catch ten thouſand forain hearts.

But let me ſee, ſhould ſhe be proud;
A little pride ſhould be allow'd.
Each amorous boy will ſport and prate
Too freely, where he finds not ſtate.

I care not much though ſhe let down
Sometime a chiding, or a frown.
But if ſhe wholly quench deſire,
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire.

To ſmile, to toy, is not amiſſe,
Sometimes to interpoſe a kiſſe;
But not to cloy; ſweet things are good,
Pleaſant for ſawce, but not for food.

Wishes to his supposed Mistresse.

Who e'r she be,
That is the onely shee,
That shall command my heart and mee.

Might you heare my wishes
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gawdy tire, or some such folly.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest;
And can alone command the rest.

Smiles, that can warme
The blood, yet teach a charme
That chastity shall take no harme.

Joyes that confesse
Vertue her Mistresse,
And have no other head to dresse.

Dayes, that in spight
Of darkenesse, by the light
Of a cleare minde, are day all Night.

Life

Life that dares ſend
A challenge to his end,
And when it's come, ſay, Welcome friend.

Soft ſilken Howers,
Open Sunnes; ſhady Bowers,
Bove all; Nothing within that lowers.

I wiſh her ſtore
Of wealth may leave her poore
Of wiſhes; and I wiſh no more.

Now if time knows,
That her whoſe radiant browes,
Weavethem a Garlant of my vowes.

Her that dare bee,
What theſe lines wiſh to ſee,
I ſeek no further, it is ſhee.

Such worth as this is,
Shall fix my flying wiſhes
And determine them to kiſſes.

Let her full glory,
(My fancies) fly before ye,
Be ye my fiction, but her my ſtory.

To a Lady.

Madam,
Should I not ſmother this ambitious fire,
Which actuates my verſe: it would aſpire
To blear your vertues, in a glimm'ring line;
And your perfections in its meaſures twine.
But I have check'd my fancie Muſe, nor dares
Dull Poetry attempt to ſcan the ſpheares;
Or in a cloudy rime invaile the light,
Or court the trembling Watchmen of the night;
Some vulgar vertue, or a ſingle blaze,
Might ſtand in verſe; and would endure a gaze:
But when both Art, and Nature, ſhall agree
To ſumme them all in one Epitome:
When the perfections of both ſexes, are
Lock'd in one female ſtore-houſe; who ſhall dare
In an audacious rapture, to untwine
Into looſe numbers, what heaven doth enſhrine,
In one rich breaſt? Dazled invention ſay,
Canſt thou embowell either *India*,
In one poore rime? Or can thy torch-light fire,
Shew us the Sunne; or any Star that's higher?
If thou wilt needs ſpend thy officious flame,
Doe it in admiration: but diſclaime
Thy power to praiſe: thy ſenders wiſhes, beare,
And be the Herauld of the new-born yeare:

Wiſh

Wish that each rising Sunne, may see her more
Happy, then when he rose the morne before;
And may, when e'r he gilds the envious West,
Leave her more blest, then when he grac'd the East.
Wish higher yet, that her felicity
May equalize her vertues: Poetry
Thou art too low; canst thou not swell a straine
May reach my thoughts: good Madam since 'tis vain,
(And yet my verse to kisse your hand presum'd)
Let it to be your sacrifice be doom'd:
And what it wants in true Poetique fire,
Let the flame adde, till so my Muse expire.

An Eccho.

Come Eccho I thee summon,
Tell me truly what is Woman?
If worne, she is a feather,
If wood she's frosty weather;
If worn, the winde not lighter:
If weigh'd, the Moone's not lighter:
If lain withall, she's apish:
If not laine with, she's snappish.

Come Eccho I thee summon,
Tell me once more what is Woman?
If faire, she's coy in courting,
If witty, loose in sporting,

If ready, she's but cloathing,
If naked, she's just nothing,
If not belov'd, she horns thee;
If lov'd too well, she scorns thee.
The Eccho still replyed,
But still me thought shee lyed.

Then for my Mistresse sake,
againe reply did make.
If worn, she is a jewell,
If woo'd, she is not cruell,
If wonne, no rock is surer,
If weigh'd, no gold is purer,
If laine withall, delicious;
If not, yet no way vitious.
False Eccho goe, you lie,
See your errours I discrie.

And for the second summon I
This for woman doe reply.
If faire, she's heavenly treasure,
If witty, she's all pleasure,
If ready, she is quaintest.
If not ready, she's daintiest,
If lov'd, her heart she spares not,
If not belov'd, she cares not.
False Eccho, goe you lie,
See, your errours I descry.

To

To Fortune.

Since Fortune thou art become so kinde,
To give me leave to take my mind,
Of all thy store.
First it is needfull that I finde
Good meat and drink of every kinde;
I ask no more.
And then that I may well digest
Each severall morsell of the feast:
See thou my store.
To ease the care within my breast,
With a thousand pound at least:
I ask no more.
A well born and a pleasing Dame,
Full of beauty, void of shame;
Let her have store
Of wealth, discretion, and good fame;
And able to appease my flame.
I ask no more.
Yet one thing more doe not forget,
Afore that I doe doe this feat,
Forgot before;
That she a Virgin be, and neat,
Of whom two sonnes I may beget;
I aske no more.
Let them be Barons, and impart

To each a Million for his part;
I thee implore.
That when I long life have led,
I may have heaven when I am dead:
I ask no more.

A Dialogue between Icaris *and surprized* Phillida.

Phil. Prettee Sweet-one look on me,
Faine I would thy captive be,
Bound by thee is *Libertie*.

Icar. Be not so unkindly wise,
For your looks will bribe my eyes,
To divulge where my heart lyes.

Phil. If they doe, thou need'st not feare,
By my innocence I sweare,
I'll but place another there.

Icar. That's my feare, I dare not prove,
Nor my resolution move,
'Cause I know you are in love.

Phil. Lov'd *Icarus*, and if I bee,
I know it cannot injure thee:
Love and beautie will agree.

Icar. Oh you doe my hearing wrong,
I have turn'd my eyes thus long
To be captiv'd by your tongue.

Phil. Then my houres are happy ſpent,
If my tongue give ſuch content,
It ſhall be thy *Inſtrument.*

Icar. But be ſure you uſe it then,
Thus unto no other men,
Leſt that I grow deafe again.

Fidelius *and his ſilent Miſs.* Flora.

Fid. My deareſt *Flora* can you love me?
Flo. Prethee prove me.
Fid. Shall I have your hand to kiſſe?
Flo. Yes, yes.
Fid. On this whiteneſſe let me ſweare,
Flo. No, pray forbeare.
Fid. I love you dearer then mine eyes.
Flo. Be wiſe.
Fid. I prize no happineſſe like you.
Flo. Will you be true?
Fid. As is the Turtle to her Mate.
Flo. I hate.
Fid. Who my divineſt *Flora*, me?
Flo. No flattery.

Fid.

Fid. He that flatters, may he die.
Flo. Perpetually.
Fid. And his black urne be the cell,
Flo. Where Furies dwell.
Fid. May his name be blasphemous,
Flo. To us.
Fid. His memory for ever rot;
Flo. And be forgot.
Fid. Left it keep our age and youth,
Flo. From love and truth.
Fid. Thus upon your Virgin hand,
Flo. Your vows shall stand.
Fid. This kisse confirmes my act and deed.
Flo. You may exceed.
Fid. Your hand, your lip, I'll vow on both;
Flo. A dangerous o[illegible]
Fid. My resolution ne'r shall start;
Flo. You have my heart.

Feares and Resolves of two Lovers.

A. What wouldst thou wish? tell me deare lover,
I. How I might but thy thoughts discover.
A. If my firme love I were denying,
Tell me, with sighes wouldst thou be dying?
I. Those words in jest to heare thee speaking,
For very griefe, this heart is breaking.
A. Yet wouldst thou change? I prethee tell me,

In ſeeing one that doth excell me?
I. O no, for how can I aſpire,
To more then to my owne deſire?
This my miſhap doth chiefly grieve me;
Though I doe ſwear't, you'l not believe me.
A. Imagine that thou doſt not love me;
But ſome beauty that's above me.
I. To ſuch a thing Sweet doe not will me;
The naming of the ſame will kill me.
A. Forgive me faire one, Love hath feares:
I. I doe forgive, witneſſe theſe teares.

A *Sonnet.*

Who can define, this all things, nothing love,
Which hath [illegible]much of every thing in it?
Which watry, with the Planets oft doth move,
And with the Zoane it hath a fiery fit;
Oft ſeizes men, like maſſy ſtupid earth,
And with the Aire, it filleth every place;
Which had no Midwife, nor I think no birth,
No ſhrine, no arrows, but a womans face.
A God he is not, for he is unjuſt;
A Boy he is not, for he hath more power;
A Faction 'tis not, all will yeeld I truſt;
What is it then, that is ſo ſweetly ſower?
No law ſo wiſe, that can his abſence prove;
But (ah) I know there is a thing call'd Love.

A Love-ſicke-Sonnet.

Love is a Sickneſſe full of woes,
All remedies refuſing:
A Plant that with moſt cutting grows,
Moſt barren with beſt uſing.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cries
Hey ho!

Love is a torment of the minde,
A tempeſt everlaſting;
And *Jove* hath made it of a kinde,
Not well, nor full nor faſting.
Why ſo?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it ſighing cries
Hey ho!

A Queſtion.

Fain would I learn of men the reaſon why
They ſweare they die for love, yet lowly ly?
Or why they fondly dote on, and admire
A painted face, or a fantaſtick tyre.
For while ſuch Idols they fall down before,

They prove more fools then thoſe they thus adore.

Anſwer.

The reaſon why men loving lowly ly;
Is hope to gaine their purpoſes thereby.
And that they fondly dote on paint and tires;
'Tis juſt in love, to ſhew mens fond deſires.
And for the reſt, this have I heard from Schools
That love, makes fooliſh wiſe, & wiſe men fools.

Sighs.

All night I muſe, all day I cry,
Ay me.
Yet ſtill I wiſh, though ſtill deny.
Ay me.
I ſigh, I mourne, and ſay that ſtill,
I onely live my joyes to kill.
Ay me.
I feed the pain that on me feeds,
Ay me.
My wound I ſtop not, though it bleeds;
Ay me.
Heart be content, it muſt be ſo,
For ſprings were made to overflow.
Ay me.
Then ſigh and weepe, and mourn thy fill,

Ay

Ay me,
Seek no redreſſe, but languiſh ſtill.
Ay me.
Their griefes more willing they endure,
That know when they are paſt recure.
Ay me.

To Celia weeping.

Faireſt, when thine eyes did poure
A chryſtall ſhower,
I was perſwaded, that ſome ſtone
Had liquid grown;
And thus amazed; ſure thought I,
When ſtones are moiſt, ſome raine is nigh.

Why weep'ſt thou? cauſe thou cannot be
More hard to me?
So Lioneſſes pitty, ſo
Doe Tygres too:
So doth that bird, which when ſhe's fed
On all the man, pines o're the head.

Yet I'le make better omens till
Event beguile;
Thoſe pearly droppes, in time ſhall be
A precious Sea;
And thou ſhalt like thy Corall prove,
Soft under water, hard above.

An Hymne to Love.

I will confesse
With cheerefullnesse,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day,
I'le kisse the hand that strikes me.

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring, cry,
It (ah!) too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, Ile be
In fetters free;
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for paine;
Ile entertaine
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers and wine
And Cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee:
Which done; no more

Ile

Ile come before
Thee and thine Altars emptie.

Loves Diſcovery.

With much of paine, and all the Art I knew,
Have I endeavor'd hitherto
To hide my love; and yet all will not doe.

The world perceives it, and it may be, ſhee;
Though ſo diſcreet and good ſhee bee,
By hideing it, to teach that skill to mee.

Men without love have oft ſo cunning growne,
That ſomething like it they have ſhowne,
But none that had it ever ſeem'd t'have none.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kinde,
Can no arts or diſguiſes finde,
But thinkes none ſees it cauſe it ſelfe is blinde.

The very eye betrays our inward ſmart;
Love of himſelfe left there a part,
When through it he paſt into the heart.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,
But keepe the ſecret wiſely, yet,
Like drunkenneſſe into the Tongue t'will get.

Heart-

Heart-breaking.

It gave a piteous groane, and so it broke;
In vaine it something would have spoke:
The love within too strong for't was
Like poyson put into a Venice Glasse.

I thought that this some Remedy might prove,
But, oh, the mighty Serpent Love,
Cut by this chance in pieces small,
In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feeles the whole paine of all my heart:
And every smallest corner still
Lives with that torment which the whole did kill.

Even so rude Armies when the field they quit,
And into severall Quarters get;
Each Troope does spoyle and ruine more
Then all joyn'd in one body did before.

How many loves reigne in my bosome now?
How many loves, yet all of you?
Thus have I chang'd with evill fate
My Monarch Love into a Tyrant State.

A Teare sent his Mistresse.

Glide gentle streames, and beare
Along with you my teare
To that coy Girle;
Who smiles, yet slayes
Me with delayes;
And strings my teares as Pearle.

See! see she's yonder set,
Making a Carkanet
Of mayden-flowers!
There, there present
This Orient,
And pendant Pearle of ours.

Then say, I've sent one more
Gem, to enrich her store;
And that is all
Which I can send,
Or vainly spend,
For teares no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the springs once drie;
But Ile devise,

(Among

(Among the reſt)
A way that's beſt
How I may ſave mine eyes.

Yet ſay, ſho'd ſhe condemne
Me to ſurrender them;
Then ſay; my part
Muſt be to weep
Out them; to keep
A poore, yet loving heart.

Say too, ſhee wo'd have this;
Shee ſhall: Then my hope is,
That when I'm poore,
And nothing have
To ſend, or ſave;
I'm ſure ſhe'll aske no more.

A Song.

To thy lover
Deere, diſcover
That ſweet bluſh of thine that ſhames
(When thoſe Roſes
It diſcloſes)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free Ayre,
Flow thy Haire;

That

That no more Summers best dresses,
Bee beholden
For their Golden
Lockes to *Phœbus* flaming Tresses.

O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy Eyes he shoots his Arrowes,
Where *Apollo*
Cannot follow:
Featherd with his Mothers Sparrows.

O envie not
(That we dye not)
Those deere lips whose doore encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearles, and sister Roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to cleare the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The aire does wooe thee,
Winds cling to thee,

Might

(Among the reſt)
A way that's beſt
How I may ſave mine eyes.

Yet ſay, ſho'd ſhe condemne
Me to ſurrender them;
Then ſay; my part
Muſt be to weep
Out them; to keep
A poore, yet loving heart.

Say too, ſhee wo'd have this;
Shee ſhall: Then my hope is,
That when I'm poore,
And nothing have
To ſend, or ſave;
I'm ſure ſhe'll aske no more.

A Song.

To thy lover
Deere, diſcover
That ſweet bluſh of thine that ſhames
(When thoſe Roſes
It diſcloſes)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free Ayre,
Flow thy Haire;

That no more Summers beſt dreſſes,
Bee beholden
For their Golden
Lockes to *Phœbus* flaming Treſſes.

O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy Eyes he ſhoots his Arrowes,
Where *Apollo*
Cannot follow:
Featherd with his Mothers Sparrows.

O envie not
(That we dye not)
Thoſe deere lips whoſe doore encloſes
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearles, and ſiſter Roſes.

From theſe treaſures
Of ripe pleaſures
One bright ſmile to cleare the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The aire does wooe thee,
Winds cling to thee,

Might

Might a word once flye from out thee;
Storme and thunder
Would ſit under,
And keep ſilence round about thee.

But if natures
Common Creatures,
So deere glories dare not borrow;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty,
To my loving lingring ſorrow.

When my dying
Life is flying;
Thoſe ſweet Aires that often ſlew me;
Shall revive me,
Or reprive me,
And to many deaths renew me.

The Cruell Maid.

And cruell maid, becauſe I ſee
You ſcornfull of my love, and me:
Ile trouble you no more; but goe
My way, where you ſhall never know
What is become of me: there I
Will finde me out a path to die;

r learne ſome way how to forget
ou, and your name, for ever: yet
re I goe hence; know this from me,
hat will, in time, your fortune be:
his to your coyneſſe I will tell;
nd having ſpoke it once, Farewell.
he Lillie will not long endure;
or the Snow continue pure:
he Roſe, the Violet, one day
ee, both theſe Lady-flowers decay:
nd you muſt fade, as well as they.
nd it may chance that love may turn,
nd (like to mine) make your heart burn
nd weep to ſee't; yet this thing doe,
hat my laſt vow commends to you:
hen you ſhall ſee that I am dead,
or pitty let a teare be ſhed;
nd (with your Mantle o're me caſt)
Give my cold lips a kiſſe at laſt:
f twice you kiſſe, you need not feare,
That I ſhall ſtirre, or live more here.
Next hollow out a Tombe to cover
Me: me, the moſt deſpiſed Lover;
And write thereon, *This, Reader, know,*
Love kill'd this Man. No more but ſo.

Silence.

Silence.

No; to what purpoſe ſhould I ſpeake?
No, wretched Heart, ſwell till you breake!
She cannot love me if ſhee would;
And to ſay truth, 'twere pity that ſhee ſhould.
No, to the Grave thy ſorrows beare,
As ſilent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd hand this mortall wound doth
So handſomely the thing contrive, (give,
That ſhe may guiltleſs of it live.
So periſh, that her killing thee
May a chance Medley, and no murther bee.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By' her beauty, not her Anger dye;
This will looke juſtly, and become
An Execution, that a Martyrdome.
The cenſuring world will ne're refrain
From judging men by thunder ſlaine.
She muſt be angry ſure, If I ſhould be
So bould to aske her to make me
By being hers, happier then ſhe;
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving, then her hate.

And yet this death of mine, I feare,
Will ominous to her appeare:

When,

When, found in every other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an Heart;
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath.

His Misery.

Water, water I aspie:
Come, and coole yee; all who frie
In your loves; but none as I.

Though a thousand showers be
Still a falling, yet I see
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas
For to quench ye, or some ease
From your kinder Mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,
Of a thousand thousand known,
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one, as will repeat
Both the cause, and make the heat
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despaire
Of my cure, doe you beware
Of those Girles, which cruell are.

The Call.

Marina, stay,
And run not thus like a young Roe away,
No enemie
Pursues thee (foolish girle) 'tis onely I,
Ile keep off harmes,
If thou'l be pleas'd to garrison mine armes;
What dost thou feare
Ile turn a Traytour? may these Roses here
To paleness fired,
And Lillies stand disguised in new red,
If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay;
See, see the Sunne
Doth slowly to his azure lodging run;
Come, sit but here,
And presently hee'l quit our Hemisphere;
So still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long;
Here will we spin
Legends for them, that have love Martyrs been;
Here on this plaine
Wee'l talke *Narcissus* to a flower againe;
Come here and chose
On which of these proud plats thou wouldst re-
Here mayst thou shame (pose,

The

The ruſtie Violets, with the Crimſon flame,
Of either checke;
And Primroſes white as thy fingers ſeek;
Nay, thou mayſt prove
That mans moſt noble paſſion, is to love.

A Check to her delay.

Come come away,
Or let me goe;
Muſt I here ſtay,
Becauſe y'are ſlow;
And will continue ſo?
Troth Lady, no.

I ſcorne to be
A ſlave to ſtate:
And ſince I'm free
I will not wait,
Henceforth at ſuch a rate,
For needie fate.

If you deſire
My ſpark ſho'd glow,
The peeping fire
You muſt blow;
Or I ſhall quickly grow,
To froſt or ſnow.

The Lure.

Farewell, nay prethee turn again,
Rather then looſe thee, Ile arraigne
My ſelfe before thee; thou (moſt faire) ſhall be
Thy ſelfe the Judge;
Ile never grudge
A law, ordain'd by thee.

Pray doe but ſee, how every Roſe
A ſanguine viſage doth diſcloſe,
O ſee, what Aromatick guſts they breath;
Come here we'le ſit,
And learne to knit,
Them up into a wreath.

With that wreath, crowned ſhalt thou be;
Not grac't by it, but it thee;
Then ſhall the fawning Zephirs wait to heare
What thou ſhalt ſay,
And ſoftly play,
While Newes to me they beare.

Come prethee come, wee'l now aſſay
To piece the ſcantneſſe of the day;
Wee'l pluck the wheels from th'charry of the Sun,
That he, may give
Us time to live;
Till that our ſcene be done.

Wee'l

Wee'l ſuffer viperous thoughts, and cares,
To follow after ſilver haires;
Let's not anticipate them long before;
When they begin,
To enter in,
Each minute they'l grow more.

No, no *Marina*, ſee this brook
How't would its poſting courſe revoke,
Ere it ſhall in the Ocean mingled lie,
And what I pray,
May cauſe this ſtay;
But to atteſt our joy?

Far be't from luſt; ſuch wild fire, ne're
Shall dare to lurk or kindle here;
Diviner flames ſhall in our fancies roule,
Which not depreſſe
To earthlineſſe,
But elevate the ſoule.

Then ſhall a grandiz'd love, confeſſe,
That ſoules can mingle ſubſtances;
That hearts can eaſily counter-changed be,
Or at the leaſt,
Can alter breaſts,
When breaſts themſelves agree.

To Julia.

'Tis Ev'ning my sweet,
And dark; let us meet;
Long time w'have here been a toying:
And never as yet,
That season co'd get,
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

For pitty or shame,
Then let not love's flame,
Be ever and ever a spending;
Since now to the Port
The path is but short;
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flyes away fast;
Our howers doe wast;
The while we never remember,
How soone our life, here,
Growes old with the yeere,
That dyes with the next December.

Of Beautie.

What doe I hate, what's Beautie? Iasse
How doth it passe?
As flowers, assoone as smelled at
Evaporate,

Even

Even so this shaddow, ere our eyes
Can view it, flies.

What's colour? Saffe the sullen Night
Can be affright;
A Rose can more vermilion speake,
Then any cheeke;
A richer white on Lillies stands,
Then any hands.

Then what's the worth, when any flower
Is worth far more?
How constant's that which needs must die
When day doth fly?
Glow-wormes can lend some petty light,
To gloomy night.

And what's proportion? wee discry
That in a fly;
And what's a lip? 'tis in the cest
Red clay at best.
And what's an Eye? an Eglets are
More strong by farre.

Who can that specious nothing heed,
Which flies exceed?
Who would his frequent kisses lay
On painted clay?

Wh'ould not if eyes affection move
Young Eglets love?

Is beautie thus? then who would lie
Love-ſick and die?
And's wretched ſelfe annihilate
For knows not what?
And with ſuch ſweat and care invade
A very ſhade?

Even he that knows not to poſſeſſe
True happineſſe,
But has ſome ſtrong deſires to try
What's miſery,
And longs for teares, oh he will prove
One fit for love.

Farewell to Love.

Well-ſhadow'd Landskip, fare-ye-well:
How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
At leaſt ſo well
As he, that now hates more
Then e're he lov'd before.

But my deare nothings, take your leave,
No longer muſt you me deceive,
Since I perceive

All the deceit, and know
Whence the miſtake did grow.

As he whoſe quicker eye doth trace
A falſe ſtar ſhot to a markt place,
Do's run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A Gelly up do's ſnatch.

So our dull ſoules taſting delight
Far off, by ſence, and appetite,
Think that is right
And reall good; when yet
'Tis but the counterfeit.

Oh! how I glory now; that I
Have made this new diſcovery?
Each wanton eye
Enflam'd before: no more
Will I increaſe that ſcore.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to ſee
What manner of deaths-head 'twill be,
When it is free
From that freſh upper-skin;
The gazers joy and ſin.

A quick Coarſe me-thinks I ſpy
In ev'ry woman: and mine eye,
At paſſing by,
Check, and is troubled, juſt
As if it roſe from Duſt.

They mortifie, not heighten me:
Theſe of my ſins the Glaſſes be:
And here I ſee,
How I have lov'd before,
And ſo I love no more.

To a proud Lady.

Is it birth puffs up thy mind?
Women beſt born, are beſt inclin'd.
Is it thy breeding? No, Hy'de;
Women well bred are foes to pride.
Is it thy beauty, fooliſh thing?
Lay by thy cloths, there's no ſuch thing?
Is it thy vertue? that's deny'd,
Vertue's an oppoſite to pride.
Nay, then walk on, I'll ſay no more,
Who made thee proud, can make thee poore.
The Devill onely hath the skill
To draw faire fools, to this foule ill.

On Women.

Finde me an end out in a Ring,
Turne a streame backwards to its spring,
Recover minutes past and gone,
Undoe what is already done,
Make heaven stand still, make mountaines flie,
And teach a woman constancy.

An Apologetique Song.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fools, or Tyrants, with your friends,
To make us still sing o're and o're,
Our own false praises, for your ends.
Wee have both wits and fancies too.
And if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
If we would search with care and pain,
Finde some one good, in some one man;
So going thorough all your traine,
Wee shall at last of parcells make
One good enough for a Song sake,

And as a cunning Painter takes
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,

Then

Then when 'tis made; why, ſo will wee.
And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Canto.

Like to a Ring without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a Horſe was never ridden,
Or a Feaſt and no gueſt bidden,
Like a well without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no man pluck it:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhee be ſaid,
That lives, not loves, but dies a maid.

The Ring if worne, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer ſpeaks,
The Horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The Feaſt doth pleaſe, if Gueſt be bidden,
The Bucket draws the water forth,
The Roſe when pluck'd, is ſtill moſt worth:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like a Stock not graffed on,
Or like a Lute not playd upon,
Like a Jack without a weight,
Or a Bark without a fraight,

Like

Like a Lock without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, not loves, but dies a maid.

The graffed Stock doth beare beſt fruite,
There's Muſick in the finger'd Lute,
The weight doth make the Jack goe readie,
The fraight doth make the Bark goe ſteadie,
The Key the Lock doth open right,
A Candle's uſefull in the night:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like a Call without a Non-ſir,
Or a Queſtion without an Anſwer,
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Mine was never digg'd;
Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing not long preferr'd:
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhee be ſaid,
That lives, not loves, but dies a maid.

The Non-ſir doth obey the Call,
The Queſtion Anſwer'd pleaſeth all,
Who rigs a Ship ſailes with the winde,
Who digs a Mine doth treaſure finde,
The Wound by wholſome Tent hath eaſe,

The

The Box perfum'd the ſenſes pleaſe:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries ere ſhe dies.

Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendation and no Token,
Like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Moone, and no Man in it;
Like a Schoole without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhee bee ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is ſweet,
The Token doth adorn the greet,
There's triumph in the fort being wonne,
The Man rides glorious in the Moone;
The Schoole is by the Teacher fill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd.
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long defer'd:
Like the Gold was never try'd,
Or the ground unoccupi'd;
Like a houſe that's not poſſeſſed,
Or the Book was never preſſed.

Juſt

Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhee be ſaid,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.

The Bird in Cage doth ſweetly ſing,
Due ſeaſon preferres every thing,
The Gold that's try'd from droſſe is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd,
The Houſe is by poſſeſſion graced;
The Book when preſt, is then embraced.
Such is the Virgin in mine eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

A Diſſwaſive from Women.

Come away, doe not purſue
A ſhadow that will follow you.
Women lighter then a feather,
Got and loſt and altogether:
Such a creature may be thought,
Void of reaſon, a thing of nought.

2.

Come away, let not thine eyes
Gaze upon their fopperies,
Nor thy better Genius dwell
Upon a ſubject known ſo well:
For whoſe folly at the firſt
Man and beaſt became accurſt.

3.

Come away, thou canſt not finde,
One of all that's faire and kinde,
Brighter be ſhee then the day,
Sweeter then a morne in *May*;
Yet her heart and tongue agrees
As we and the *Antipodes*.

4.

Come away, or if thou muſt
Stay a while: yet doe not truſt,
Nor her ſighs, nor what ſhe ſweares.
Say ſhee weep, ſuſpect her teares.
Though ſhe ſeem to melt with paſſion,
'Tis old deceipt, but in new faſhion.

5.

Come away, admit there bee
A naturall neceſſitie;
Doe not make thy ſelfe a ſlave
For that which ſhee deſires to have.
What ſhee will, or doe, or ſay,
Is meant the clean contrary way.

6.

Come away, or if to part
Soon from her, affects thy heart,
Follow on thy ſports a while,
Laugh and kiſſe, and play a while:
Yet as thou lov'ſt me, truſt her not,
Leſt thou becom'ſt a ——I know what.

An Answer to it.

1.

Stay, O stay, and still pursue,
Bid not such happinesse adue,
Know'st thou what a woman is?
An Image of Celestiall bliss.
Such a one is thought to be
The neerest to Divinitie.

2.

Stay, O stay, how can thine eye
Feed on more felicitie?
Or thy better Genius dwell
On subjects that do this excell?
Had it not been for her at first,
Man and beast had liv'd accurst.

3.

Stay, O stay, has not there been
Of Beauty, and of love a Queen?
Does not sweetnesse temper a thee
Worthy its onely shrine to thee?
And where will vertue chuse to lie,
If not in such a Treasurie?

4.

Stay, O stay, wouldst thou live free?
Then seek a Nuptiall destinie:
'Tis not Natures blisse alone,
(She gives) but Heavens and that in one;

What she shall, or doe, or say,
Never from truth shall goe astray.

5.

Stay, O stay, let not thine heart
Afflicted bee, unlesse to part
Soone from her. Sport, kiss and play
Whilst no howers enrich the day:
And if thou dost a Cuckold prove,
Impute it to thy want of love.

The Postscript.

Good Women are like Starres in darkest night,
Their vertuous actions shining as a light
To guide their ignorant sex, which oft times fall,
And falling off, turns Diabolicall.
Good Women sure are Angels on the earth,
Of these good Angels we have had a dearth:
And therefore all you men that have good wives,
Respect their Vertues equall with your lives.

The Description of Women.

Whose head befringed with be-scattered tresses,
Shews like *Apollos*, when the morn he dresses:

Or like *Aurora* when with pearle ſhe ſets,
Her long diſcheveld Roſe-crown'd Trammelets:
Her forehead ſmooth, full, poliſh'd, bright and
Bears in it ſelfe a graceſull Majeſtie; (high
Under the which, two crawling eye-browes twine
Like to the tendrills of a flatt'ring Vine:
Under whoſe ſhade, two ſtarry ſparkling eyes
Are beautifi'd with faire fring'd Canopies.
Her comely noſe with uniformall grace,
Like pureſt white, ſtands in the middle place,
Parting the paire, as we may well ſuppoſe,
Each cheek reſembling ſtill a damaſk Roſe;
Which like a Garden manifeſtly ſhown,
How Roſes, Lillies, and Carnations grown;
Which ſweetly mixed both with white and red,
Like Roſe-leaves, white and red, ſeem mingled.
Then nature for a ſweet allurement ſets
Two ſmelling, ſwelling, bathfull Cherry-lets;
The which with Ruby-redneſſe being tip'd,
Doe ſpeake a Virgin merry, Cherry-lip'd.
Over the which a neat ſweet skin is drawne,
Which makes them ſhew like Roſes under Lawne.
Theſe be the Ruby-portalls and divine,
Which ope themſelves, to ſhew an holy ſhrine,
Whoſe breath is rich perfume, that to the ſenſe
Smells like the burn'd *Sabean* Frankincenſe;
In which the tongue, though but a member ſmall
Stands guarded with a Roſie-hilly-wall.

And her white teeth, which in the gums are ſet,
Like Pearle and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.
Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty ſtrive
For his white, plumpe, and ſmooth prerogative.
At whoſe faire top, to pleaſe the ſight there grows
The faireſt image of a bluſhing Roſe;
Mov'd by the chin, whoſe motion cauſeth this,
That both her lips doe part, doe meet, doe kiſs.
Her eares, which like two labyrinths are plac'd
On either ſide, with which rare Jewels grac'd:
Moving a queſtion whether that by them
The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.
But the foundation of the Architect,
Is the Swan-ſtaining, faire, rare, ſtately neck,
Which with ambitious humbleneſſe ſtands under,
Bearing aloft this rich-round world of wonder.
Her breaſt a place for beauties throne moſt fit,
Bears up two Globes, where love and pleaſure ſit;
Which headed with two rich round Rubies, ſhow
Like wanton Roſe-buds growing out of Snow,
And in the milky valley that's between,
Sits *Cupid* kiſſing of his mother Queen.
Then comes the belly, ſeated next below,
Like a faire mountain in *Ripbean* ſnow:
Where Nature in a whitenetſe without ſpot,
Hath in the middle tide a Gordian knot.
Now Love invites me to ſurvey her thighes,
Swelling in likeneſſe like two Cryſtall skyes;

Which to the knees by nature fastned on,
Derive their ever well 'greed motion.
Her legs with two cleare calves, like silver try'd,
Kindly swell up with little pretty pride;
Leaving a distance for the comely small
To beautifie the leg and foot withall.
Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,
Round, short and cleer, like pounded Spices sweet;
And whatsoever thing they tread upon,
They make it sent like bruised Cinnamon.
The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,
To see two Tablets of pure Ivorie:
From which two arms like branches seem to spread
With tender vein'd, and silver coloured,
With little hands, and fingers long and small,
To grace a Lute, a Violl, Virginall.
In length each finger doth his next excell,
Each richly headed with a pearly shell.
Thus every part in contrariety
Meet in the whole, and make an harmony:
As divers strings doe singly disagree,
But form'd by number make sweet melodie.

Her supposed Servant, described.

I would have him if I could;
Noble; or of greater Blood;
Titles, I confesse, doe take me;
And a woman God did make me,
French to boote, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that Nation.

Young I'd have him too, and faire,
Yet a man; with crisped haire
Cast in a thousand snares, and rings
For loves fingers, and his wings:
Chestnut colour, or more slack
Gold, upon a ground of black:
Venus, and *Minerva's* eyes
For he must looke wanton-wise.

Eye-brows bent like *Cupids* bow,
Front, an ample feild of snow;
Even nose, and cheeke (withall)
Smooth as is the Billiard Ball;
Chin, as wholly as the Peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And make love or me afeard.

He should have a hand as soft
As the Downe, and shew it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it e're it came;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fir'd as in beginners
In loves Schoole, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speake of all
What wo harmonie doe call
In a body should be there.
Well he should his clothes to weare;
Yet no Taylor helpe to make him
Dreſt, you still for man should take him;
And not thinke h'had eate a stake,
Or were set up in a Brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
Shewing danger more then ire.
Bountеous as the clouds to earth;
And as honest as his Birth.
All his actions to be such
As to doe nothing too much.
Nor o're-praise, nor yet condemne;
Nor out-valew, nor contemne;
Nor doe wronge, nor wrongs receive;

Nor

Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baseneſſe to be free,
As he durſt love truth and me.

Such a man with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, if ſhort he came,
I can reſt me where I am.

Another Ladyes exception.

For his minde, I doe not care,
That's a Toy, that I could ſpare;
Let his Title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band ſit neat,
Himſelfe young, and face be good,
All I wiſh tis underſtood.
What you pleaſe, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part II'd lie withall.

Abroad with the Maids.

Come ſit we under yonder Tree,
Where merry as the Maids we'l be,
And as on Primroſes we ſit,
We'l venter (if we can) at wit:
If not, at Draw-gloves we will play;
So ſpend ſome Minutes of the day;
Or elſe ſpin out the threed of ſands,
Playing at Queſtions and Commands:

Or

Or tell what strange Tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talke; but tell
No cruell truths of *Philomell*,
Or *Phillis*, whom hard Fate forc't on,
To kill her selfe for *Demophon*.
But Fables we'l relate; how *Jove*
Put on all shapes to get a Love;
As now a Satyr, then a Swan;
A Bull but then; and now a Man.
Next we will act how young men wooe;
And sigh, and kisse, as Lovers doe,
And talk of Brides; and who shall make
That wedding smock, this Bridal-Cake;
That dress, this sprig, that leafe, this vine;
That smooth and silken Columbine.
This done, we'l draw lots, who shall buy
And guild the Bayes, and Rosemary:
What Posies, for our wedding Rings;
What Gloves we'l give and Ribonings:
And smiling at our selves, decree,
Who then the joyning Priest shall be.
What short sweet Prayers shall be said;
And how the Posset shall be made
With Cream of Lillies (not of Kine)
And Maidens-blush, for spiced wine.
Thus having talkt, we'l next commend
A kiss to each; and so we'l end.

The Shepheards Holy day,
Mopſo *and* Marina.

Mop. Come *Marina* let's away,
For both Bride, and Bridegroome ſtay:
Fie for ſhame, are ſwains ſo long
Pinning of their head-geare on?

Prethee

Prethee see,
None but wee
'Mongst the Swaines are left unready:
Fie, make haste,
Bride is past,
Follow me, and I will lead thee.

Mar. On, my loving *Mopsa*, on,
I am ready, all is done
From my head unto my foot,
I am fitted each way too't;
Buskins gay,
Gowne of gray,
Best that all our Flocks doe render;
Hat of Straw,
Platted through,
Cherry lip, and middle slender.

Mop. And I think you will not find
Mopsa any whit behind,
For he loves as well to goe,
As most part of Shepheards doe.
Cap of browne,
Bottle-crowne,
With the legge I won at dancing,
And a pumpe,
Fit to jumpe,
When we Shepheards fall a prancing.

And

And I know there is a fore,
Will be well provided for't,
For I heare, there will be there,
Liveliest Swaines within the shiere:
Jetting *Gill*,
Jumping *Will*;
O'r the floore will have their measure:
Kit and *Kate*
There will waite,
Tib and *Tom* will take their pleasure.

Mar. But I feare;
Mop. What dost thou feare?
Mar. *Crowd* the Fidler is not there:
And my mind delighted is
With no stroke so much as his.
Mop. If not he,
There will bee
Drone the Piper that will trounce it.
Mar. But if *Crowd*
Struck alowd,
Lord me thinks how I could bounce it,

Mop Bounce it *Mall* I hope thou will,
For I know that thou hast skill;
And I am sure, thou there shalt find
Measures store to please thy mind.

Roun-

Roundelayes.
Irish bayes,
Cogs and Rongs, and Peggie Ramsy,
Spanletto,
The Venetto,
John come kisse me, Wilsons fancy.

Mar. But of all there's none so sprightly
To my eare, as *Touch me lightly*;
For it's this we Shepheards love,
Being that which most doth move;
There, there, there,
To a haire;
O *Tim Crowd*, me thinks I heare thee,
Young nor old,
Ne're could hold,
But must leake if they come neare thee.

Mop. Blush *Marina*, fie for shame,
Blemish not a Shepheards name;
Mar. *Mopsus*, why, is't such a matter,
Maids to shew their yeelding nature?
O what then,
Be ye men,
That will heare your selves so forward,
When you find
Us inclin'd
To your bed and board so toward?

Mop.

Mop. True indeed, the fault is ours,
Though we term it oft times yours.
Mar. What would Shepheards have us doe,
But to yeeld when they doe woo?
And we yeeld
Them the field,
And endow them with their riches.
Mop. Yet we know
Oft times too,
You'll not stick to weare the Breeches.

Mar. Fools they'l deem them, that do heare them,
Say their wives are wont to weare them;
For I know, there's none has wit,
Can endure or suffer it;
But if they
Have no stay,
Nor discretion (as 'tis common)
Then they may
Give the sway,
As is fitting, to the Woman.

Mop. All too long (deare Love) I ween,
Have we stood upon this Theame;
Let each Lasse, as once it was,
Love her Swain, and Swain his Lasse;
So shall wee
Honour'd bee,

In

Mop.

In our mating, in our meeting,
While we ſtand
Hand in hand,
Honeſt Swainling, with his Sweeting.

Alvar and Antibea.

Come *Antibea* let us two
Goe to Feaſt as others doe.
Tarts and Cuſtards, Cream and Cakes,
Are the junkets ſtill at Wakes:
Unto which the Tribes reſort,
Where the buſineſſe is the ſport:
Morris-dancers thou malt ſee,
Marian too in Pageantrie:
And a Mimick to deviſe
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and thoſe
Baſe in action as in clothes:
Yet with ſtrutting they will pleaſe
The incurious Villages.
Neere the dying of the day
There will be a Cudgel-play,
Where a Coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be ſpoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in Ale, or drownd in Beere.

Happ

Happy Rusticks, best content
With the cheapest Merriment:
And possesse no other feare,
Then to want the Wake next yeare.

The Wake.

I, and whither shall we goe?
To the Wake I trow:
'Tis the Village Lord-Majors show,
Oh! to meet I will not faile;
For my pallate is in haft,
Till I sip againe and taft
Of the Nut-Browne Laft and Ale.

Feele how my Temples ake
For the Lady of the Wake;
Her lips are as soft as a Medlar,
With her Posies and her poynts,
And the Ribbons on her joynts,
The Device of the fcilds and the Pedler.

Enter Maurice-Dancer.

With a noyſe and a Din,
Comes the Maurice-Dancer in:
With a fine linnen ſhirt, but a Buckram skin.
Oh! he treads out ſuch a Peale
From his paire of legs of Veale,
The Quarters are Idols to him.
Nor doe thoſe Knaves inviron
Their Toes with ſo much Iron,
'Twill ruine a Smith to ſhooe him.
I, and then he flings about,
His ſweat and his clout,
The wiſer thinke it two Ells:
While the Yeomen finde it meet,
That he jangle at his feet,
The Fore-horſes right Eare Jewels.

Enter

Enter Fidler.

But before all be done,
With a Chriſtopher ſtrong,
Comes Muſick none, though Fidler one,
While the Owle and his Grandchild,
With a face like a Manchild,
Amaz'd in their Neſt,
Awake from the Reſt,
And ſeeke out an Oake to laugh in.
Such a diſmall chance,
Makes the Church-yard dance,
When the Screech Owles guts ſtring a Coffin.
When a Fidlers coarſe,
Catches cold and grows hoarſe,
Oh ye never heard a ſadder,
When a Rattle-headed Cutter,
Makes his will before Supper,
To the Tune of the Nooze and the Ladder.

Enter the Taberer.

I, but all will not doe,
Without a Paſſe or two,
From him that Pipes and Tabers the Tattoo.
Hee's a man that can tell 'em,
Such a Jigge from his vellam;
With his Wiſtle and his Club,
And his brac't halfe Tub,
That I thinke there ne're came before ye,
Though the Mothes lodged in't,
Or in Manuſcript or Print,
Such a pitifull Parchment Storie.
He that hammers like a Tinker
Kettle Muſick is a ſtinker,
Our Taberer bids him hearke it;
Though he thraſh till he ſweate,
And our the bottome beate,
Of his two Doſſer Drummes to the Market.

Enter

Enter the Bag-piper.

Bag-piper good luck on you,
Th'art a Man for my money;
Him the Beares love better then honey.
How he tickles up his skill,
With his Bladder and his Quill;
How he swells till he blister,
While he gives his mouth a Glister,
Nor yet does his Physick grieve him;
His chops they would not tarry,
For a try'd Apothecary,
But the Harper comes in to relieve him.
Whose Musicke tooke its fountaine,
From the Bogge or the Mountaine,
For better was never afforded.
Strings hoppe and rebound,
Oh the very same sound
May be struck from a Truckle-bed boarded.

Cock-throwing.

Cock a-doodle doe, 'tis the braveſt game,
Take a Cocke from his Dame,
And bind him to a ſtake,
How he ſtrutts, how he throwes,
How he ſwaggers, how he crowes,
As if the day newly brake.
How his Miſtris Cackles,
Thus to find him in ſhackles,
And ty'd to a Pack-threed Garter;
Oh the Beares and the Bulls,
Are but corpulent Gulls
To the valiant Shrove-tide Martyr.

Canto.

Let no Poet Critick in his Ale,
Now tax mee for a heedleſſe Tale,
For ere I have done, my honeſt *Ned*,
I'll bring my matter to a head.

The Brazen Head ſpeaks through the Noſe,
More Logick then the Colledge knowes:
Quick-ſilver Heads run over all,
But Dunces Heads keep *Leaden-Hall*.

A Quiriſters Head is made of aire,
A Head of wax becomes a Player,
So pliant 'tis to any ſhape,
A King, a Clowne, but ſtill an Ape.

A melancholy head it was,
That thought it ſelfe a Venice glaſſe;
But when I ſee a drunken ſot,
Methinks his Head's a Chamberpot.

A Poets head is made of Match,
Burnt Sack is apt to make it catch;
Well may he grind his houſhold bread,
That hath a Wind-mill in his head.

There is the tongue of ignorance,
That hates the time it cannot dance;
Shew him deare wit in Verſe or Proſe,
It reeks like Brimſtone in his noſe;
But when his Granhams will is read,
O deare! (quoth he) and ſhakes his head.
French heads taught ours the gracefull ſhake,
They learn'd it in the laſt Earth-quake.

The head gentle makes mouths in ſtate,
At the Mechanick beaver pate.
The empty head of meer Eſquire,
Scornes wit; as born a title higher.

In *Capite* he holds his lands,
His wisdome in Fee-simple stands.
Which he may call for, and be sped,
Out of the Footmans running head.

The Saracens, nor Gorgons head,
Can look old ten in th'hundred dead.
But deaths head on his fingers ends,
Afflicts him more then twenty fiends:
An *Oxford* Cook that is well read,
Knows how to dresse a Criticks head.
Take out the brains, and stew the noats,
O rare Calves-head for Pupills throats.

Prometheus would be puzled,
To make a new Projectors head:
He hath such subtile turnes and nookes,
Such turne-pegs, mazes, tenter-hookes:
A trap-doore here, and there a vault,
Should you goe in, you'ld sure be caught;
This head, if e'r the head-man stick,
Hee'll spoile the subtile politick.

Six heads there are will ne'r be seene,
The first a Maids past twice sixteene:
The next is of an Unicorne,
Which when I see, I'll trust his horne;
A Beggar's in a beaver; And

A Gyant in a Pigmies hand;
A Coward in a Ladies lap,
A good man in a Fryers cap.

The Plurall head of multitude,
Will make good hodg-podge when 'tis stude;
Now I have done my honest *Ned*,
And brought my matter to a Head.

Interrogativa Cantilena.

If all the World were Paper,
And all the Sea were Inke;
If all the Trees were bread and cheese,
How should we doe for drinke?

If all the World were sand'o,
Oh then what should we lack'o;
If as they say there were no clay,
How should we take Tobacco?

If all our vessels ran'a,
If none but had a crack'a;
If Spanish Apes eat all the Grapes,
How should we doe for Sack'a?

If Fryers had no bald pates,
Nor Nuns had no dark Cloysters,

If all the Seas were Beans and Peaſe,
How ſhould we doe for Oyſters?

If there had been no projects,
Nor none that did great wrongs;
If Fidlers ſhall turne Players all,
How ſhould we doe for ſongs?

If all things were eternall,
And nothing their end bringing;
If this ſhould be, then how ſhould we,
Here make an end of ſinging?

The ſeven Planets.

♄. ♃. ♂. ☉. ♀. ☿. ☽.

SATURNE diſeas'd with age, and left for dead;
Chang'd all his gold, to be involv'd in lead.

IOVE, *Juno* leaves, and loves to take his range;
From whom, man learnes to love, and loves to change.

JUNO checks *Jove*, that he to earth ſhould come,
Having her ſelfe to ſport withall at home.

MARS is diſarmed, and is to *Venus* gon,
Where *Vulcans* Anvill muſt be ſtruck upon.

SOL

OL sees, yet 'cause he may not be allow'd,
o say he sees, he hides him in a cloud.

ENUS tels *Vulcan*, *Mars* shall shooe her Steed,
r he it is that hits the naile o'th head.

he Aery-nuntius sly MERCURIUS,
stoln from Heaven to *Galobelgicus*.

INA is deemed chast, yet she's a sinner,
meſſe the man that she receives within her:
t that she's horn'd it cannot well be sed,
ce I ne'r heard that she was married.

The 12. Signes of the Zodiack.

♈

ens to *Mars*, and *Mars* to *Venus* came,
ens contriv'd, and *Mars* confirm'd the same:
, the place, the game what best did please,
hiles *Vulcan* found the Sunne in ARIES.

♉

AURUS, as it hath been alledg'd by some,
ted from *Neck* and *Throat* to roare at *Rome*.
t now the *Bull* is growne to such a rate,
he price has brought the *Bull* quite out of date.

♋

CANCER the backward *Crab* is figur'd here,
O'r stomach, breast and ribs to domineere.
Eve on a rib was made, whence we may know,
Women from *Eve*, were Crab'd & backward too.

♍

VIRGO the Phœnix signe (as all can tell yee)
Has regiment o'r bowells, and o'r belly,
But now since *Virgo* could not her belly tame,
Belly has forc'd *Virgo* to lose her name.

♏

SCORPIO Serpent-like, most slily tenders,
What much seduceth men, his privie members:
Which mov'd our Grandam *Eve* give eare unto
That secret-member-patron *Scorpio*.

♑

The goatish CAPRICORNE that us'd to presse
'Mongst naked Mermaidens, now's faln on's knees,
Where crest-faln too (poore Snake) he lies as low,
As those on whom he did his hornes bestow.

♊

With arme in arme our GEMINI enwreath,
Their individuate parts in life and death:

The

The arms and shoulders sway, O may I have
But two such friends to have me to my grave.

♌

LEO a Port-like Prelate now become,
Imperiously retires toth' Sea of *Rome*:
A Sea, and yet no Levant-sea, for than
It were no *Leo*, but *Leviathan*.

♎

LIBRA the reines, which we may justly call
A signe which Tradesmen hate the worst of all:
For she implies even weights, but doe not look
To finde this signe in every Grocers-book.

♐

If thou wouldst please the lasse that thou dost mar-
The signe must ever be in SAGITTARY: (ry,
Which rules the thighs, an influence more comon,
Mongst Marmosites & Monkies, then some women.

♒

AQUARIUS (as I informed am)
Kept *Puddle-wharfe*, and was a Waterman,
But being one too honest for that kind,
He *row'd* to Heaven, and left those knaves behind.

PISCIS

X

PISCIS the fish is said to rule the feet, (swe
And Socks with all that keepe the feet fro
One that purveyes provision enough,
Of *Ling*, *Poore-John*, and other Lenten stuffe.

A Hymne to Bacchus.

I sing thy praise *Bacchus*,
Who with thy *Thyrse* dost thwack us:
And yet thou so dost back us

With boldnesse that we feare
No *Brutus* entring here;
Nor *Cato* the severe.

What though the *Lictors* threat us,
We know they dare not beat us;
So long as thou dost heat us.

When we thy *Orgies* sing,
Each Cobler is a King;
Nor dreads he any thing.

And though he doth not rave,
Yet he'l the courage have

To call my Lord Major knave;
Beſides too, in a brave.

Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches,
And skirts that want their ſtitches;
And ſhewes his naked flitches;

Yet he'l be thought or ſeen;
So good as *George-a-Green*;
And calls his Blouze, his Queene,
And ſpeaks in a Language keene.

O *Bacchus*! let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou ſhalt heare how we
Will chant new Hymnes to thee.

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O *Bacchus*! let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou ſhalt heare how we
Will chant new Hymnes to thee.

The Welshmans praise of Wales.

I's not come here to tauke of *Prut*,
From whence the *Welse* dos take hur root;
Nor tell long Pedegree of Prince *Camber*,
Whose linage would fill full a Chamber,

No

Nor ſing the deeds of ould Saint *Davie*,
The Urſip of which would fill a Navie.
But hark you me now, for a liddell tales
Sall make a gread deal to the creddit of *Wales*.
For hur will tudge your eares,
With the praiſe of hur thirteen Séers;
And make you as clad and merry,
As fourteen pot of Perry.

'Tis true, was weare him Sherkin freize,
But what is that? we have ſtore of ſeize;
And Got is plenty of Coats milk
That ſell him well, will buy him ſilk
Inough, to make him fine to quarrell
At *Herford* Sizes in new apparell;
And get him as much green Melmet perhap,
Sall give it a face to his Momouth Cap.
But then the ore of *Lemſter*,
Py Cot is uver a Sempſter;
That when he is ſpun, or did
Yet match him with hir thrid.

Aull this the backs now, let us tell yee,
Of ſome proviſions for the bellie:
As Cid and Goat, and great Goats Mother,
And Runt, and Cow, and good Cows uther.
And once but taſt on the Welſe Mutton;
Your *Engliſh* Seeps not worth a button.

And then for your Fiſs, ſall ſhooſe it your diſs,
Look but about, and there is a Trout.
A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
Will feed you ſix or ſeven;
As taull man as ever ſwagger
With *Welſe* Club, and long Dagger.

But all this while, was never think
A word in praiſe of our *Welſe* drink:
Yet for aull that, is a cup of *Bragat*,
Aull *England* Seer may caſt his Cap at.
And what you ſay to Ale of *Webley*,
Toudge him as well, you'll praiſe him trebly,
As well as *Metheglin*, or *Syder*, or *Meath*,
S'all ſake it your dagger quite out o'the ſeath.
And Oate-cake of *Guarthenion*,
With a goodly Leeke or Onion,
To give as ſweet a rellis
As e'r did Harper *Ellis*.

And yet is nothing now all this,
If of our Muſicks wee doe miſs;
Both Harpes, and Pipes too, and the Crowd,
Muſt aull come in, and tauk alowd,
As lowd as *Bangu*, *Davies* Bell,
Of which is no doubt you have here tell:
As well as our lowder *Wrexam* Organ,
And rumbling Rocks in the Seer of *Glamorgan*,

Where

Where look but in the ground there,
And you ſall ſee a ſound there;
That put her all to gedder,
Is ſweet as meaſure pedder.

Hur in Love.

A modeſt Shentle when hur ſee
The great laugh hur made on mee,
And fine wink that hur ſend
To hur come to ſee hur friend:
Her coud not ſtroſe py Got apove,
Put was entangle in hur love.
A hundred a time hur was about
To ſpeak to hur, and lave hur out,
Put hur being a *Welſhman* porne,
And therefore was thinke, hur woud hur ſcorne:
Was feare hur think, nothing petter,
Then cram hur love into a Letter;
Hoping he will no ceptions take
Unto her love, for Country ſake:
For ſay hur be *Welſhman*, whad ten?
Py Got they all be Shentlemen.
Was decend from *Shves* nown line,
Par humane, and par devine;
And from *Venus*, that faire Goddeſs,
And twenty other Shentle poddys:

Hector ſtout, and comely *Parrie*,
Arthur, *Prute*, and King of *Fayrie*,
Was hur nown Coſins all a kin
We have the *Powells* iſſue in:
And for ought that hur con ſee,
As goot men, as other men pee:
But whot of that? Love is a knave,
Was make hur doe whot he woud have;
Was compell hur write the Rime,
That ne'r was writ before the time.
And if he will nod pity hur paine,
As Got ſhudge hur ſoule, ſall ne'r write againe:
For love is like an Ague-fit,
Was brin poore *Welſeman* out on hur wit:
Till by hur anſwer, hur doe know
Whother hur do love hur, ai or no.
Hur has not bin in *England* lung,
And conna ſpeak the Englis tongue:
Put hur is hur friend, and ſo hur will prove,
Pray a ſend hur word, if hur con love.

Of Melancholy.

When I goe muſing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-knowne,
When I build Caſtles in the aire,
Void of ſorrow and voide of feare,

Pleaſing my ſelfe with phantaſmes ſweet,
Me thinkes the time runnes very fleet.
All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught ſo ſweet as melancholy.

When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyranniſe,
Feare and ſorrow me ſurpriſe,
Whether I tarry ſtill or goe,
Me thinkes the time moves very ſloe.
All my griefes to this are jolly,
Naught ſo ſad as melancholy.

When to my ſelfe I act and ſmile,
With pleaſing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brooke ſide or wood ſo greene,
Unheard, unſought for, or unſeene,
A thouſand pleaſures doe me bleſſe,
And crowne my ſoule with happineſſe.
All my joyes beſides are folly,
None ſo ſweet as melancholy.

When I lie, ſit, or walke alone,
I ſigh, I grieve, making great moane,
In a darke grove, or irkeſome denne,
With diſcontents and Furies then,
A thouſand miſeries at once,

Mine

Mine heavy heart and soule ensconce.
All my griefes to this are jolly,
None so soure as Melancholy.

Me thinkes I heare, me thinkes I see,
Sweet musicke, wondrous melodie,
Townes, places and Cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine,
Rare Beauties, gallant Ladies shine,
What e're is lovely or divine,
All other joyes to this are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

Me thinkes I heare, me thinkes I see
Ghosts, gob'lins, feinds, my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headlesse beares, black-men and apes,
Dolefull outcries, and fearefull sights,
My sad and dismall soule affrights.
All my griefes to this are jolly,
None so damn'de as Melancholy.

Me thinkes I court, me thinkes I kisse,
Me thinkes I now embrace my Mistris.
O blessed dayes, O sweet content,
In Paradise my time is spent.
Such thoughts may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love.

All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught ſo ſweet as Melancholy.

When I recount loves many frights,
My ſighes and teares, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate,
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is ſo bad as love,
So bitter to my ſoule can prove.
All my griefes to this are jolly,
Naught ſo harſh as Melancholy.

Friends and Companions get you gone,
'Tis my deſire to be alone,
Ne're well but when my thoughts and I,
Doe domineer in privacie.
No Gemme no treaſure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my Crowne, my bliſſe.
All my joyes to this are folly,
Naught ſo ſweet as Melancholy.

'Tis my ſole plague to be alone,
I am a beaſt, a monſter growne,
I will no light nor company,
I finde it now my miſery.
The ſcene is turn'd, my joyes are gone,
Feare, diſcontent, and ſorrowes come.

All

All my griefes to this are jolly,
Naught ſo fierce as Melancholy.

Ile' not change life with any King,
I raviſht am: can the world bring
More joy, then ſtill to laugh and ſmile,
In pleaſant toyes close to Beguile?
Doe not, O doe not trouble mee,
So ſweet content I feele and ſee.
All my joyes to this are folly,
None ſo divine as Melancholy.

Ile' change my ſtate with any wretch,
Thou canſt from gaole or dunghill fetch:
My paines paſt cure, another Hell,
I may not in this torment dwell,
Now deſperate I hate my life,
Lend me an halter or a knife.
All my griefes to this are jolly,
Naught ſo damn'd as Melancholy.

On

All

On the Letter ○.

Runne round my lines, whilſt I as roundly ſhow
The birth, the worth, the extent of my round ○.
That ○ which in the indigeſted Maſs
Did frame it ſelfe, when nothing framed was.

But

But when the worlds great masse it selfe did show,
In largenesse, fatrenesse, roundnesse a great ○ .
The Heavens, the Element, a box of ○'s,
Where still the greater doth the lesse inclose.
The imaginary center in ○'s made,
That speck which in the world doth stand or fade.
The Zodiack, Colours, and Equator line,
In Tropique and Meridian ○ did shine,
The lines of bredth, and lines of longitude,
Climate from Climate, doth by ○ seclude.
And in the Starry spangled sky the ○
Makes us the day from night distinctly know.
And by his motion, round as in a ring,
Light to himselfe, light to each ○ doth bring:
In each dayes journey, in his circle round,
The framing of an ○ by sense is found.
The Moon hath to the ○'s frame, most affection;
But the Sunne's envie grudgeth such perfection.
Yet *Diana* hath each moneth, and every yeare,
Learned an ○'s frame in her front to beare.
And to requite *Sol's* envie with the like,
With oft Eclipses at his ○ doth strike.
In our inferiour bodies there doth grow
Matter enough to shew the worth of ○ .
Our braines and heart, either in ⊙ doth lye,
So that the nest of ○'s the sparkling eye.
The ribs in meeting, fashion an ○'s frame,
The mouth and eare, the nostrills beare the same.

The

The Latins honouring the chiefeſt parts,
Gloryed to make our ○ the heart of hearts;
Fronting it with three words of deepeſt ſenſe,
Order, Opinion, and Obedience.
Oft have I ſeen a reverend dimmed eye,
By the helpe of ○ to read moſt legibly.
Each drop of rain that fals, each flower that grows
Each coyne that's currant doth reſemble ○'s.
Into the water, if a ſtone we throw,
Marke how each circle joyns to make an ○.
Cut but an Orange, you ſhall eaſily find,
Yellow with white, and watery ○'s combin'd.
○ doth preſerve a trembling Conjurer,
Who from his circle ○ doth never ſtirre.
○ from a full throat Cryer, if it come,
Strikes the tumultuous roaring people dumbe.
The thundring Cannon from this dreadfull ○,
Ruine to walls, and death to men doth throw.
○ utters woes, ○ doth expreſſe our joyes,
○ wonders ſhews, ○ riches, or ○ toyes.
And ○ yee women which doe faſhions fall,
○ ruffe, ○ gorget, and ○ farthingall,
And ○ yee ſpangles, ○ yee golden ○'s
That art upon the rich embroydered throws.
Think not we mock, though our diſpleaſing pen
Sometime doth write, you bring an ○ to men.
'Tis no diſparagement to you yee know,
Since *Ops* the Gods great Grandame bears an ○;

Your

Your ſexes glory (Fortune) though ſhe reele,
Is ever conſtant to her ○, her wheele,
And you Carroches through the ſtreet that glide,
By art of foure great ○'s doe helpe you ride.
When tables full, and cups doe overflow,
Is not each cup, each ſalt, each diſh an ○?
What is't that dreadfull makes a Princes frowne,
But that his head beares golden ○ the Crowne?
Unhappy then th'Arithmetician, and
He that makes ○ a barren Cipher ſtand.
Let him know this, that we know in his place,
An ○ addes number, with a figures grace;
And that ○ which for Cipher he doth take,
One daſh may eaſily a thouſand make.
But ○ enough, I have done my reader wrong,
Mine ○ was round, and I have made it long.

Pure Nonſence.

When *Neptune's* blaſts, and *Boreas* blazing ſtorms,
When *Tritons* pitchfork cut off *Vulcans* horns,
When *Eolus* boyſt'rous Sun-beams grew ſo dark,
That *Mars* in Moon-ſhine could not hit the mark:
Then did I ſee the gloomy day of *Troy*,
When poore *Æneas* legleſſe ran away:
Who took the torrid Ocean in his hand,
And ſailed to them all the way by land;
An horrid ſight to ſee *Achilles* fall,
He brake his neck, yet had no hurt at all.

But

But being dead, and almost in a trance,
He threatned forty thousand with his lance. (sc
Indeed 'twas like such strange sights then were
An ugly, rough, black Monster all in green.
That all about the white, blew, round, square sk
The fixed Starres hung by Geometry.
Juno amazed, and *Jove* surprized with wonder,
Caus'd heaven to shake, and made the mountain
Which caus'd *Æneas* once again retire, (thunde
Drown'd *Ætna's* hill, and burnt the Sea with fire.
Nilus for feare to see the Ocean burn,
Went still on forward in a quick return.
Then was that broyle of *Agamemnon's* done,
When trembling *Ajax* to the battell come,
He struck stark dead (they now are living still)
Five hundred mushrooms with his martiall bill.
Nor had himselfe escaped, as some men say,
If he being dead, he had not run away.
O monstrous, hideous troops of Dromidaries,
How Beares and Bulls from Monks and Goblins
Nay would not *Charon* yeeld to *Cerberus*, (varie
But catch'd the Dog, and cut his head off thus:
Pluto rag'd, and *Juno* pleas'd with ire,
Sought all about, but could not find the fire:
But being found, well pleas'd, and in a spight
They slept at *Acheron*, and wakt all night:
Where I let passe to tell their mad bravadoes,
Their meat was tosted cheese and carbonadoes.

Thou-

Thouſands of Monſters more beſides there be
Which I faſt hoodwink'd, at that time did ſee;
And in a word to ſhut up this diſcourſe,
A Rugd-gowns r'bs are good to ſpur a horſe.

A meſſe of Non-ſenſe.

Like to the tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like a Lobſter clad in logick breeches,
Or like the gray freeze of a crimſon cat,
Or like a Moon-calfe in a ſlipſhooe-hat,
Or like a ſhadow when the Sunne is gon,
Or like a thought that ne'r was thought upon:
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Untill his children were both dead and rotten.

Like to the fiery touchſtone of a cabbage,
Or like a Crabhouſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like th'abortive iſſue of a Fizle,
Or the bag-pudding of a plow-mans whiſtle,
Or like the fourſquare circle of a Ring,
Or like the ſinging of Hey down a ding;
Even ſuch is man, who breathles, without doubt,
Spake to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out.

Like to the green freſh fading Roſe,
Or like to rime or verſe that runs in proſe,
Or like the Humbles of a Tinder-box,

Or

Or like a man that's ſound, yet hath the Pox,
Or like a Hob-naile coyn'd in ſingle pence,
Or like the preſent preterperfect tenſe:
Even ſuch is man who dy'd, and then did laugh
To ſee ſuch ſtrong lines writ on's Epitaph.

An Encomium.

I ſing the praiſes of a Fart;
That I may do't by rules of Art,
I will invoke no Deity
But Butter'd Peaſe and Furmity,
And thinke their helpe ſufficient
To fit and furniſh my intent.
For ſure I muſt not uſe high ſtraines
For feare it bluſter out in graines:
When *Virgils* Gnat, and *Ovids* Flea,
And *Homers* Frogs ſtrive for the day;
There is no reaſon in my mind,
That a brave Fart ſhould come behind;
Since that you may it parallell
With any thing that doth excell:
Muſick is but a Fart that's ſent
From the guts of an inſtrument:
The Scholler but farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his brains.
And when he has ſpent much pain and oile,
Thomas and *Don* to reconcile;

And to learn the abstracting Art,
What does he get by't? not a fart.
The Souldier makes his foes to run
With but the farting of a Gun;
That's if he make the bullet whistle,
Else 'tis no better then a Fizle:
And if withall the winds doe sterre up
Rain, 'tis but a Fart in Syrrup.
They are but Farts, the words we say,
Words are but winds, and so are they.
Applause is but a fart, the crude
Fault of the fickle multitude.
Five boats that lie the Theater about,
Be but farts severall Docks let out.
Some of our projects were, I think,
But politick farts, foh how they stink!
As soone as born, they by and by,
Fart-like but easily breathe, and dy.
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in taile, and let them both:
Onely the difference here is, that
Farts are let at a lower rate.
I'll no say more, for this is right,
That for my Guts I cannot write,
Though I should study all my dayes,
Rimes that are worth the thing I praise.
What I have said, take in good part,
If not, I doe not care a fart.

Or like a man that's ſound, yet hath the Pox,
Or like a Hob-naile coyn'd in ſingle pence,
Or like the preſent preterperfect tenſe:
Even ſuch is man who dy'd, and then did laugh
To ſee ſuch ſtrong lines writ on's Epitaph.

An Encomium.

I ſing the praiſes of a Fart;
That I may do't by rules of Art,
I will invoke no Deity
But Butter'd Peaſe and Furmity,
And thinke their helpe ſufficient
To fit and furniſh my intent.
For ſure I muſt not uſe high ſtraines
For feare it bluſter out in graines:
When *Virgils* Gnat, and *Ovids* Flea,
And *Homers* Frogs ſtrive for the day;
There is no reaſon in my mind,
That a brave Fart ſhould come behind;
Since that you may it parallell
With any thing that doth excell:
Muſick is but a Fart that's ſent
From the guts of an inſtrument:
The Scholler but farts, when he gains
Learning with cracking of his brains.
And when he has ſpent much pain and oile,
Thomas and *Don* to reconcile;

And to learn the abstracting Art,
What does he get by't? not a fart.
The Souldier makes his foes to run
With but the farting of a Gun;
That's if he make the bullet whistle,
Else 'tis no better then a Fizle:
And if withall the winds doe stirre up
Rain, 'tis but a Fart in Syrrup.
They are but Farts, the words we say,
Words are but winde, and so are they.
Applause is but a fart, the crude
Blast of the fickle multitude.
Five boats that lie the *Thames* about,
Be but farts severall Docks let out.
Some of our projects were, I think,
But politick farts, foh how they stink!
As soone as born, they by and by,
Fart-like but onely breathe, and dy.
Farts are as good as Land, for both
We hold in taile, and let them both:
Onely the difference here is, that
Farts are let at a lower rate.
I'll no say more, for this is right,
That for my Guts I cannot write,
Though I should study all my dayes,
Rimes that are worth the thing I praise.
What I have said, take in good part,
If not, I doe not care a fart.

The Drunken Humors.

One here is bent to quarrell, and he will
(If not prevented) this his fellow kill:

He fumes, and frets, and rages; in whose face
Nothing but death and horrour taketh place.
But being parted, 'tother odd jug, or two,
Makes them all friends again, with small adoe.

Another he makes deafe your eares to heare
The vaine tautologies he doth declare;
That, had you as many eares as *Argus* eyes;
He'd make them weary all with tales, and lyes:
And at the period of each idle fable,
He gives the onset to out-laugh the Table.

One he sits drinking healths to such a friend,
Then to his Mistris he a health doth send:
This publick Captains health he next doth mean,
And then in private to some nasty Queane;
Nothing but healths of love is his pretence,
Till he himselfe hath lost both health and sense.

To make the number up amongst the crew
Another being o're-fild, begins to spue
Worse then the brutish beast; (O fy upon it!)
It is a qualme forsooth doth cause him vomit.
So that his stomack being over-prest,
He must disgorge it, e're he can have rest.

Here sits one straining of his drunken throat
Beyond all reason, yet far short of note:

Singing is his delight, then hoops and hallows,
Making a Garboyle worſe then *Vulcans* bellows.
Now for a Counter-tenor he takes place,
But ſtraining that too high, fals to a baſe.
Then ſcrews his Mouth an inch beyond his forme,
To treble it, juſt like a Gelders-horne:
He's all for ſinging, and he hates to chide,
'Till blithfull *Bacchus* cauſe his tongue be tyde.

One like an Ape ſhews many tricks and toys,
To leap, and dance, and ſing with ruefull noiſe;
O're the foorme skips, then croſſe-legd ſits
Upon the Table, in his apiſh fits.
From houſe to houſe he rambles in ſuch ſort,
That no Baboon could make you better ſport:
He pincheth one, another with his wand
He thruſts, or ſtriketh, or elſe with his hand:
Piſſes the room, and as he ſleeping lyes
Waters his couch (not with repenting eyes.)

A ſeaventh, he ſits mute, as if his tongue
Had never learn'd no other word but mum;
And with his mouth he maketh mops and mews,
Juſt like an Ape his face in forme he ſcrews:
Then nods with hum, and hah; but not one word
His tongue-tide fooliſh ſilence can afford.
To note his geſture, and his ſnorting after,
'Twould make a horſe break all his girts with (laughter,

But

But queſtionleſſe he'd ſpeake more were he able,
Which you ſhall hear, having well ſlept at table.

Sir reverence, your ſtomacks doe prepare
Againſt ſome word, or deed, ill-ſent doth beare.
So this moſt ſorded beaſt being drunk, doth miſſe
The chamber-pot, and in his hoſe doth piſſe.
Nay, ſmell but neare him, you perhaps may finde,
Not onely piſs'd before, but —— behinde;
Each company loaths him, bolding of their noſe,
Scorning, and pointing at his filthy hoſe:
As no condition of a Drunkard's good,
So this ſmels worſt of all the loathſome brood.

The Poſt of the Signe.

Though it may ſeem rude
For me to intrude,
With theſe my Beares by chance-a;
'Twere ſport for a King,
If they could ſing
As well as they can dance-a.

Then

Then to put you out
Of feare or doubt,
He came from St. *Katharine*-a.
These dancing three,
By the help of mee,
Who am the post of the Signe-a.

We sell good ware,
And we need not care,
Though Court and Country knew it;
Our Ale's o'th best:
And each good guest
Prayes for their soules that brew it.

For any Alehouse,
We care not a louse,
Nor Tavern in all the Town-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St. *Clement Danes*,
Nor the *Devill* can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,
Comes hither agen,
The liquor is so mightie.
Beere strong and stale,
And so is our Ale;
And it burns like Aqua-vitæ.

To a ſtranger there,
If any appeare,
Where never before he has bin;
We ſhew th'Iron gate,
The wheele of St. *Kate*,
And the place where they firſt fell in.

The wives of *Wapping*,
They trudge to our tapping,
And ſtill our Ale deſire;
And there ſit and drink,
Till they ſpue and ſtink,
And often piſſe out the fire.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They ſit and never grudge it;
Till the Fiſh-wives joyne
Their ſingle coyne,
And the Tinker pawns his budget.

If their braines be not well,
Or bladders doe ſwell,
To eaſe them of their burden;
My Lady will come
With a bowl and a broom
And their handmaid with a Jourden.

From Court we invite,
Lord, Lady, and Knight,
Squire, Gentleman, Yeoman, and Groom,
And all our ſtiffe drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the Beggers ſhall give ye room.

If you give not credit,
Then take you the verdict,
Of a gueſt that came from St. *Hallows*;
And you then will ſweare,
The Man has been there,
By his ſtory now that follows.

A Ballade.

A Diſcourſe between two Countreymen.

I Tell thee *Dick* where I have been,
Where I the rareſt things have ſeen;
Oh things beyond compare!

Such

Such sights againe cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at Wake or Fair,

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,
There is a House with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such volk as are not in our Town,
Vortie at least in Pairs.

Amongst the rest, one Pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though then thine)
Walkt on before the rest:
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God blesse him) t'would undo him
should he goe still so dresst.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i'th Town:
Though lusty *Roger* there had been,
Or little *George* upon the Green,
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The Parson for him staid:

Yet

Yet by his leave (for all his haſte)
He did not ſo much wiſh all paſt
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For ſuch a Maid no Widſon-ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, ſo plump, ſo ſoft as ſhe,
Not halfe ſo full of juce.

Her finger was ſo ſmall, the Ring
Would not ſtay on which he did bring,
It was too wide a Peck:
And to ſay truth (for out it muſt)
It lookt like the great Collar (juſt)
About our young Colts neck.

Her feet beneath her Petticoat,
Like little mice ſtole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But *Dick* ſhe dances ſuch a way!
No Sunne upon an Eaſter day
Is halfe ſo fine a ſight.

He would have kiſt her once or twice,
But ſhe would not, ſhe was ſo nice
She would not do't in ſight,

And then ſhe lookt as who would ſay
I will doe what I liſt to day;
And you ſhall do't at night.

Her cheekes ſo rare a white was on,
No Dazy make compariſon
(Who ſees them is undone)
For ſtreakes of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine Peare,
The ſide that's next the Sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to Heat was next her chin;
(Some Bee had ſtung it newly)
But (*Dick*) her eyes ſo gard her face,
I durſt no more upon them gaze,
Then on the Sun in *July*.

Her mouth ſo ſmall when ſhe does ſpeak,
Thou'dſt ſweare her teeth her words did break,
That they might paſſage get,
But ſhe ſo handled ſtill the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not ſpent a whit.

If wiſhing ſhould be any ſin
The Parſon himſelfe had guilty bin,
(She lookt that day ſo purely)

And

And did the youth ſo oft the feat
At night, as ſome did in conceit,
It would have ſpoil'd him ſurely.

Paſſion oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
(I trow) beſides the Bride.
The biſneſſe of the Kitchin's great,
For it is fit that men ſhould eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Juſt in the nick the Cook knockt thrice,
And all the Waiters in a trice
His ſummons did obey,
Each ſerving-man with diſh in hand,
Marcht boldly up like our Train'd band,
Preſented and away.

When all the meate was on the Table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To ſtay to be intreated?
And this the very reaſon was
Before the Parſon could ſay Grace,
The company was ſeated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carrouſe;
Healths firſt goe round, and then the houſe,
The Brides came thick and thick;

And when 'twas nam'd anothers health,
Perhaps he made it hers by ſtealth;
(And who could helpe it *Dick*.)

O'th ſudain up they riſe and dance;
Then ſit againe, and ſigh, and glance:
Then dance againe and kiſſe:
Thus ſev'rall wayes the time did paſſe,
Whil'ſt every woman wiſht her place,
And every man wiſht his.

By this time all were ſtolne aſide,
To councell and undreſſe the Bride;
But that he muſt not know:
But 'twas thought he ghett her minde,
And did not meane to ſtay behinde
Above an houre or ſo.

When in he came (*Dick*.) there ſhe lay
Like new-faln ſnow melting away,
('twas time I trow to part)
Kiſſes were now the onely ſtay,
Which ſoone ſhe gave, as who would ſay,
God B' w' y'! with all my heart.

But juſt as heavens would have to croſſe it,
In came the Bride-maids with the Poſſet:
The Bridegroom eat in ſpight;

For

For had he left the women to't
It would have cost two houres to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the Candles out, and now,
All that they had not done, they doe:
What that is who can tell?
But I beleeve it was no more
Then thou and I have done before
With *Bridget*, and with *Nell*.

The Good Fellow.

When shall we meet again to have a taft
Of that transcendent Ale we drank of laft,
What wild ingredient did the woman chofe
To make her drink withall? it made me lofe
My wit, before I quencht my thirft; there came
Such whimfies in my brain, and fuch a flame
Of fiery drunkennefle had fing'd my nofe,
My beard fhrunk in for feare; there were of thofe
That took me for a Comet, fome afar
Diftant remote, thought me a blazing ftar;
The earth me thought, juft as it was, it went
Round in a wheeling courfe of merriment.
My head was ever drooping, and my nofe
Offering to be a fuiter to my toes.

My

My pock-hole face, they say, appear'd to some,
Just like a dry and burning hony-combe:
My tongue did swim in Ale, and joy'd to boast
It selfe a greater Seaman then the toast.
My mouth was grown awry, as if it were
Lab'ring to reach the whisper in mine eare.
My guts were mines of sulphure, and my set
Of parched teeth, struck fire as they met.
Nay, when I pist, my urine was so hot,
It burnt a hole quite through the chamber-pot:
Each Brewer that I met, I kiss'd, and made
Suit to be bound apprentice to the Trade:
One did approve the motion, when he saw,
That my own legs could my indentures draw.
Well Sir, I grew stark mad, as you may see
By this adventure upon Poetry.
You easily may guesse, I am not quite
Grown sober yet, by these weak lines I write:
Onely I do't for this, to let you see,
Whos'ere paid for the Ale, I'm sur't paid me,

Canto, *in the praise of Sack.*

Listen all I pray,
To the words I have to say,
In memory sure insert um:
Rich wines doe us raise
To the honour of bayes,
Quem non fecere disertum?

Of all the juice,
Which the Gods produce,
Sack ſhall be preferr'd before them;
'Tis Sack that ſhall
Create us all,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all Ale,
And Beere that is ſtale,
Roſa-ſolis, and damnable hum:
But we will rack
In the praiſe of Sack,
'Gainſt *Omne quod exit in um.*

This is the wine,
Which in former time,
Each wiſe one of the Magi
Was wont to carouſe
In a frolick bouſe,
Recubans ſub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane,
And a rope be their ſhame,
Let the gout and collick pine um,
That offer to ſhrink,
In taking their drink,
Seu Græcum, ſive Latinum.

Let the glasse goe round,
Let the quart-pot sound,
Let each one doe as hee's done to:
Avaunt yee that hugge
The abominable Jugge,
'Mongst us *Heteroclita sunto.*

There's no such disease,
As he that doth please
His palate with Beere for to shame us:
'Tis Sack makes us sing,
Hey down a down ding,
Musa paulo majora canamus.

He is either mute,
Or doth poorly dispute,
That drinks ought else but wine O,
The more wine a man drinks,
Like a subtile Sphinx
Tantum valet ille loquendo.

'Tis true, our soules,
By the lowsie bowles
Of Beere that doth nought but swill us,
Doe goe into swine,
(*Pythagoras* 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutastis & illos.

When I've Sack in my brain,
I'm in a merry vain,
And this to me a bliſſe is:
Him that is wiſe,
I can juſtly deſpiſe:
Mecum confertur Ulyſſes?

How it chears the brains,
How it warms the vains,
How againſt all croſſes it arms us!
How it makes him that's poor,
Couragiouſly roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the boy,
My delight and my joy,
To my *tantum* that drinks his *tale:*
By Sack he that waxes
In our Syntaxes,
Eſt verbum perſonale.

Art thou weak or lame,
Or thy wits to blame?
Call for Sack, and thou ſhalt have it,
'Twill make thee riſe,
And be very wiſe,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolick rounds,
We have merry go downs,
Yet nothing is done at randome,
For when we are to pay,
We club and away,
Id eſt commune notandum.

The blades that want caſh,
Have credit for craſh,
They'll have Sack whatever it coſt um,
They doe not pay,
Till another day,
Manet alta mente repoſtum.

Who ne'r fails to drink,
All cleare from the brink,
With a ſmooth and even ſwallow,
I'll offer at his ſhrine,
And call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks ſtill,
And never hath his fill,
Hath a paſſage like a Conduit,
The Sack doth inſpire,
In rapture and fire,
Sic æther æthera fundit.

When you merrily quaffe,
If any doe off,
And then from you needs will passe the,
Give their nose a twitch,
And kick them in the britch,
Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have told you plain,
And tell you again,
Be he furious as *Orlando*,
He is an asse,
That from hence doth passe,
Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.

The Vertue of Sack.

Fetch me *Ben. Johnsons* scull, and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the same he drank, when the whole pack
Of jolly sisters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no sin to be as drunk as hee:
If there be any weaknesse in the wine,
There's vertue in the Cup to make't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale does tast too much
Of earth, the Mault retains a scurvie touch
Of the dull hand that sows it; and I feare
There's heresie in hops; give Block-heads beare,
And silly *Ignoramus*, such as thinke
There's powder-treason in all *Spanish* drink,

Call

Call Sack an Idoll; we will kiſſe the Cup,
For feare the Conventicle be blown up
With ſuperſtition; away with Brew-houſe alms,
Whoſe beſt mirth is ſix ſhillings beere, & qualms.
Let me rejoyce in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it's thou that doſt inſpire
And actuate the ſoule with heavenly fire.
Thou that ſublim'ſt the Genius-making wit,
Scorn earth, and ſuch as love, or live by it.
Thou mak'ſt us Lords of Regions large and faire,
Whilſt our conceits build Caſtles in the aire:
Since fire, earth, aire, thus thy inferiours bee,
Henceforth I'll know no element but thee:
Thou precious *Elixar* of all Grapes,
Welcome by thee our Muſe begins her ſcapes,
Such is the worth of Sack; I am (me thinks)
In the *Exchequer* now, hark how it chinks,
And doe eſteeme my venerable ſelfe
As brave a fellow, as if all the pelfe
Were ſure mine own; and I have thought a way
Already how to ſpend it; I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every trunk;
And change the gold for Sack to keep me drunk;
And ſo by conſequence till rich *Spaines* wine
Being in my crown, the *Indies* too were mine:
And when my brains are once afoot (heaven bleſſe
I think my ſelfe a better man then *Cæſar*. (us!)

And now I doe conceit my ſelfe a Judge,
And coughing laugh to ſee my Clients trudge
After my Lordſhips Coach unto the Hall
For Juſtice, and am full of law withall,
And doe become the Bench as well as hee
That fled long ſince for want of honeſtie:
But I'll be Judge no longer, though in jeſt,
For feare I ſhould be talk't with like the reſt
When I am ſober; Who can chuſe but think
Me wiſe, that am ſo wary in my drink?
Oh admirable Sack! here's dainty ſport,
I am come back from *Weſtminſter* to Court;
And am grown young againe; my Ptiſick now
Hath left me, and my Judges graver brow
Is ſmooth'd; and I turn'd amorous as *May*,
When ſhe invites young lovers forth to play
Upon her flowry boſome: I could win
A Veſtall now, or tempt a Queen to ſin.
Oh for a ſcore of Queens! you'd laugh to ſee,
How they would ſtrive which firſt ſhould raviſh me:
Three Goddeſſes were nothing: Sack has tipt
My tongue with charms like thoſe which *Paris* ſipt
From *Venus*, when ſhee taught him how to kiſſe
Faire *Helen*, and invite a fairer bliſſe:
Mine is *Canary-Rhetorick*, that alone
Would turn *Diana* to a burning ſtone,
Stone with amazement burning with loves fire;
Hard to the touch, but ſhort in her deſire.

Inceſtima-

Ineſtimable Sack! thou mak'ſt us rich,
Wiſe, amorous, any thing; I have an itch
To t'other cup, and that perchance will make
Me valiant too, and quarrell for thy ſake.
If I be once inflam'd againſt thy foes (proſe,
That would preach down thy worth in ſmal-beer
I ſhall doe miracles as bad, or worſe,
As he that gave the King an hundred horſe:
Ther odde Cup, and I ſhall be prepar'd
To ſnatch at Stars, and pluck down a reward
With mine own hands from *Jove* upon their backs
That are, or *Charles* his enemies, or Sacks:
Let it be full, if I doe chance to ſpill
Over my Standiſh by the way, I will
Dipping in this diviner ink, my pen,
Write my ſelfe ſober, and fall to't agen.

The anſwer of Ale *to the challenge of* Sack.

COme, all you brave wights,
That are dubbed Ale-knights,
Now ſet out your ſelves in ſight:
And let them that crack
In the praiſes of Sack
Know *Malt* is of mickle might.
Though Sack they define
To holy divine,

Yet

Yet is it but naturall liquor:
Ale hath for its part
An addition of art,
To make it drinke thinner or thicker.
Sacks fiery fume
Doth waft and consume
Mens *humidum radicale*;
It scaldeth their livers,
It breeds burning feavers,
Proves *vinum venenum reale.*
But Historie gathers,
From aged forefathers,
That Ale's the true liquor of life:
Men liv'd long in health,
And preserved their wealth,
Whilst Barley-broth onely was rife.
Sack quickly ascends,
And suddenly ends
What company came for at first:
And that which yet worse is,
It empties mens purses
Before it halfe quencheth their thirst.
Ale is not so costly,
Although that the most lye
Too long by the oyle of Barley,
Yet may they part late
At a reasonable rate,
Though they came in the morning early.

Sack makes men from words
Fall to drawing of swords,
And quarrelling endeth their quaffing;
Whilst dagger-ale barrels
Beare off many quarrels,
And often turne chiding to laughing.
Sack's drinke for our Masters:
All may be Ale-tasters:
Good things the more common the better.
Sack's but single broth: (ter.
Ale's meat, drink, and cloth,
Say they that know never a letter.
But not to entangle
Old friends still they wrangle,
And quarrell for other mens pleasure;
Let Ale keepe his place,
And let Sack have his grace,
So that neither exceed the due measure.

The triumph of Tobacco
over Sack *and* Ale.

NAy, soft, by your leaves,
Tobacco bereaves
You both of the garland: forbeare it:
You are two to one,
Yet Tobacco alone

Is like both to winne it, and weare it.
Though many men crack,
Some of Ale, ſome of Sack,
And thinke they have reaſon to doe it;
Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o're
The honour they doe unto it.
Tobacco engages
Both ſexes, all ages,
The poore as well as the wealthy,
From the court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both thoſe that are ſick and the healthy.
It plainly appeares
That in a few yeares
Tobacco more cuſtome hath gained,
Then Sack, or then Ale,
Though the double the tale
Of the times, wherein they have reigned.
And worthily too,
For what they undoe
Tobacco doth help to regaine,
On fairer conditions,
Then many Phyſitions,
Puts an end to much griefe and paine.
It helpeth digeſtion,
Of that there's no queſtion,
The gout, and the toothach, it eaſeth,

e it early, or late,
Tis never out of date,
He may ſafely take it that pleaſeth.
Tobacco prevents
nfection by ſents,
That hurt the braine, and are heady,
n Antidote is,
efore you're amiſſe,
As well as an after remedy.
The cold it doth heat,
Cooles them that doe ſweat,
And them that are fatt maketh leane:
The hungry doth feed,
And, if there be need,
Spent ſpirits reſtoreth againe.
Tobacco infuſed
May ſafely be uſed
For purging, and killing of lice:
Not ſo much as the aſhes
But heales cutts and ſlaſhes,
And that out of hand, in a trice.
The Poets of old,
Many fables have told,
Of the Gods and their *Sympoſia*:
But Tobacco alone,
Had they knowne it, had gone
For their *Nectar* and *Ambroſia*,
t is not the ſmack

Of

Of Ale, or of Sack,
That can with Tobacco compare;
For taste, and for smell,
It beares away the bell
From them both where ever they are.
For all their bravado,
It is Trinidado
That both their noses will wipe
Of the praises they desire,
Unlesse they conspire
To sing to the tune of his pipe.

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas.

A Farewell to Sack.

FArewell thou thing, time past so true and dear
To me, as bloud to life, and spirit, and near,
Nay thou more near then kindred, friend, or wife,
Male to the female, soule to the body, life
To quick action, or the warm soft side
Of the yet chast, and undefiled bride.
These and a thousand more could never be
More near, more dear, then thou wer't once to me.
'Tis thou above, that with thy mystick faln
Work'st more then Wisdome, Art, or Nature can;
To raise the holy madnesse, and awake

The froſt bound-blood and ſpirits, and to make
Them frantick with thy raptures, ſtretching
The ſouls like lightning, & as active too. (through
But why, why doe I longer gaze upon
Thee, with the eye of admiration,
When I muſt leave thee, and inforc'd muſt ſay,
To all thy witching beauties, Goe away?
And if thy whimpring looks do ask me, why?
Know then, 'tis Nature biddeth thee hence, not I;
'Tis her erroneous ſelfe hath form'd my brain,
Uncapable of ſuch a Soverain,
As is thy powerfull ſelfe; I prethee draw in
Thy gazing fires, leſt at their ſight the ſin
Of fierce Idolatry ſhoote into me, and
I turn Apoſtate to the ſtrict command
Of Nature; bid me now farewell, or ſmile
More ugly, leſt thy tempting looks beguile (thee,
My vows pronounc't in zeal, wch thus much ſhows
That I have ſworn, but by thy looks to know thee.
Let others drink thee boldly, and deſire
Thee, and their lips eſpous'd, while I admire
And love, but yet not taſte thee: let my Muſe
Faile of thy former helps; and onely uſe
Her inadulterate ſtrength, what's done by me,
Shall ſmell hereafter of the Lamp, not thee.

A fit of Rime againſt Rime.

Rime the rack of fineſt wits,
That expreſſeth but by fits True

True conceit.
Spoyling ſenſes of their treaſure,
Couſening judgement with a meaſure,
But falſe weight.
Wreſting words from their true calling,
Propping Verſe for feare of falling
To the ground.
Joynting ſyllables, drowning letters,
Faſtning vowels, as with fetters
They were bound.
Soon as lazie thou wer't known,
All good Poetry hence was flown,
And art baniſh'd.
For a thouſand years together,
All *Parnaſſus* green did wither,
And wit vaniſh'd.
Pegaſus did fly away,
At the wells no Muſe did ſtay,
But bewayl'd.
So to ſee the fountaine drie,
And *Apollo's* muſicke die;
All light fail'd!
Starveling Rimes did fill the ſtage,
Not a Poet in an Age
Worth crowning.
Not a work deſerving Bayes,
Nor a line deſerving praiſe;
Pallas frowning.

Greeke

Greeke was free from Rimes infection;
Happy Greeke by this protection
Was not ſpoyled.
Whilſt the Latine, Queen of Tongues,
Is not yet free from Rimes wrongs;
But reſts ſoiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flouriſh,
Scarce the world a wit doth nouriſh,
To reſtore
Phebus to his crown again;
And the Muſes to their brain,
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and ſweetneſſe, and be ſcant
Of true meaſure,
Tyran Rime hath ſo abuſed,
That they long ſince have refuſed
Other ceaſure.
He that firſt invented thee,
May his joynts tormented be,
Cramp'd for ever.
Still may ſyllables joyn with time,
Still may reaſon war with rime,
Reſting never.
May his ſenſe when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his feet,
Grow unſounder.
And his title be long foole,

That in rearing such a Schoole,
Was the Founder.

A Letany.

From a proud Woodcock, and a peevish wife,
A pointlesse Needle, and a broken Knife,
From lying in a Ladies lap,
Like a great foole that longs for Pap,
And from the fruit of the three corner'd tree,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.

From a conspiracy of wicked knaves,
A knot of villains, and a crew of slaves,
From laying plots for to abuse a friend,
From working humors to a wicked end,
And from the wood where Wolves and Foxes be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.

From restyBacon, and ill rosted Eeles,
And from a madding wit that runs on wheeles,
A vap'ring humour, and a beetle head,
A smokie chimney, and a lowsie bed,
A blow upon the elbow and the knee,
From each of these, goodnesse deliver me.

From setting vertue at too low a price,
From losing too much coyn at Cards and Dice,

From surety-ship, and from an empty purse,
Or any thing that may be termed worse;
From all such ill, wherein no good can be,
Vertue and goodnesse still deliver me.

From a foole, and serious toyes,
From a Lawyer three parts noise;
From impertinence like a Drum
Beate at dinner in his room,
From a tongue without a file,
Heaps of *Phrases* and no stile,
From a Fiddler out of tune,
As the *Cuckoo* is in *June*.
From a Lady that doth breath
Worse above, then underneath.
From the bristles of a Hog,
Or the ring-worm in a Dog:
From the courtship of a bryer,
Or St. *Anthonies* old fire.
From the mercy of some Jaylors,
From the long bills of all Taylors,
From Parasites that will stroake us,
From morsells that will choake us,
From all such as purses cut,
From a filthy durty slut,
From Canters and great eaters,
From Patentees and Cheaters,
From men with reason tainted,

From women which are painted,
From all far-fetch'd new fangles,
From him that ever wrangles,
From rotten Cheeſe, and addle Egges,
From broken ſhins, and gowty Legges,
From a pudding hath no end,
From bad men that never mend,
From the Counter or the Fleet,
From doing penance in a ſheet,
From Jeſuites, Monks, and Fryers,
From hypocrites, knaves, and lyers,
From *Romes* Pardons, Bulls and Maſſes,
From Bug-beares, and broken Glaſſes,
From *Spaniſh* penſions and their ſpies,
From weeping cheeſe with *Argus* eyes,
From forain foes invaſions,
From Papiſticall perſwaſions,
From private gain, by publick loſſe,
From comming home by weeping croſſe,
From all theſe I ſay agen,
Even deliver me. Amen.

The

The Gypsies.

The Captain sings.

FRom the famous *Peake* of *Darby*,
And the *Devills-arse* there hard-by,
Where wee yearly keep our Musters,
Thus the *Ægyptians* thrung in clusters.

e not frighted with our fashion,
Though we seeme a tattered Nation;
We account our ragges, our riches,
So our Tricks exceed our stitches.

ive us Bacon, rindes of Wallnuts,
Shells of Cockels, and of small nuts;
Ribands, bells, and saffrand linnen,
All the world is ours to winne in.

acks we have that will delight you,
Slight of hand that will invite you.
To endure our tawny faces (laces.
Quit your places, and not cause you cut your

ll your fortunes wee can tell yee;
Be they for the Back or Belly;
In the Moodes too and the Tences,
That may fit your fine five senses.

raw but then your gloves we pray you,
And sir still, we will not fray you;
For though we be here at *Burley*,
Wee'd be loath to make a hurly.

Another Song.

STay my sweet Singer,
The touch of thy finger,
A little and linger;

For

For me that am bringer
Of bound to the border,
The rule and Recorder,
And mouth of the order,
As Priſt of the Game,
And Prelate of the ſame.
There's a *Gentry Cove* here,
Is the top of the ſhiere,
Of the Bever *Ken*,
A man among men;
You need not to feare,
I have an eye, and an eare
That turnes here and there,
To look to our geare.
Some ſay that there be,
One or two, if not three,
That are greater then he.
And for the *Rouge-Mortis*,
I know by their Ports,
And their jolly reſorts
They are of the ſorts
That love the true ſports
Of King *Ptolomew*,
Or great *Coriphæus*,
And Queen *Cleopatra*,
The *Gypſies* grand *Mama*.
Then if we ſhall ſharke it;
Here Faire is, and Market.

Leave Pig Py and Gooſe,
And play faſt and looſe,
A ſhort cut and long,
Some Inch of a Song,
Pythagoras lot,
Drawn out of a Pot;
With what ſays *Atkindus*
And *Pharaotes Indus*,
John de Indagine
With all their *Pagine*
Of faces and Palmeſtrie,
And this is *Allmyſterie*.
Lay by your Wimbles,
Your boring for Thimbles,
Or uſing your nimbles,
In diving the Pockets,
And ſounding the ſockets
Of Simper the *Cockets*,
Or angling the purſes,
Of ſuch as will curſe us;
But in the ſtrict duell
Be merry, and cruell,
Strike faire at ſome jewell
That mine may accrew well
For that is the fuell,
To make the Town brew well,
And the Pot wring well,
And the braine ſing well,

Which

Which we may bring well
About by a string well,
And doe the thing well.
It is but a straine
Of true legerdemaine,
Once twice and againe.
Or what will you say now?
If with our fine play now,
Our knack and our dances,
We work on the Fancies
Of some of your Nancies.
These trinckets, and tripsies,
And make 'em turne Gypsies.
Here's no Justice *Lippus*
Will seek for to nip us,
In *Cramp-ring* or *Cippus*,
And then for to strip us,
And after to whip us.
His justice to vary,
While here we doe tarry
But be wise, and wary
And wee may both carry
The *Kate* and the *Mary*,
And all the bright ae'ry,
Away to the Quarry.
Or durst I goe further
In method and order,
There's a purse and a Scale,

I have

I have a great minde to steale.
That when our tricks are done,
We might seale our own pardon;
All this wee may doe,
And a great deale more too,
If our brave *Ptolomee*,
Will but say follow mee.

To those that would be Gypsies too.

FRiends not to refell yee,
Or any way quell yee,
To buy or to sell yee,
I onely must tell yee,
Yee ayme at a Mystery
Worthy a Historie;
There's much to be done,
E're you can be a Sonne,
Or brother of the Moone.
'Tis not so soone
Acquir'd as desir'd.
You must be *Ben-bouse*,
And sleepie and drowsie,
And lasie, and lowsie,
Before ye can rouse yee,
In shape that arowse yee.
And then you may stalke
The *Gypsies* walke;

To the *Coopes* and the *Pennes*,
And bring in the Hennes,
Though the Cock be ſullen
For loſſe of the *Pullen:*
Take Turkie, or Capon,
And Gammons of Bacon,
Let nought be forſaken;
We'l let you goe looſe
Like a Fox to a Gooſe,
And ſhew you the ſtie
Where the little Pigs lie;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The Sow in her dreames,
But by the Moone beames;
So warily hie,
As neither doe cry.
You ſhall the next day
Have licenſe to play
At the hedge a ſtirt
For a ſheet or a ſhirt;
If your hand be light,
I'le ſhew you the ſlight
Of our *Ptolomies* knot,
It is, and 'tis not.
To change your complexion
With the noble confection

Of

Of Wallnuts and Hogs-greaſe,
Better then Dogs-greaſe:
And to milke the kine,
Ere the milkmaid fine
Hath opned her eine.
Or if you deſire
To ſpit, or fart fire,
Ile teach you the knacks,
Of eating of flax;
And out of their noſes,
Draw ribbands and poſies.
And if you incline
To a cup of good wine,
When you ſup or dine;
If you chance it to lack,
Be it Claret or Sack;
Ile make this ſnout,
To deale it about,
Or this to run out,
As it were from a ſpout.

A Farewell to Folly.

FArewell, ye gilded follies, pleaſing troubles;
Farewell, ye honor'd rags, ye chriſtall bubles;
Fame's but a hollow Eccho; Gold, poore clay;
Honour, the darling, but of one ſhort day;
Beauties chiefe Idoll, but a damask skin;
State, but a golden priſon to live in,
And torture free-born minds; Imbroydred traines,
But goodly Pageants: Proudly ſwelling veines,
And bloud alai'd to greatneſſe, is but loane,
Inherited, not purchas't, not our owne.
Fame, Riches, Honour, Beautie, State, Traines,
Are but the fading bleſſings of the Earth, (Birth;
I would be rich, but ſee man too unkinde;
Diggs in the bowels of the richeſt mine.

I would be great, but yet the Sun doth still
Levell his beames against the rising hill.
I would be faire, but see the Champion proud,
The worlds faire eye, oft setting in a cloud.
I would be wise, but that the Fox I see
Suspected guiltie, when the Fox is free.
I would be poore, but see the humble grasse
Trampled upon, by each unworthy Asse.
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd if poore;
Great, fear'd; faire, tempted; high, still envide more.
Would the world then, adopt me for her heire,
Would beauties Queen, intitle me the faire;
Fame, speake me honours Minion; and could I
With *Indian*-Angels, and a speaking eye, (dumbe
Command bare heads; bow'd knees; strike Jus
As well as blinde, and lame; and give a tongue
To stones by Epitaphs; be call'd great Master;
In the loose lines of every Poetaster;
Could I be more, then any man that lives;
Great, Wise, Rich, Faire; all in superlatives:
Yet I these favours, would more free resigne,
Then ever fortune would have had them mine.
I count one minute of my holy leasure,
Beyond the mirth of all this earthly pleasure.
Welcom pure thoughts, welcom ye careles grove
These are my guests; this is the Court age loves.
The winged people of the skies shall sing
Me Anthems, by my fellers gentle spring.

Divine

Divinity shall be my Looking-glasse,
Wherein I will adore sweet vertues face.
Here dwells no heartlesse loves, no palefac't feares,
No short joyes purchast with eternall teares.
Here will I sit and sigh my hot youths folly;
And learne to affect an holy Melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger then,
Ile ne're look for it, but in heaven agen.

An Invitation to the Reader.

HAving now fed thy youthfull fancies, with these Juvenilian Fancies; let me invite thee (with my selfe) to sing *Altora pete*. And then to meet with this thy noble resolution; I would commend to thy sharpest view and serious consideration; The Sweet Celestiall sacred Poems by M^r. *Henry Vaughan*, intituled *Silex Scintillans*.
There plumes from Angels wings, he'l lend thee,
Which every day to heaven will send thee.

(Heare him thus invite thee home.)

If thou wouldst thither, linger not,
Catch at the place,
Tell youth, and beautie, they must rot,
They'r but a Case;
Loose, parcell'd hearts will freeze; The Sun
With

With scatter'd locks
Scarce warms, but by contraction
Can heat rocks;
Call in thy *powers*; run, and reach
Home with the light;
Be there, before the shadows stretch,
And span up night;
Follow the Cry no more: there is
An ancient way
All strewed with flowers, and happinesse,
And fresh as *May*;
There turn, and turn no more; Let wits,
Smile at faire eyes,
Or lips; but who there weeping sits,
Hath got the prize.

AP 66

FINIS.

1650.

ali homine creditis q̄ ve
ſi viceret: ⁊ ſi in aliquo male egiſ
nū punitus eſt: ⁊ ideo ſufficere vo
put eius perforatum: totum corp⁹
ūtam ⁊ p̄ deo compatiamini ſi
polebat enim pylatus vt ſenſibꝰ
fuiſſet punitus ⁊ illuſus / vt ſic mo
onem qui animo liberandi eum fe
vnde Chryſ. Propterea corona
os / vt cōuitium quod a militibus
ntes parum reſpirent a paſſione ⁊
⁊ Aug. Hinc apparet non ignorā
⁹facta ſiue iuſſerit ea: ſiue permi
ec eius ludibria inimici libentiſſi
s eius ſanguinem non ſitirent.
ſus portans ſpineam coronam et
nō clar⁹ imperio: ſed plen⁹ oppro
ſe nitis illuſus: flagellis afflictus. Et
clo: quaſi dicat. Si regi inuidetis tā
betis: flagellat⁹ eſt: ſpinis corona
veſte amictus eſt: amaris quitijs illu
ferunt ignominia: frigeſcat iuidia